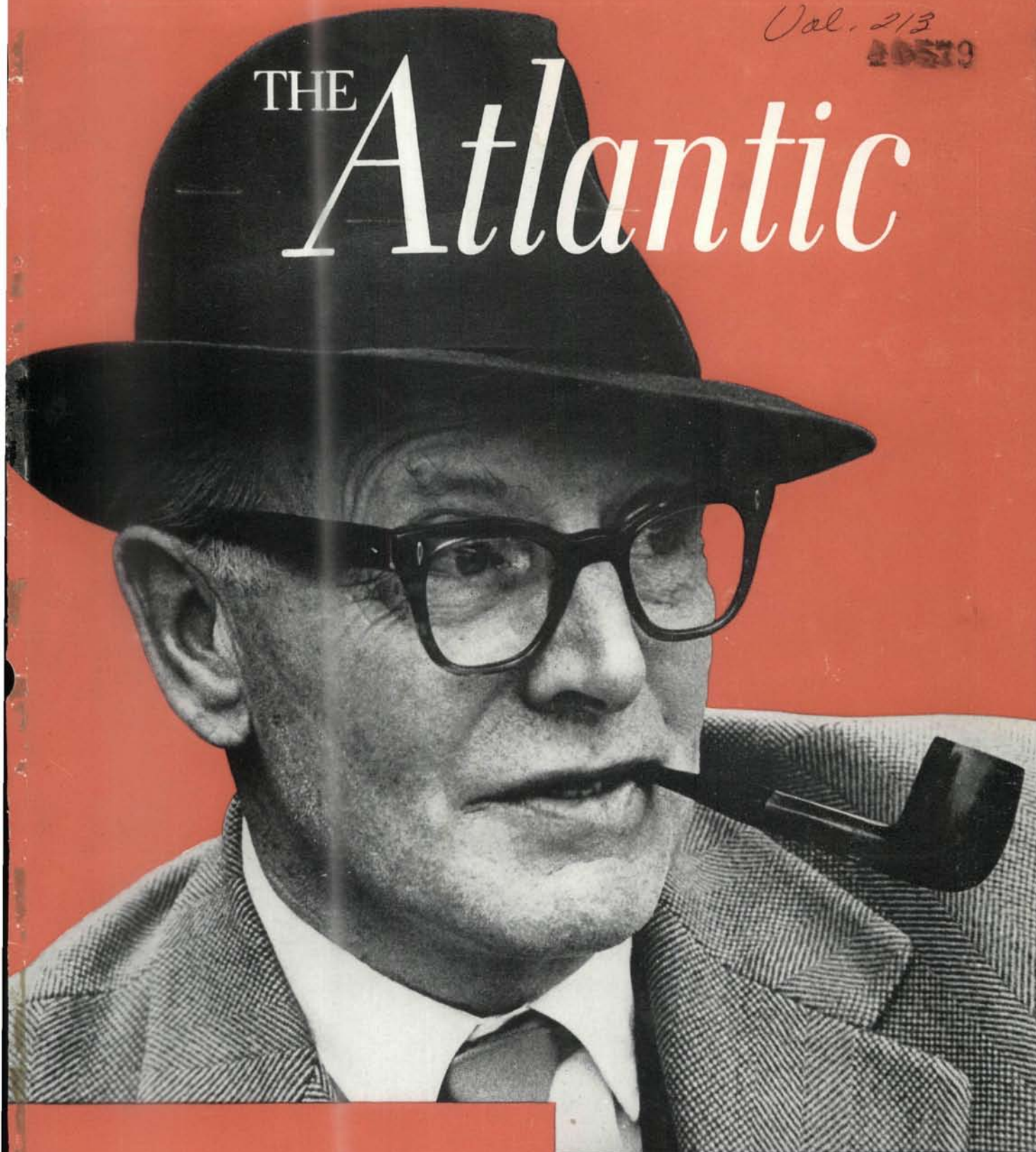


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THE *Atlantic*



SEAN O'FAOLAIN

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by J. David Stern

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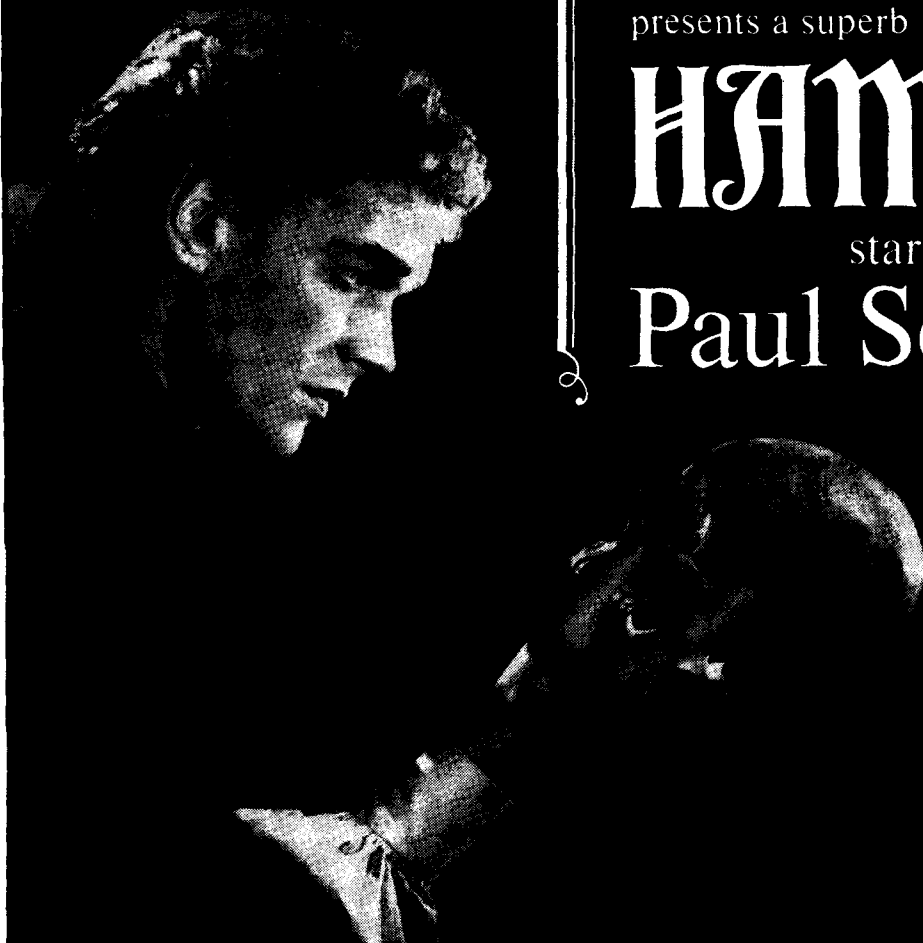
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

ON OCTOBER 9, 1961, the presidential plane was en route to Dallas, Texas. John F. Kennedy was flying there to visit Sam Rayburn, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was dying. A correspondent aboard the President's plane was reading a copy of *Why England Slept*, which Mr. Kennedy had written when he was a senior at Harvard and which had just been republished. The correspondent asked the President if he would autograph the book for his son, then a college freshman.

The President quickly wrote: "For Andy — With the hope that he will not be compelled in his senior year to write 'Why America Slept.' With warm regards, John F. Kennedy."

President Kennedy did not let America sleep. And nothing in the makeup of President Johnson indicates that he will do so either. Yet the great question that was asked as the new President took the oath of office in Dallas on that tragic day in November was whether he could assume the leadership of the free world. All other questions paled by comparison. Even civil rights and economic policy, essential, of course, to the proper support of foreign policy, seemed less important than Lyndon Baines Johnson's capacity as a world leader.

More than eighteen years ago, on April 12, 1945, the same question was asked about Harry S. Truman as he stood, awed and frightened, in the Cabinet room of the White House and took the historic oath. He looked about him at the chaos left by a terrible war then approaching its end. President Johnson is the inheritor of a brighter tradition. It was established in the tumultuous years of his three predecessors: Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy. That tradition is based on the conviction, long held and often challenged, that a united and determined alliance of free nations could divert Moscow from its expansionist

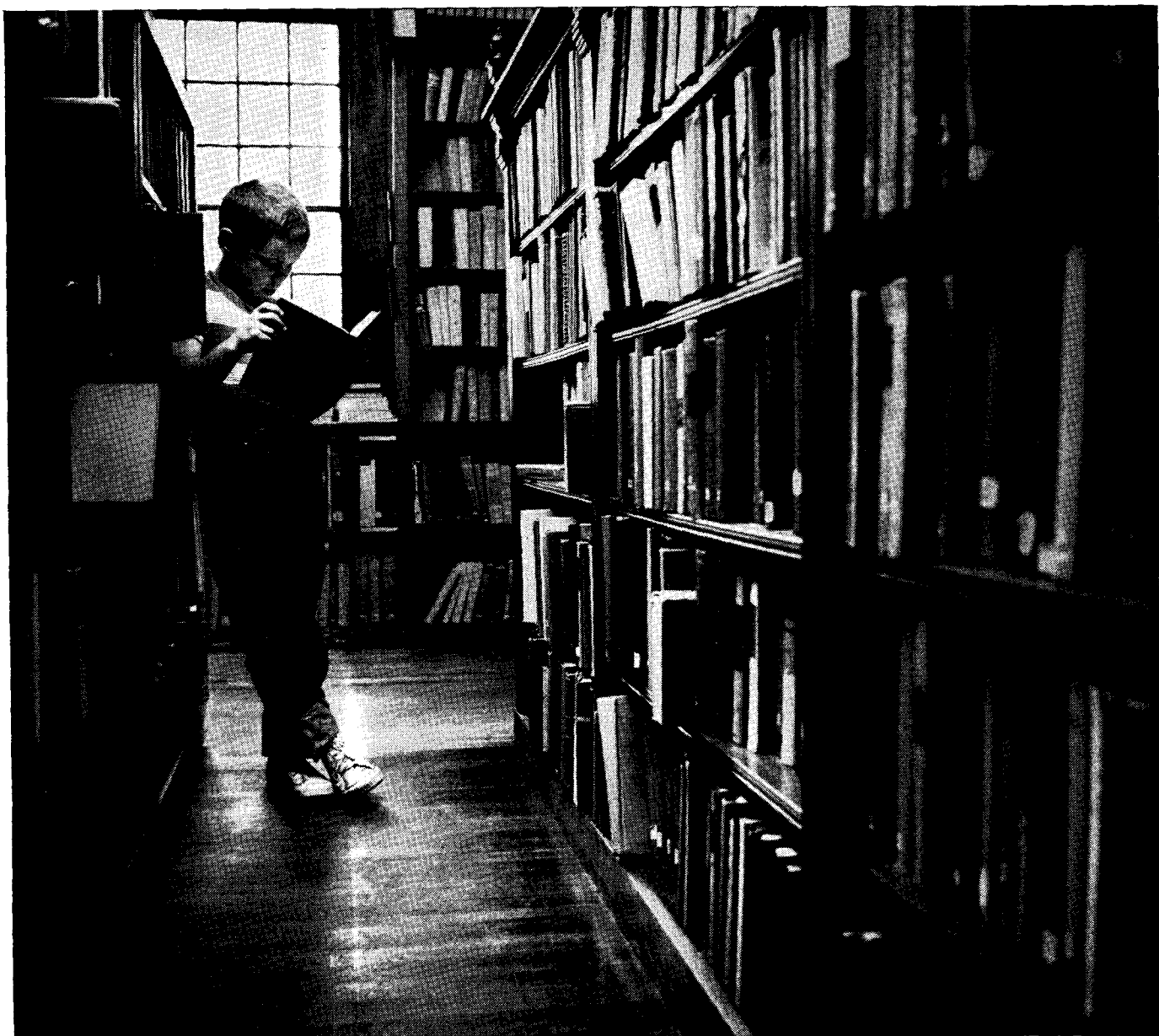
course. This conviction has been at the heart of American policy since the launching of the Marshall Plan and the establishment of NATO.

It was the basic reason why the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations attempted to negotiate with Moscow rather than break relations or resort to preventive war. It was the basic reason why the Kennedy Administration, just thirteen months before the young President was assassinated, deliberately provided a peaceful option to the Soviet Union when Soviet missiles were discovered in Cuba. From the President's vast reading of history, from his knowledge of human weaknesses under pressure, he recognized that total victory is a fantasy, and he did not force a more dramatic, and more dangerous, capitulation. President Kennedy had plenty of reason to distrust the men in the Kremlin. But he knew the limits of national power, and history will say that he exercised the power he helped to create with honor and caution.

Our chances for peace

In his last public utterance, spoken off the cuff in Fort Worth a few hours before he was cruelly slain, Mr. Kennedy said: "I'm confident as I look to the future that our chances for security, our chances for peace, are better than they've been in the past. And the reason is because we are stronger. And with that strength is a determination not only to maintain the peace but also the vital interests of the United States. To that great cause Texas and the United States are committed."

Neither President Johnson nor any responsible Washington official believes that a basic change has taken place in the ideology that governs the Kremlin leaders. But the American officials do strongly believe that events are at last bearing in on the Soviet leaders which may transform their



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Report on Washington



outlook if the West does not falter. Even before Mr. Kennedy's death these events had altered the course of history as the Kremlin sought to shape it.

For a time during the Eisenhower Administration, hopes for some kind of adjustment and easing of the cold war were bright. But the conditions were not ripe. Although recent hopes may again be shattered (Mr. Kennedy warned in his Fort Worth speech that "no one expects that our life will be easy — certainly not in this decade and perhaps not in this century"), Washington does believe that the Cuban crisis of October, 1962, was one of those watersheds in history comparable to the beginning or end of a great war. Russia had been halted decisively.

In assessing President Johnson, it should be remembered that he suffered through the searing experience of both Cuban crises. Like his predecessor, he knows that while much has been accomplished, much remains to be done. But the problems Mr. Johnson faces are of a different magnitude and character because of the historic confrontation of Soviet and American power in Cuba and the events leading to it.

Toward an easing of tension

After his inauguration, President Kennedy's first objective was to strengthen the American military so that it could be used as a subtle and effective political instrument. When Khrushchev realized toward the end of 1961 that this power was growing rapidly in a sophisticated way, and that the American nerve was equal to his, he withdrew his Berlin ultimatum.

Khrushchev's bold and exceedingly dangerous plan to place Soviet missiles in Cuba was the most daring exercise of Soviet blackmail in the nuclear age. George F. Kennan has said that he never fully understood why the usually cautious Soviet leaders would expose themselves to such dangers so far from home. It was a desperate gamble to neutralize American power.

When the gamble failed, to the humiliation of the Soviet leaders, the world breathed more easily than it had in fifteen years. President Kennedy was no doubt right when he said that any failure of such magnitude on the part of an elected official

in the United States would have resulted in his impeachment. The fact that Khrushchev survived the disaster is a testament to his extraordinary agility as a leader and to his control of the Soviet security apparatus.

Persons who talked privately with President Kennedy in the latter part of 1962 and early 1963 about the possibility of negotiations with the Soviet Union found him extremely pessimistic. Time had to pass after so cataclysmic an event as Cuba, he said, before there could be any meaningful dialogue between Washington and Moscow. Even in the spring he was deeply pessimistic about making progress on a test-ban treaty.

Nevertheless, he persisted, and Harold Macmillan persisted, and events conspired with them to bring a limited but very significant success. After the test-ban treaty there came a series of small steps toward an easing of tension, although the fundamental problems of a German settlement and disarmament remained as stubborn as ever.

The Kremlin's problems

The most overpowering event after Cuba — and it was hastened by the Cuban crisis — was the ever-widening split between Moscow and Peking. Few persons had fully appreciated the depths of the divide that separated the two Communist capitals, and few had expected it to become so apparent as it did in 1963. There were other events, too, that forced a pause in Soviet aggressiveness.

As Washington officials look back on 1963, they are convinced that Khrushchev's problems are increasing rather than diminishing. For several years, Soviet efforts to conquer the underdeveloped areas of the world have been disappointing. The Soviets even suffered reverses in some parts of Africa and the Middle East. At the same time, Moscow's power in Eastern Europe declined. Almost without exception the satellites in the last year have attempted to reduce their dependence on Moscow and strengthen their ties with the West. The Eastern Europeans particularly want increased trade and cultural relations with the United States.

Unfortunately, the rigidities of American policy have prevented Washington from encouraging these desires to the maximum extent. The 1962 congressional directive to the President to end most-favored-nation trade treatment for Poland and Yugoslavia was an appalling error which President Kennedy sought continually to remedy.

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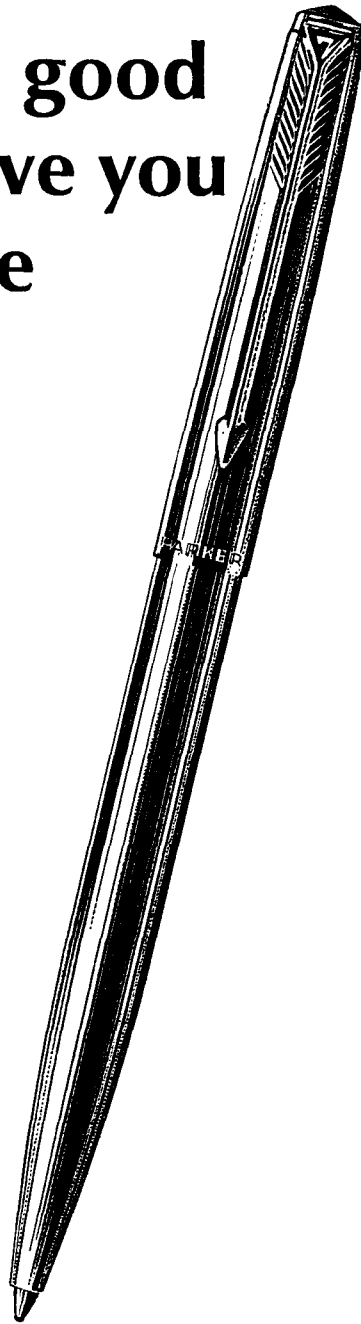
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Report on Washington

the course of events in Eastern Europe. At this time of upheaval and uncertainty in the Communist world, we have everything to gain from closer trade and diplomatic ties with the satellites. But trade cannot be substantially increased without new legislation. It is tragic that many members of Congress continue to want to treat all Communist countries alike, thus encouraging rather than discouraging their reliance on Moscow.

In addition to difficulties abroad, the Soviet Union has encountered new difficulties at home, some of which the accelerated American defense and space programs have stimulated. The struggle to compete in these fields has slowed the growth of the Soviet economy, not only in agriculture but in housing and other fields involving consumer goods.

Khrushchev repeatedly has promised an increasing flow of light industrial and agricultural products. In 1963 it was apparent to his own people and to the outside world that he had not kept his promises. The farm failure was partly due to the weather. But it also was the result of the failure of the collective-farm system itself and of an inadequate allocation of capital for farm machinery and chemical fertilizers.

The Soviet farm record stands more clearly than ever as a reminder of Communist weakness. Those countries where the hope of development rests primarily, at this stage, on their ability to improve agricultural output cannot help being impressed by the sudden rush of the Communists to buy foreign wheat and their intimation that they will want to buy Western wheat in the future.

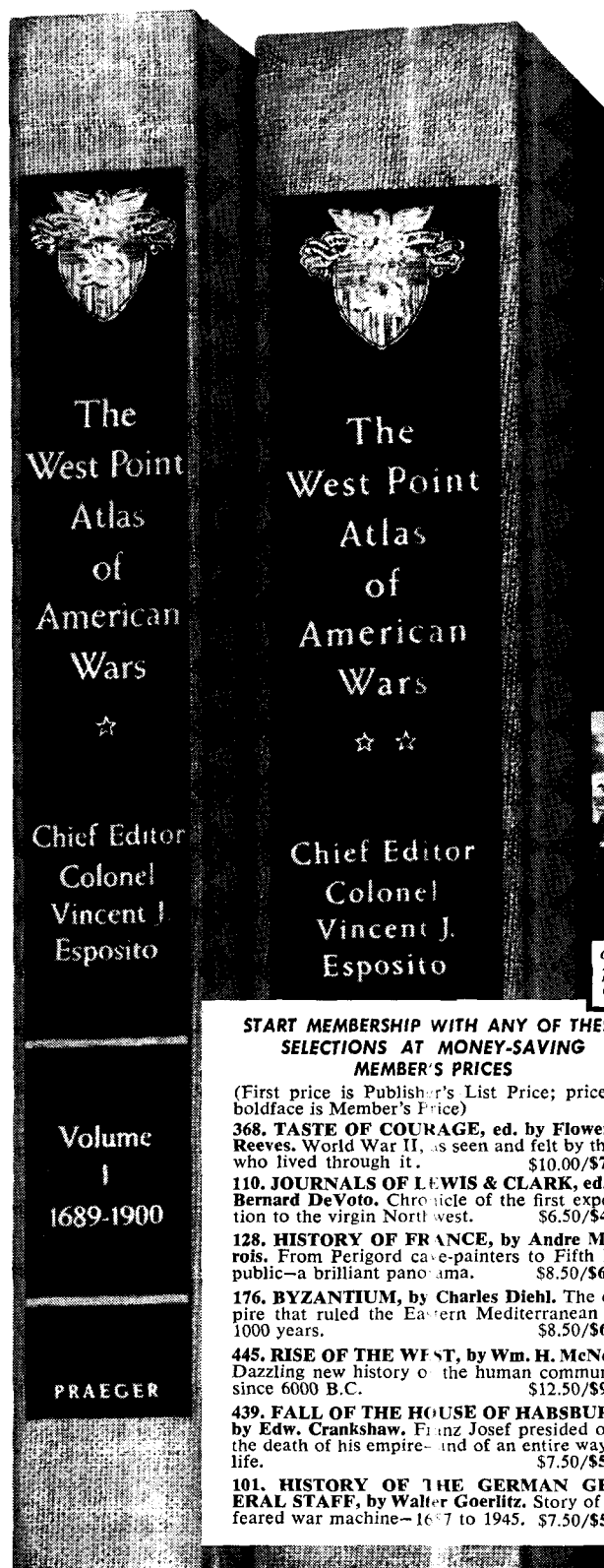
Danger points in the new year

Although Washington may look back on its cold war successes with some satisfaction, it looks forward to 1964 with considerable apprehension. It knows that Berlin is a constant danger point. It knows that new moves, especially in the disarmament field, to ease East-West tension will be exceedingly difficult. It expects the dangers to increase in Latin America. But its primary con-

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Report on Washington

cern as 1964 begins is with the health of the Western alliance.

Seldom was a Kennedy historical allusion more apt than his quotation from Thucydides in Frankfurt last June: "each [ally] presses his own ends . . . which generally results in no action at all . . . each supposes that no harm will come of his own neglect, that it is the business of another to do this or that — and so, as each separately entertains the same illusion, the common cause imperceptibly decays."

President de Gaulle's refusal to see the problems of the West as common problems is the greatest threat to the cooperative endeavor which has characterized the post-war years. Since 1945 it has been accepted in Washington and in Europe that neither was safe without the other, and that the first objective was a common policy on economic and political as well as military questions.

De Gaulle's veto power

Gaullism rejects at least the spirit of this understanding. It places the interests of a part above those of the whole. The effect is to encourage neutralism in Europe and isolationism in America, the two deadly enemies of a common policy. "This organization [NATO] was built on the basis of integration, which is no longer of any value for us," De Gaulle said at his famous press conference in July. His discussion of economic problems showed that he favored a new kind of autarky. "It is not worth talking of the European Community," he said, "if it must be understood that Europe does not obtain its food essentially thanks to its own agricultural products, which can be largely sufficient."

It is in this atmosphere that President Johnson will proceed on the Administration's round of trade talks, on the proposal for a multilateral nuclear force, on moves to strengthen NATO and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, and on other Atlantic enterprises.

The only hope is that De Gaulle will not be so immune to what he

refers to contemptuously as public opinion as to be unmoved by the clear insistence of the other members of the Common Market — Italy and Germany particularly — that he modify, in some degree at least, his policies. Although there have been signs that he has been shaken by the European and American opposition to his policies, his veto is an ever-present threat in all the common efforts that are being undertaken.

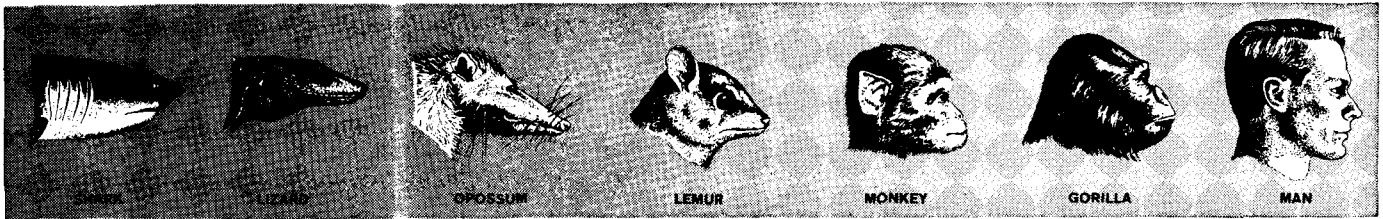
It is a threat even in the monetary field, where the International Monetary Fund is at last trying to find a new way to deal with balance of payments problems. Here France has a direct and immediate interest, for if the American imbalance were ended overnight, France and the other major European traders would be the first to suffer. One country's imbalance is another country's balance. For more than ten years after the war the United States worked mightily to help correct the French imbalance, and succeeded only too well.

Mood of the Capital

Although Washington's preoccupation with the executive-legislative struggle is an old story, it was the center of attention throughout 1963. No Congress got off to a slower start than the eighty-eighth, and few Presidents have spent so much time in one year as President Kennedy did in prodding, pushing, begging Congress to move.

His attention was centered on three major issues: tax reduction, civil rights, and foreign aid. At each stage of the legislative process, at the beginning of hearings, in moving from subcommittee to full committee, in moving again from committee to the floor, and finally during floor debate, the President's attention to the most minute detail was required.

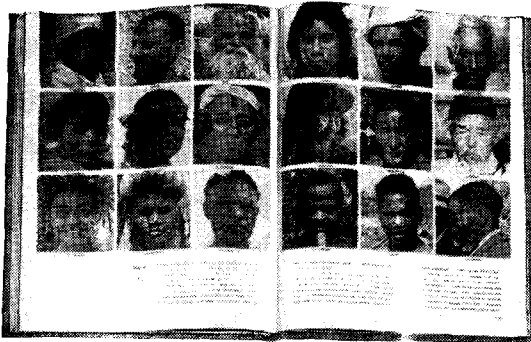
President Kennedy's patience was monumental in the face of one disappointment after another. Is it true that Congress functions expeditiously only in times of crisis? The question is asked both in Congress and across the nation as despair and frustration take hold of men in both branches of the government who are committed to action, and as President Johnson continues his predecessor's struggle.



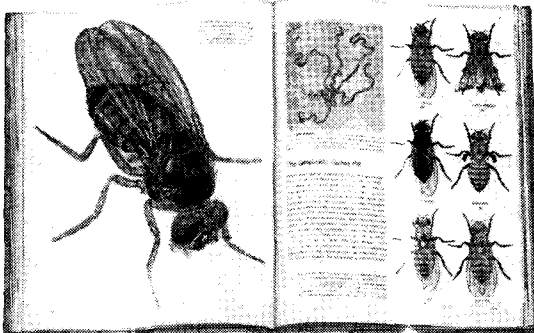
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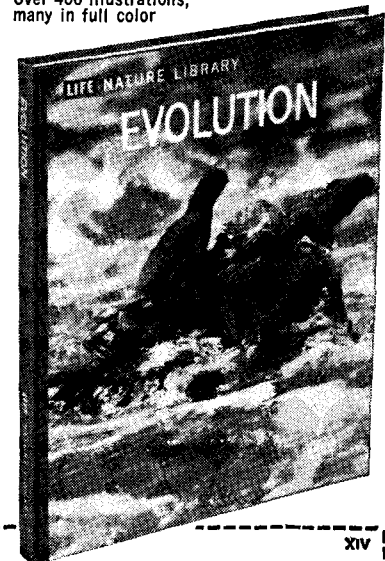
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The Atlantic Report LONDON



LORD ATTLEE, the first socialist Prime Minister to be presented with an effective majority in Parliament, senses now "a mood like 1945." The mood that gave him that majority came at the end of a world war. Today there is affluence, and the times are not comparable. Yet Attlee is probably right. The mood of 1945 was generated by the breaking of traditional class barriers; it was a reaction against the socially unoriented politics of the Conservative past (which at that time seemed to servicemen to have made the whole mess both inevitable and potentially meaningless). Similar elements seem to be present in the mood of Britain today.

Constitutionally the making of Sir Alec Douglas-Home has an affinity to 1649, when Cromwell's Rump Parliament dispensed with the House of Lords. Now the making of Sir Alec seems likely to have disposed of the Lords finally. Macmillan, who as a former Prime Minister has a right to an earldom, stays in the Commons. Home has come down. Altrincham has come down. Wedgwood Benn has come down. Hailsham too has chosen to come down. A great football hero of long ago, Sir Wavell Wakefield has gone up instead as a baron, not so much for the political contribution he can make to the Lords as for the contribution he makes to the Commons by the deed to Hailsham (Quintin Hogg) of the safest Tory seat of all.

This, incidentally, leaves Britain with virtually a one-chamber form of government and one tending toward the presidential model. But, more important for the present, it may also be seen as a necessary corollary to the repudiation of class as a prime political force. The *Daily Express* summed up its hopes in a neat, three-word, front-page banner headline: "Call Me Mister!" Thus the significant question is whether these extraordinary developments portend continuing right-wing rule or a general renunciation of the hereditary principle and, in the words of John Freeman, editor of the *New Statesman*, "unearned privilege." Perhaps it was unfortunate that Sir Alec in order to be elected had to keep the Commons waiting, and that the first available seat for him should be

in a Perthshire constituency of lairds and tenant farmers. Sir Alec himself is a great landowner. At Kinross even his Liberal opponent was a local laird with 7000 acres. Other landowners in the area have 70,000 acres and more.

Yet if anyone in politics can overcome such apparent handicaps it could be Douglas-Home. He has made an immediate public impression of cool charm and tough ability. He has revealed a wit as quick as Harold Wilson's, and happier. His answer to Wilson's taunt about his ancient earldom — "Come to think of it, I suppose he is the fourteenth Mr. Wilson" — is still being quoted.

Prosperity is not enough

But what is the former earl's social purpose? That may sound ridiculously portentous. Yet in the Britain of 1964 it becomes a vital question. In seeking parallels with 1945, one remembers that the mood that put Attlee into office toppled a party led by the greatest orator, the greatest wit, the greatest Englishman of his time, the war-winner, Winston Churchill.

Now that the British economic miracle seems to be a fact, it is clear that prosperity is not enough. According to the polls the issues this winter on which Labor is ahead are these: pensions, labor relations, housing, roads, and only after these issues, economic affairs. On education and international affairs there seems to be little choice between the two parties.

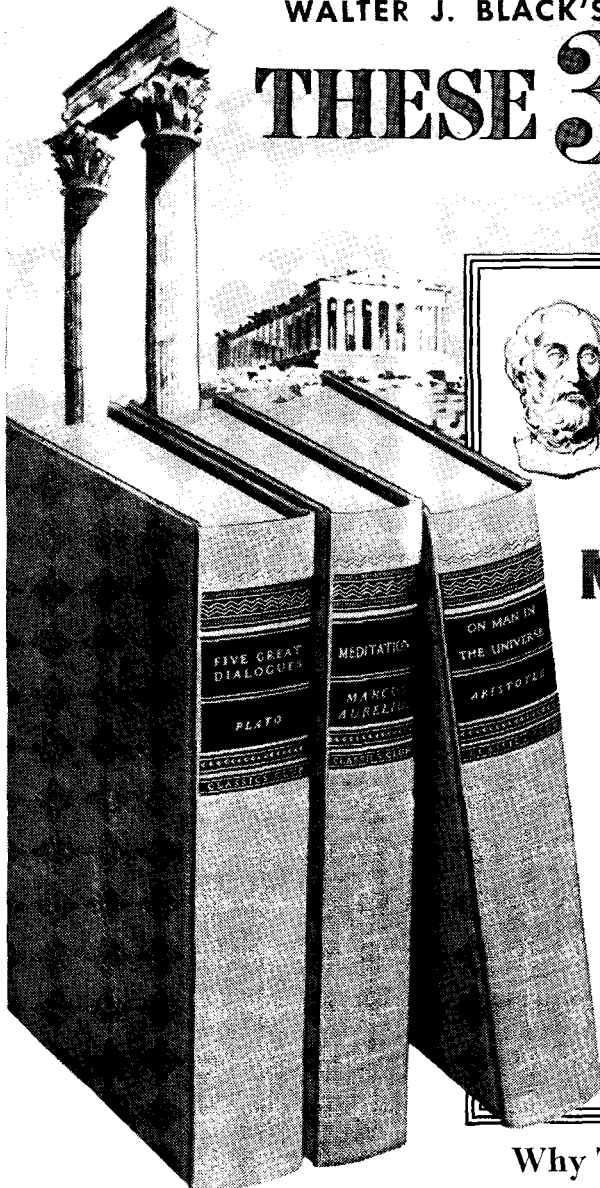
The first act of Sir Alec's government, before Parliament could even reassemble, was to accept in principle the report of the committee of economist Lord Robbins that has recommended a great increase in the availability of higher education — six new universities, upgrading of more than twenty other institutions to university level, five "Massachusetts Institutes of Technology," a trebling of university places.

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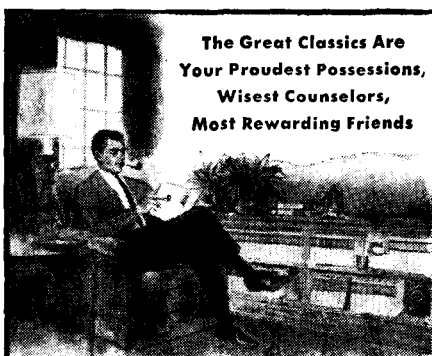
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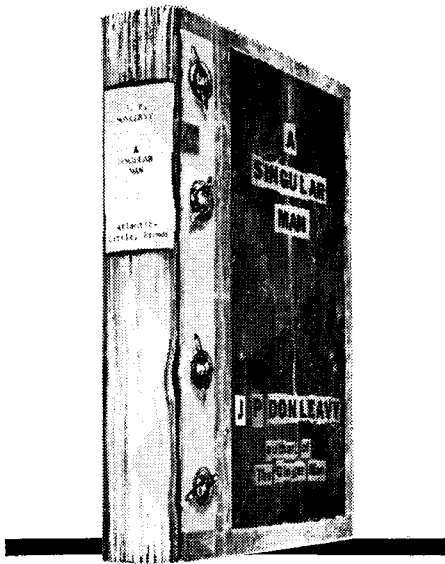
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Report on London

housing. In this financial year and the next, public expenditure, already 45 percent of national income, is to rise 27 percent. There is, says Sir Alec, therefore no room for big tax cuts in the April budget. This announcement is calculated to spike the guns of the Labor opposition, which has with some justification claimed that the Conservatives have always managed to manipulate the economy so that an election neatly coincides with a giveaway budget, followed almost at once after victory by deflation. Sir Alec's announcement fits the mood.

Maudling, who had considerable support in Parliament to become Macmillan's successor, now has the chance to establish himself as the most successful Treasury chief of the post-war years. He has only to sustain the expansion his cautiously liberal policies seem to have generated.

Uneven affluence

Maudling's, and the country's, dilemma, however, is that in spite of rising profits, private productive investment has been slow to respond to expansion. This may actually be a consequence, in part, of an "incomes policy" that restrains a sharp rise in wages and salaries and, in part, of the unevenness of affluence.

The average wage in Britain is about \$50.00 a week. A state retirement pension is \$9.50 a week. Some five million wives work to supplement the family income, and the number is expected soon to grow to seven million. But young marrieds with children and older people are hard put to it to make ends meet. You cannot be affluent on \$9.50 or \$50.00, with an average 3.5 percent pay rise per annum. In 1961–1962, for instance, the average income increase was only 1.5 percent. Personal tax payments went up, though, 10 percent. Welfare contributions, deducted from pay, went up 12 percent. Rents went up 5 percent, fares 10 percent. The number of very rich people (\$60,000 income), meanwhile, in 1961–1962 increased by 25 percent. A quarter of a million people rose, economically speaking, into the upper middle class (over \$6000); sev-

eral million into the lower (\$3000 to \$4000). There remained, however, ten million incomes below \$1400 a year.

Douglas-Home's greatest problem is that in this uneven Britain it is the middle classes who are leaving the Conservative ranks. They are not going over to Labor so much as over to the Liberals, who may double their vote in the next election but have no chance whatever of gaining more than ten seats. Just by taking votes, the Liberals could put the Socialists in with a crushing majority.

Also, affluence is regional, tending to peter out gradually after a three-hour journey from London. Sir Alec's most significant appointment, therefore, may be of Edward Heath as regional industrial overlord. Heath is a "new man," not out of the top drawer and Oxford. He made such a name for competence in the complex Brussels negotiations for British entry into the Common Market that when Macmillan became ill, Heath was for a time a runner for the premiership.

Regional development indeed could become one of the great issues of the future. For such development is almost bound to lead to greater regional political autonomy — trade follows government — and may later, with the decline of the House of Lords and the increasing pressure of business in the Commons, have profound constitutional implications.

Is all this, however, enough to turn the tide for the Tories? One may fairly say that they run level with Labor now in their views on education, science, regional development, and roads, with economic expansion in their favor; but there are some significant differences in the political programs. The Tories promise planning, with private enterprise retaining the major role in industry; the state doing what the individual cannot; the individual paying, when able, for his special requirements of welfare, health, and security. Labor also promises planning, with state enterprise the major force; the individual removed from the need to pay the full price of welfare, except through taxation; further measures to redistribute wealth, through a capital gains tax



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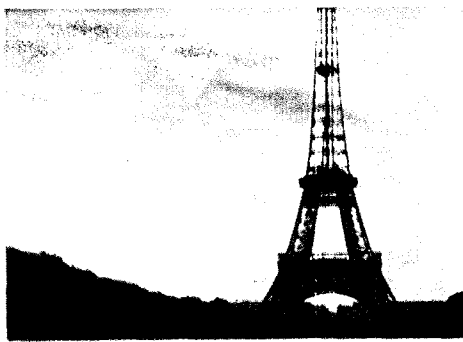
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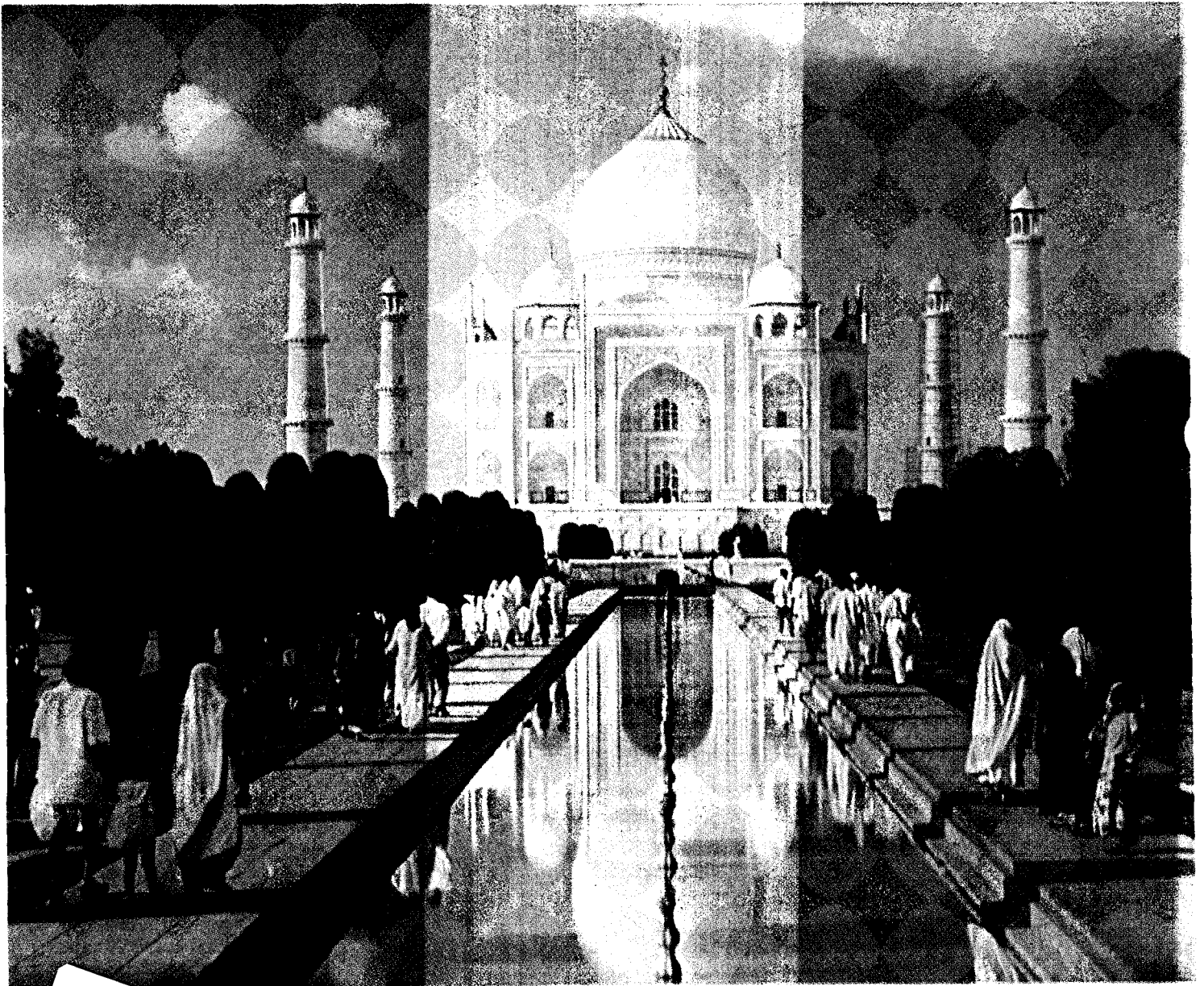
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Report on London

and a tax on wealth; half-pay pensions; more public housing.

Wilson is doing his best to rid himself of the albatross of nationalization. He appears to be trying to substitute a new concept of socialism. This is hazy in detail, but is outlined in his pronouncement that under Labor it would be "a matter of principle that where new industries are set up on the basis of government-sponsored research, the profits should accrue in good measure to the community that creates them." In the context of an enormous new government pension fund, requiring investment in growth industries, this theory seems to foreshadow a partnership between state and private enterprise. It presupposes also that the government will come to terms with the concepts of profit and differential dividends, to promote and reward efficiency, if it is going to buy large shareholdings in otherwise privately owned industry.

A disturbing element in Wilson's thinking, however, is his open corn for consumer goods and for the surge of sales of them to industrialized Europe which he contrasts with the deeper value of heavy industry and the sale of such things as "whole chemical plants" to Eastern Europe. In terms of trade, however, the value is actually all the other way. Sales to Western Europe, particularly of cars and consumer goods, have risen nearly 30 percent. They have become the prime movers of British recovery.

Wilson, of course, may be saving these things because "Rome is worth a Mass." The left wing of his party has a deep traditional loyalty to old socialist values and to the brotherhoods of socialists everywhere, even when they are Communist. Realization of this may account in part for public uneasiness over Labor's proposal to renounce Britain's unilateral deterrent, although it is mixed with an equal uneasiness about the moral virtue of retaining the deterrent.

Friendly argument

Foreign policy, however, is likely to have less impact on the British public than home affairs as an elec-

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tion approaches, unless the cold war heats up again, or there should be a row with the United States. Several fertile fields of misunderstanding between the British and American Administrations are showing themselves. It is, of course, always easier to misunderstand a close ally than an opponent.

Britain backs the new round of talks on tariffs and trade with unusual fervor, supports the United States in Berlin with the usual sense of duty; but it does not support the multilateral-force idea, differs still with the United States on Europe, is disappointed in the United States over defense orders, and strongly opposes flag-discrimination by the United States in shipping.

Britain has agreed to enter discussions on the multilateral force without committing itself to participate. Douglas-Home's cabinet is divided between those who see political advantages in joining and those who see serious military and financial disadvantages. In the British military view the MLF can add nothing to the strength of the alliance, but through the dilution of expensive resources might actually weaken the West substantially. It would certainly weaken Britain, making a farce of what is left of its "independent deterrent."

With Skybolt gone and Polaris not yet arrived, the British have pinned their defense hopes on the TSR-2 bomber, a most sophisticated plane with batlike radar for safety in low-level supersonic attack, bomb-aim accuracy measured in inches, television for reconnaissance, and high-level nuclear capability as well. It has cost more than a billion dollars to develop. It looks as though only one hundred might be built.

The bitterest blow was the defection of Australia, now a captive customer of the United States, or so it seems to Britons. The TSR-2 was designed in the first place as much for Pacific jungle security as for European deterrence. With Europe and Canada already in the orbit of the United States, it was hoped that at least Australia would chip

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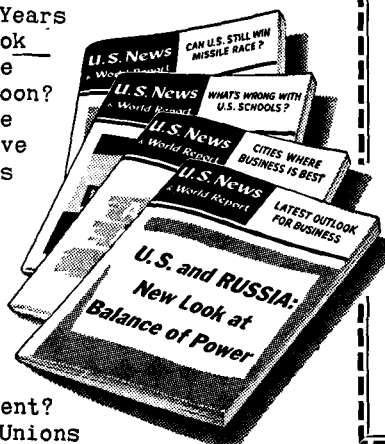
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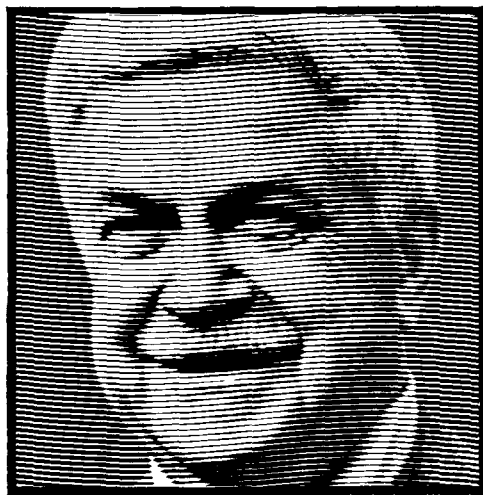
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in and share the costs of British independence instead of buying the TFX from the United States.

The very future of the British air industry is also seen to be involved. In the fight for markets, even for small airliners like the BAC-111 and the Trident, where before, Britain with the Viscount was supreme, Britain now sees its industry in some danger of being pushed out of business by American competition.

Agreement with France

Britain meanwhile has teamed with France to build the supersonic Concorde. It has also teamed with France in space (Europe's first multistage rocket blasts off early in 1964 from Woomera). It is cut off from France in nuclear independence only by its own continuing “special relationship” with the United States. But remarkable developments may be expected this year in the French attitude to the Common Market. A new British approach to European unity can therefore be expected, in spite of the resounding denials of the politicians (who know the idea of “Europe” cannot win an election).

Ironically, Britain's aims in Europe have been opposed in the past by the United States, while considerable U.S. backing was being given to France. Yet it has been the aims of France that have proved in the end most completely irreconcilable with American policy. Today Britain's objective is exactly the same as it has been: to fashion a single European industrial and commercial market with some, but only the minimum, political content. The United States has steadily opposed this because it would erect a larger and more cohesive area of economic discrimination against the United States without providing any political advantages. After Brussels, will the United States continue to oppose it?

The only alternatives to a British “Europe” in the context of 1964, some Britons think, will be either an Anglo-French agreement, tending inevitably toward a more independent Europe, or American initiative to found an Atlantic community.

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Believability has another controlling effect upon GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. In many readers' minds there is an expectation not simply that they can believe what *is* offered in editorial and advertising content, but that very little will even appear which does *not* warrant serious attention, comprehension *and* belief. Humor, for example, makes some of our readers vaguely nervous, like a snicker in church; and our editorial research indicates that to these most-committed readers such things as stories about celebrities are only made meaningful through our superimposition of a theme or psychological value judgment which relates the subject's adventures to cause-and-effect experience as the reader herself has observed it.

Of course this means in turn that our editors do not regard themselves as free to utilize all the known techniques of maximum reader appeal in fullest measure, since protection of the first aspect of reader attachment has seemed to us a more important requirement than extension of the magazine's "reach" to a larger but less committed audience.

Summing up this point: Believability gives this magazine a unique grip on readers—but a grip on fewer of them than a more casual or entertaining medium might at least try to attract.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

The Atlantic Report



PARIS

CHARLES DE GAULLE's veto of Great Britain's entry into the European Common Market a year ago may well have marked a decisive turning point in the history of the Fifth Republic. Up until then the hand of Providence had more or less consistently favored De Gaulle. He was accepted, if at times reluctantly, as the only Frenchman who could keep France from civil war and extricate his country from the Algerian imbroglio. Since then things have not gone quite the way the General hoped, and he has come to be regarded as a thorn in the side of his allies.

The one truth which seems to emerge from the events of 1963 prior to President Kennedy's assassination is that De Gaulle has been gradually working France into an isolation which is more precarious than splendid.

Does De Gaulle's almost instantaneous decision to come to Washington personally for President Kennedy's state funeral signify a new effort on the part of the General to mitigate certain unfortunate consequences which have flowed from his policies and a desire to achieve a more cordial relationship with President Kennedy's successor? The considerations which may have impelled De Gaulle to modify the world image of France and of himself, while not generally appreciated, are formidable indeed.

The first of the General's expectations last January was that Britain would be the chief sufferer from its exclusion from the European Economic Community. With each passing month its balance of trade would deteriorate, and the time would come when the British government, virtually forced to its knees by economic pressures, would have to accept the proposition tacitly laid down by De Gaulle in his encounter with Macmillan at Rambouillet in December of 1962 — nuclear collaboration with France in return for British admission to the Common Market.

By the end of 1963, however, Britain had acquired a new and more vigorous Prime Minister, and its industrial and trade prospects were

brighter than at the start of the year. France, on the other hand, was threatened by an incipient inflation, bedeviled by strikes and widespread social unrest; and, notwithstanding a formidable stock of gold and dollar reserves in excess of four billion dollars, France's imports were rising faster than its exports.

The General's second hope was that his close friend and admirer, Konrad Adenauer, would somehow manage to retain control in West Germany. This hope was formally dashed in May, when the German Christian Democratic Party finally forced the Chancellor to agree to resign. Neither the Chancellor's farewell trip to Paris in September nor his subsequent efforts to set himself up as a watchdog on his successor could detract much from the fact that a new team had taken over in Bonn, led by two men who have less enthusiasm for Gaullism and its supranational trappings — Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder.

Even more serious from the General's point of view was the all but open rebuff administered to him by Moscow. The gratitude shown by the Kremlin for France's veto on Britain's admission to the Common Market proved to be short-lived. When De Gaulle unintentionally provoked a thirty-five-day strike on the part of 140,000 coal miners in February, Moscow came out openly in favor of the strikers, much to the General's annoyance. His irritation was heightened when the Kremlin established a direct telephone line with the White House and when Moscow signed the test-ban treaty in July.

Overtures to Red China

By late summer the idea, first launched by *Pravda*, that a Paris-Peiping axis was in the offing began to be taken seriously in Paris. Whether De Gaulle has ever put much faith in this kind of farfetched maneuver may be doubted, but it obviously suited his purposes to let the notion get around. When he received Chiang Kai-shek's foreign minister, Shen Ch'ang-huan, at the Elysée Palace in late August it was reported that

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Report on Paris

he had intimated to him that continental China was a fact of international life too big to be consigned to diplomatic limbo forever.

This was followed in September by the departure for Peiping of a French trade mission headed by Guillaume Georges-Picot, a former French minister to Mexico and Buenos Aires. The official purpose of the visit was to stimulate trade with China, which in 1962 amounted only to some \$40 million, or less than one percent of France's total exports. But in the existing context it immediately took on a deeper significance, further accentuated by the visit made in October to Peiping by the former Prime Minister, Edgar Faure.

Before leaving for Peiping, Faure was invited to a private luncheon at the Elysée Palace by De Gaulle and promised the same privileged treatment on his return. In Peiping he was given the V.I.P. treatment, put up in an official guesthouse instead of a hotel, and after long talks with a number of Red Chinese leaders, he was received in Shanghai by Mao Tse-tung himself. The publicized outcome of his visit was cautiously worded: the trip made Faure more conscious of the "affinities" existing between France and China and rendered him "optimistic and confident." About what, was not specified.

A Paris-Peiping axis is a palpable absurdity, as De Gaulle knows. On the other hand, a secret deal to reunite and "neutralize" Vietnam, underwritten by Peiping, New Delhi, and Paris, could be held up for international acclaim as a major feat of Gaullist diplomacy. It would constitute a first bold step along the road toward making De Gaulle the leader of the "uncommitted" neutral world against the dual hegemony of Moscow and Washington.

Setback in Latin America

In Latin America the year 1963 brought De Gaulle scant solace. Last spring Paris was flooded with rumors that he was planning a major tour of that continent in 1964 for the purpose of wooing some twenty UN

votes away from the United States to add to those of the fourteen French-speaking African countries which are susceptible to French influence. In March President López Mateos of Mexico paid a state visit to Paris, and his country was awarded a \$150 million loan which was hailed as the harbinger of a European Marshall Plan for Latin America. The Mexican state visit was to have been followed six months later by one made by President Goulart of Brazil.

In February, however, France got involved in a "lobster war" with Brazil. The French ambassador in Brasilia was summoned home, and De Gaulle even dispatched a French warship to the South Atlantic to aid the Breton fishermen who had been threatened by Brazilian gunboats. The result was to cast a chill on French-Brazilian relations, and in October President Goulart announced the cancellation of his European trip. This unexpected setback does not mean that De Gaulle has abandoned the idea of a Latin-American trip. As President of the French Republic he owes return visits to both Mexico and Peru, and there is some likelihood that he will visit them as well as Canada when he comes to the United States in the spring.

The cost of travel

The General has begun to discover, however, that while such highly publicized visits may enhance his prestige abroad, they do not necessarily increase his popularity at home. The formal trips he made to Greece in May and to Iran in October brought France few concrete results save a spate of flashy photographs in the illustrated weeklies and a dash of exotic local color for the television screens.

Such trips, furthermore, involve considerable expense. Secret service men had to be sent to Iran to assure the General's safety; and the state-run radio and television network felt the occasion important enough to dispatch forty-seven reporters, cameramen, and technicians to cover the visit. Two daily flights of government planes between the Air Force base at Istres (near Marseilles) and the airfields at Teheran and Isfahan were scheduled so that recorded and filmed material could

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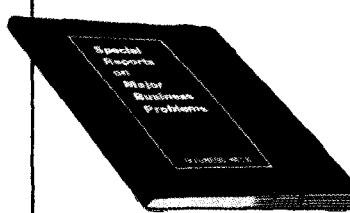
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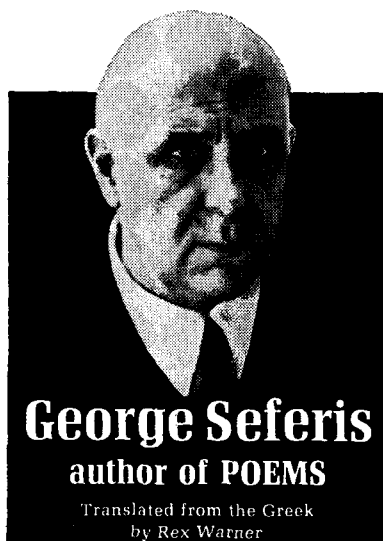
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By Walter Goodman

"The characters whose shady exploits are vividly described probably could be called 'honorable' because they were kind to old ladies, passed the plate in church, refrained from cracking children's piggy banks or supported the proper civic activities.

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Report on Paris

be presented to ten million captive viewers, who were asked to believe that they were witnessing scenes of Oriental pageantry worthy of *The Arabian Nights*.

De Gaulle's popularity wanes

How lasting and effective these efforts to create an illusion of power and grandeur will be, it is difficult to say. But it may be that the initial charm is beginning to wear off. De Gaulle's trip to the south of France in September came close to being a fiasco — the first time this has ever happened on a presidential visit. In more than one town in the Vaucluse, De Gaulle was offered a cold reception, and in Lyon, the third-biggest city in France, only nineteen out of sixty-one municipal councillors bothered to turn up to greet him when he was received at the Town Hall. The streets were thinly lined with spectators, and whenever hostile posters were brandished their carriers were manhandled by the police.

A bank employee named Duffaud who had the nerve to shout "*De Gaulle à la porte!*" got a brutal blow in the eye from a truncheon, and when he came up before the judge several days later his face was so bruised and battered that he was almost unrecognizable. He was condemned and fined for a charge which has been used with increasing frequency in Gaullist France — "offense to the Chief of State."

This crime is by no means new with the Fifth Republic; it existed also under the Fourth and the Third. In the eighty-five years from 1875 to 1959, however, there were fewer than a dozen offenders, whereas in just four years under the Fifth Republic, one hundred and forty people have already been condemned for this offense.

The first cabinet meeting held after De Gaulle's return from his journey to the south was enough to make it clear that old age is not making the General any more tolerant. After hearing a number of complaints about the lack of objectivity of the French press in its reporting, De Gaulle ordered the information minister, Alain Peyre-

fitte, to read the riot act to insufficiently zealous editors. This extraordinary injunction prompted the Paris satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* to publish in its next issue a page entitled "*Le Canard empeyrefitté*," fulfilling the government's prescriptions. The page included a public-opinion poll wryly purporting to show that 94 percent of the French were "extremely happy" with De Gaulle, 22.5 percent were "very happy," 98 percent were "happier than ever," and only one half of one percent were merely "happy."

Resort to censorship

This kind of satire seems to have had little effect in curbing the Gaullist regime's continuing resort to censorship. In late October a Paris court sentenced the bookseller Claude Tchou to a \$5000 fine for "outrage to morals," and confiscated his connoisseur's collection of erotic works, including poetry volumes by Aretino and Verlaine, Mallarmé and Ronsard. Just one week later the Ministry of the Interior seized all available copies of a book on the O.A.S., written by one of its former leaders, Jean-Jacques Susini, because it contained embarrassing revelations about the Gaullist cloak-and-dagger activities during the last murky stages of the Algerian uproar.

The same day thousands of Sorbonne students staged a noisy riot to protest the inadequacy of the measures taken by the Ministry of Education to meet one of the most acute of all internal French problems — a desperate shortage of classrooms, schools, and teachers for an ever-larger army of students. An unofficial tally put the strength of the rioters between three and four thousand. Their shouts of "Down with De Gaulle!" and "Down with Fouchet!" — De Gaulle's two-fisted but otherwise totally inexperienced education minister — alternated with cries for fewer bombs and more schools and amphitheatres.

The fundamental dilemma remains unsolved: how to maintain a costly effort to impose the grandeur of France on a skeptical world without adding to a troublesome inflation and alienating a youthful population whose votes the Gaullist regime must have in order to survive.

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The prevention and control of *on-the-job* injuries are this doctor's prime concern. He deals mostly in remedial medicine rather than reparative medicine. Because injuries *away from work* are 12 times as numerous as those on the job, more than three out of four visits to the Medical Department are for *non-occupational* consultation and examination, but no attempt is made to take the place of the family doctor.

This doctor is one of 146 physicians and 638 nurses who make up the GM Medical Staff in plants throughout the United States and Canada. The GM Medical Department was established in 1915 as one of the pioneer programs of its kind. GM doctors and nurses work with the same ultra-modern equipment you'll find in the finest clinics and hospitals. As part of their accident-prevention work, they tie in closely with plant safety departments.

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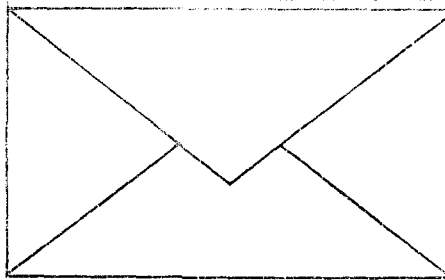
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Children who need adoption

SIR:

On the basis of scattered incidents, statements taken out of context, and a few scare statistics thrown in for good measure, Rael Jean Isaac, in "Children Who Need Adoption" (November *Atlantic*), jumps to the conclusion that it is right and proper that the community put up with the amateur placement of babies without any kind of control by an agency of the community to see that the rights of children to be placed in the best possible homes are protected. Every community must find the answer to the problem that some children cannot stay with their natural parents but must have new homes. Someone must make a decision as to what families can take on a child which does not start out as their own. In unprotected placements, that someone, be he doctor, lawyer, or casual acquaintance, makes such a decision using his own standards, which may or may not be just as middle-class as those the author attacks. He, of course, may also be influenced by other considerations — keeping a neurotic patient happy, helping out an important client, and so forth. Unfortunately, the black market is also not as defunct as the author apparently hopes.

MRS. CLARENCE STEVENS
Boulder, Colo.

SIR:

Rael Jean Isaac's article on adoption will surely elicit a flood of letters from potential adoptive parents, such as my husband and myself, whose intentions were frustrated by well-meaning social agencies.

As I read the Isaac article, I kept

nodding my head in affirmation, as it so precisely described several barricades that we encountered.

For example, R. J. Isaac's statement "an adoptive couple's chance of acceptance by an agency is determined not so much by objectively discoverable merits as potential parents as by luck — luck in being interviewed by a congenial agency staff member."

When we applied to a Catholic social agency in New York, we were assigned a Puerto Rican social worker — I suppose because we have a Latin-sounding name and because we lived in the upper West side of Manhattan where many persons of Puerto Rican background live. This would be unimportant except that I, with my Irish-Anglo-Saxon background, and my husband, with his third-generation Italian background, could establish no meeting ground with the young woman assigned to us.

I wanted to adopt a baby for a great many reasons, which I outlined when I was interrogated on this point. It seemed that the interviewer thought there was only one valid reason, which she told us: "You should want a baby because you want to hug and kiss and love it."

She frequently chided us for being "too intelligent" and frankly admitted that she preferred applicants who were simpler, less complicated people. She was unnervingly direct in her conclusions about our attitudes and psychological states, and quite liberal in her discussions of persons who had won children or lost them through her godlike dispositions. I found myself trying to

turn myself inside out to fill her specifications of a desirable mother.

When my job kept me from keeping an appointment one day, my telephoned explanation and apology met with the accusation that I really wasn't interested in adopting a child.

It didn't take many sessions of this treatment to discourage us. We just gave up after several interviews.

Author Isaac has done a fine job in throwing light on this subject of the overwhelming power of social agencies and their fallible workers.

MRS. E. PASTORE
Sewickley, Penn.

SIR:

Rael Jean Isaac's cases are most likely true and may represent the average for adoption agencies. However, we would like to point out that there are adoption agencies which use their rules with human understanding and are sympathetic to both children and parents. One of these is the Children's Home Society of California. According to the Talbot-Perkins rules we were unsuitable as adoptive parents. We had three boys of our own (five, four, and two years old) and were able to have more; my wife was a registered nurse, was working part-time, and could not promise to give up her profession after adoption. We wanted to adopt a girl, any little girl who needed us, and after a few pleasant visits extending over a period of three months with our caseworker, we were blessed with Jill.

Our girl was fifteen days old when we took her home (unusual, according to the article) and since then has progressed to above-average intelligence. Best of all is the daily



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miracle of seeing the love expressed between Jill and her three brothers.

According to your article, all this would have been impossible. Our suggestion would be not to change the system but, rather, to have more agencies like the Children's Home Society.

MR. AND MRS. J. KENNEDY
Wayland, Mass.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Hooray for Robert Fontaine!

His piece, "First Catch Your Dog," in the November Accent on Living, has needed to be written for many, many years. And he has handled it superbly.

A person doesn't necessarily have to dislike dogs to resent self-styled dog lovers who won't devote enough time to their pets to deter them from becoming neighborhood nuisances.

G. NORMAN COLLIE
Beach Haven Park, N. J.

SIR:

The Atlantic gets better month by month. The articles in the November Accent on Living by Charles Morton ("The International Poultry Traffic") and Robert Fontaine alone were worth the price of the subscription.

I loathe hackneyed phrases, except for "a fellow who hates dogs the way he does can't be all bad." For more than a year we've had a gay time with a couple of red setters: bites; visits to doctor (we pay); talks to police, dog officer, county dog officer; and still the rotten creatures run wild. The old one, crafty as his owner, fawns on the dog officer. Our oldest child says, "If I catch the vicious one in our yard he'll go home in a coat of green paint."

Since reading Jessica Mitford's article, "The Undertakers' Racket," in your June issue we have bought her book, and promptly cashed our insurance policy. Better we should enjoy the money than some undertaker. That ghastly carcass display reminds me slightly of the feature attraction at a hanging, but more of a Christmas boar — all you lack is a mouthful of apple.

M. D. REAY
Taunton, Mass.

SIR:

Marius Lodeesen's article ("TV in the Cockpit," November *Atlantic*) I feel presents an unwise solution to

the perplexing problem of controlling aircraft in this age of more and faster aircraft.

He advocates a highly accurate system by which the pilot positions the aircraft at all times by watching a pen trace a line on a rotating map. Any instrument such as this is subject to calibration error. I shudder to imagine the result of such a failure on a crowded airway.

I agree completely that the entire system of air-traffic control needs modernizing. It seems to me that an improved system of centralized control is more desirable than many aircraft operating on an independent control system.

HARRY R. MAUGANS, JR.
Captain USAF Res, Senior Navigator
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR:

W. J. J. Gordon ("The Nobel Prize Winners," November *Atlantic*) is a talented writer, whose satires ring with authenticity. I look forward to reading his stories for their humor as much as for their keen critique. However, after reading three consecutively misanthropic stories — "The Nobel Prize Winners," "Mrs. Schyler's Plot" (June), and "The Pures" (May, 1962) — I find myself wondering if Mr. Gordon doesn't move in an unfortunate circle of lightweights.

Some scientists (Ph.D. and otherwise) are mature citizens, whose wives and research directors don't lack moral fiber. In case Mr. Gordon doubts this, I do invite him to visit a different kind of laboratory when he next visits in San Francisco.

BURTON E. VAUGHAN
Castro Valley, Calif.

SIR:

Just a note to tell you how hilarious I think "Freud Frappé" by Rilyn Babcock was in the October Accent on Living. I was skimming through at the drugstore and started reading it on the spot; finally the clerk came over and read it over my shoulder, to see what was so funny.

I would like to see more by the writer of that — She sweeps along like a small hurricane, and there are very, very few really wickedly funny women writers.

PATRICIA SAMSON
Cedar Falls, Iowa

SIR:

May I express my deep and sin-

cere gratitude for the privilege of hearing your magazine read to me via the Talking Books. Your articles are most informative and very interesting.

In the September issue, the article on Mark Twain ("Mr. Dooley's Friends," by Finley Peter Dunne) was most enjoyable. In it there was a statement, "I could go on talking about Mark Twain — if I had someone to listen." May I say I'll be glad to listen to more about Mark Twain.

May I also express my appreciation to the two gentlemen who read that issue. They are excellent readers.

It is wonderful of you to permit your magazine to be made up into records, and I wish most sincerely to express my deep gratitude to you for this privilege. It is one of my happiest relaxation times.

MAUDE A. SHAW
Portland, Ore.

SIR:

Let me add an unscientific postscript to Paul Dudley White's illuminating article, "Sudden Death," in the October issue. Such articles improve public relations with the medical profession.

Correct me if I am wrong, but I submit that there is a secondary psychosomatic cause of sudden heart failures under sixty-five. It would be interesting to compare data in an upper-class Chinese society. In our rather insane industrial society even a technical man is finished at forty-five. At fifty-five the average man has raised his family, and his inner drive must recede with the perhaps unconscious awareness that he is no longer needed, and definitely not wanted, in the business world. Unless some other interest sustains him, he inwardly wanes rapidly. Add to this the usual shocks, and the sense of finality becomes acute, therefore fatal. I personally know several such case histories.

In our disappearing subcultures where knowledge and age are valued you see many men doing fine work in their seventies. Alfred N. Whitehead was called to Harvard when past sixty and did much of his best work after that. He was only one of many working in a subculture where there was a high premium on experience and knowledge.

BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER
San Diego, Calif.



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To enjoy good health, children must learn to eat right—and parents must set the examples

IN MOST FAMILIES, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Basic food habits are usually established by the time the child enters school, and these patterns for eating will be a very important factor in the measure of good health and happiness the individual achieves as a child, as a teen-ager, and as an adult.

Eating right—or following good nutrition practices—is one of the important ingredients in building and maintaining a healthy body from infancy through old age. How well young bodies are built and how well they are maintained through later years depends, to a very high degree, upon eating the right foods—right in both variety and quantity.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

CHILDREN NEED FIRM FOOD GUIDANCE

The same parents who will spare no effort nor expense to give their children the very best possible start in life often-times neglect some of the most basic needs of childhood. Parents will gladly pay for swimming and dancing lessons, to have crooked teeth straightened, to provide the child with an abundance of stylish clothing, to have immunization against measles and smallpox and other diseases. Parents usually want to do everything anyone suggests to help their children, but all too often they overlook the very basic responsibility of teaching their children to eat right. And in this failure they may be depriving their children of much of the good life they want the children to enjoy.

Some people believe that all that is necessary is to set a variety of foods before the children at mealtime and let the children select what they want. This theory that children will eat what their bodies require is discounted these days, and it has been clearly demonstrated that children must be taught, with a measure of parental firmness, to eat the right foods.

It is certainly true that eating food is not simply a matter of satisfying nutritional requirements, for the occasions when food is consumed often take on important social and psychological meanings. Mealtime can be a very pleasant occasion, and thereby encourage the young to eat what has been prepared for them. Or the meal may be a period of family discord, which makes the eating of food much less pleasant and associates the food with unhappy memories.

ADOPT AND FOLLOW A DEFINITE FAMILY FOOD PLAN

Since children do learn most of their basic food habits at the family table, it is extremely important for parents to keep in mind that *the most effective way to teach the young is to set a good example for them to follow.* Parents who eat right, who follow the very simple rules for consuming a well balanced diet, will find it much easier to convince their children to eat right.

The Daily Food Guide which nutritionists have developed should be important in meal planning in every home, and the whole family should be alert to the Guide so that meals and snacks eaten away from home are considered part of the daily food plan. The Guide is easy to follow and allows for very enjoyable eating. It suggests selecting foods from four major groups:

Milk and Dairy Foods: Children and teen-agers should have at least three glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults should have at least two glasses of milk each day. Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients required by all ages.

For example, two eight-ounce glasses of milk provide for an adult man 25% of his daily protein needs (and this is very high quality protein); 71% of the calcium (which adults need to keep bones strong even after growth stops, as well as for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which, among other things, helps to keep mucous membranes healthy and resistant to infection); 46% of the riboflavin (which aids cells in using oxygen and which helps keep the tongue, lips, and skin healthy); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps keep the nervous system healthy and prevent irritability); 10-13% of the calories (which are essential, of course, and become undesirable only when we consume too many!).

Percentages for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient requirements than the man, but two glasses of whole milk still provide only 14-18% of the daily calorie needs for an adult woman. Calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they provide so many essential food nutrients, unlike some foods with "naked calories" that add no other nutrients.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs: Two or more servings each day from this food group provide additional high quality protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Vegetables and Fruits: Four or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A. To encourage children to learn to eat fruits and vegetables, try the many varieties available.

Breads and Cereals: Four or more servings each day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and calories.

Following the Daily Food Guide is easy. Foods may be selected to satisfy a wide variety of tastes, and eating can be an enjoyable occasion for all. The Guide is good insurance that the whole family will be eating right. For your free copy of FAMILY FEEDING FOR FITNESS AND FUN, which includes a copy of the Daily Food Guide, write to the Public Information Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of



american dairy association



THE NATIONAL DEBT AND THE PERIL POINT

BY J. DAVID STERN

Born in Philadelphia and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, J. DAVID STERN began his career in journalism in 1908. Four years later he bought the New Brunswick TIMES, the first of a string of papers across the country whose fortunes he directed in a liberal tradition. As publisher of the Philadelphia RECORD and the New York POST, he became a power in Eastern politics and a close friend and adviser of FDR.

IF a man had twenty pounds a year and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence, he would be happy, but if he spent twenty pounds sixpence, he would be miserable.

Thus Mr. Micawber expounded his theory of economics to David Copperfield. In modern terms: Balance the budget and all is well; unbalance it on the minus side and you are on the road to hell.

My generation (I am seventy-seven years old) was brought up on this theory, buttressed by eighteenth-century maxims in *Poor Richard's Almanack*, such as: "The first [vice] is running in debt," "Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship," and many others of the same ilk. (Nor are these eighteenth-century proverbs entirely forgotten. Printing Industries of New York recently sent Dr. Walter W. Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, a specially printed, deluxe book of Ben Franklin's warning against debt.)

Bankers swelled the chorus. They extolled thrift and savings accounts, discouraged debt. In those days banks did not have small-loan departments. Small loans were left to "loan sharks," who charged exorbitant interest and were less respectable than pawnbrokers. Only the improvident patronized stores which gave long-term credit.

Conditioned by such propaganda, I was scared when I borrowed \$10,000 to buy my first newspaper in 1912. It did not lead to disaster. Having made

this first plunge, I kept on going deeper and deeper into debt during my thirty-five years of publishing seven newspapers. When I retired in 1947 my newspapers, radio station, and paper mill owed \$5,500,000. My debt had increased 550-fold, but the value of my properties had grown almost a thousand-fold, from \$12,500 to \$12 million. So there was a margin left for old age.

My experience was not unusual. Most businesses borrow to expand. Credit has been as essential to industrial growth as were steam and electric power. Look over the balance sheets of giant corporations, the "blue chips," in Wall Street parlance. They all are in debt.

Our point of view has changed. Debt has become respectable, not only for the businessman but for the householder. Installment buying is a major force in our economy. The government encourages newlyweds to start their married life in a home bought for next to nothing down and with a forty-year mortgage. Through its Small Business Administration it helps small enterprises to grow by going into debt. And the banks have changed their tune. Now they advertise and promote small loans more than savings accounts. Debt is no longer regarded as evil in itself. It is what you do with the money after you borrow it that really matters; how well you invest and not the fact of borrowing is the true yardstick.

In our expanding economy Micawber seems for-

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gotten — except in one most important instance. When the federal government debt is at issue, Micawber's ghost walks again and resurrects the ancient shibboleths. A protean ghost, it usually assumes the form of an elder statesman to croak, "Debt will ruin the nation." It has been repeating that refrain as far back as I can remember. Sixty years ago it was predicting that a \$500 million appropriation for the Panama Canal would bankrupt the country. Thirty years ago, taking the form of General Robert E. Wood, president of Sears Roebuck, it went about the nation alerting the populace to the danger of President Roosevelt's profligacy. In the guise of General Wood, Micawber's ghost ended every speech with a warning that when the federal debt reached \$25 billion, the dollar would be worthless. While performing this Paul Revere stunt the ghost pointed with pride to President Hoover, who balanced the budget, achieved a billion-dollar surplus, and reduced the national debt during the first three years of his Administration. Readers over fifty remember what happened in 1932. At the same time, General Wood, in the flesh, was borrowing money in order to expand his company into the largest retail organization in the world.

MICAWBER's ghost warns us that the spendthrift Democratic Administration is leading the government into bankruptcy. And our newspapers and magazines, largely controlled by ultraconservative wealth, give the front page to this foreboding.

Typical of this concerted effort to scare the living daylight out of the average citizen was the lead article in the *Reader's Digest* for May, 1963, entitled "The Real Truth About the Federal Budget." "Incredible. Inviting disaster. Staggering," shouts the ghost from the floor of Congress, this time in the guise of Congressman Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, a fitting embodiment of Micawber's shade since Cannon is almost as old as Micawber and a character straight out of Dickens.

By the end of the *Reader's Digest* article the ghost has assumed an even more appropriate corporeal form, that of Senator Harry F. Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, boss of Virginia, and president of the Micawber Chowder and Marching Club, which proudly flaunts its slogan, "Debt is a dirty word." So faithful is Byrd to Micawber's theory of economics that he has forbidden the state of Virginia to contract any more debt. As a result, Virginia's cities and counties must finance essential public works, schools, water, sewers, and so forth, at much higher rates of interest than the state could command. So Byrd's loyalty

to Micawber is costing his fellow citizens many millions of dollars a year. Virginia lags behind other states in urgently needed improvements, and some of the leaders in Byrd's own organization are in open revolt. What does the ghost, posing as Byrd, have to say at the close of the article? — "This loose spending must stop." No matter how many shapes the ghost takes, it is consistent.

Another typical Micawber article was the lead in the *Saturday Evening Post* of May 18, 1963. The title "Spending into Trouble" is followed by a sub-head "We are stealing from our grandchildren in order to satisfy our desires of today." This time the ghost speaks through President Eisenhower. Like the *Reader's Digest* tirade, it is packed with half truths and forebodings of doom from debt. Neither these two pieces nor any of the warnings which clutter our press give comparative statistics on which an intelligent appraisal of the national debt can be based. Nor do they measure the national debt against growth in business, wealth, and population.

Without some frame of reference, discussion of the debt is meaningless. Such attacks on the Kennedy Administration's fiscal policy are tedious repetitions of Micawber's theory: balance the budget or ruin.

What are the facts?

The nation is growing faster than its debt.

Its debt is shrinking in proportion to its wealth and ability to pay.

As a result of World War II, our national debt in 1947 was \$257 billion. That was 10 percent more than the gross national product, or total business done in that year. In 1962 the national debt was 55 percent of the gross national product, proportionately half as much as it had been fifteen years before.

The GNP is a useful yardstick for economists. But let us use a more familiar tape measure: take-home pay, or personal income after taxes, or "personal disposable income," as the President's Council of Economic Advisers calls it.

In 1947 the national debt was 151 percent of net personal disposable income; in 1962, 80 percent. Here are the figures of the Administrations from Truman through Eisenhower to Kennedy:

	NATIONAL DEBT (billions)	NET DISPOSABLE PERSONAL INCOME (billions)	PERCENTAGE OF NATIONAL DEBT TO PERSONAL INCOME
1947	\$257	\$170.1	151%
1952	267.4	258.7	112%
1957	275	308.8	90%
1962	304	382.7	80%

Not only is the national debt decreasing in relation to personal income and volume of business; it

is also decreasing in proportion to population. Since 1947 the population has increased 29 percent, the national debt 18 percent. The above figures can be restated on a per capita basis as follows:

		PER CAPITA PERSONAL	PER CAPITA NATIONAL	PERCENTAGE OF PER CAPITA DEBT TO PER CAPITA INCOME
	POPULATION	INCOME	DEBT	
1947	144,126,000	\$1180	\$1783	151%
1952	156,947,000	1521	1700	112%
1957	171,278,000	1803	1600	81%
1962	186,591,000	2051	1600	78%

We can translate this table into the budget problems of a family of five. Mr. and Mrs. John Doe and their three children consider the household budget. "In fifteen years our debts are down," says Mr. Doe. "From \$8900 to \$8000," complains Mrs. Doe. "I don't call that much." "But at the same time my take-home pay has nearly doubled," replies Mr. Doe. "So we are really much better off. By budgeting ten percent of the family income we could pay off all our debts in eight years. It would have taken twice as long at the rate we were going fifteen years ago. That's progress."

As far as the national debt is concerned, we are certainly making progress. But during the past fifteen years corporate debt has increased 204 percent; personal debt, including home mortgages, 389 percent; state and local government debt 400 percent. These facts are never mentioned when Micawber's ghost damns the national debt. We will now all rise while the ghost leads us in singing the patriotic song: "Debt's OK in every way, for everyone, but not for Uncle Sam."

Without considering the income and resources of a debtor it is impossible to calculate whether his debt is too great. I am reminded of a profound question, worthy of an elder statesman, propounded by my granddaughter, aged six.

"How much is too much?" she asked.

"'Too' and 'much' are connecting words," I explained. "Meaningless unless hooked to things or ideas. A pile of hay might be too much for a horse, too little for an elephant. Five pieces of candy are too many for you, too few for your birthday party."

This is childish talk, but no more childish than debates in Congress on setting a fixed-dollar limit to the national debt, rather than a limit based on a percentage of GNP, national income, or some other composite frame of reference.

WHY is the public kept in ignorance of the comparative statistics which would enable it to judge for itself the financial state of the nation? I have

already mentioned one reason. Our communications are controlled by wealthy ultraconservatives who are congenitally allergic to government spending. Another reason is that our articulators, the columnists who write so entertainingly, the commentators who talk so glibly, are, generally speaking, weak on figures. They avoid statistics and percentages. Their excuse is that the public would not understand or be interested. I have long felt that they do not give their audience credit for the intelligence with which it is endowed.

But the chief fault lies with the present Administration, which has done little to counteract conservative propaganda. In one address, President Kennedy did compare the national debt to the gross national product, but he neglected to explain GNP, a technical term familiar to less than a tenth of his audience. Nor, as far as I have been able to discover, has any other spokesman for the Administration discussed the relative size of the national debt against any frame of reference.

Under these circumstances it is easy for Micawber's ghost to rouse the rabble by denouncing federal spending and debt, which imply more taxes. Even though the present proposal is to borrow to lower taxes, conservatives growl their disapproval just as Pavlov's dogs responded with conditioned reflexes. And why does this difficult ghost haunt the United States instead of his native land where the debt burden is proportionately double the amount in this country and yet is not a political issue?

The ghost is also helped by the awesome words "billion dollars," a frightening sum of money to the individual. For Uncle Sam, \$1 billion is the equivalent of \$100 for a family with an income of \$8550 — slightly more than one percent of the income. To counteract the billion-dollar scare propaganda, the Administration must drive home lessons in proportion and take the bigness out of "billion" by homely contrast of government finance with everyday transactions. To give an example: a country dentist, with an income of \$10,000, asks his bank for a \$1000 loan.

"What for?" asks the village banker, not like big-city bankers, who nowadays lend without asking. Besides, he is suffering from a toothache, which makes him momentarily disinclined to grant a loan, even to a Rockefeller.

"To modernize my office," the dentist replies.

"Why go heavier into debt?" the banker snarls. "You still owe on your home and car."

"With better equipment I could increase my practice," the dentist explains. "I could treat patients more quickly and with less pain." The phrase "with less pain" gets the banker where it hurts, and the loan is granted.

The proposal to borrow \$11 billion to stimulate business by lowering taxes is in about the same

proportion to government income as the dentist's loan to his income. And the Administration's plan is designed to alleviate some of the pains with which the body politic is presently afflicted — unemployment, depressed areas, racial tensions. Only in a period of full employment can we hope to make any real progress in upgrading the employment of minority groups, which is one of the essentials in solving the racial problem.

Even a banker, grouchy with a toothache, would not denounce the dentist's loan as spending "into decadence and peril." But those are the words Micawber's ghost, speaking through Eisenhower, used to describe President Kennedy's plan. And nowhere in the many attacks do I find mention, let alone consideration, of the ills and injustices which the plan is designed to cure.

Most men of wealth, particularly those who started poor and acquired affluence late in life, are emotional about money. It is hard for them to think objectively about the magic force which changed their lives. This King Midas syndrome explains their aversion to John Maynard Keynes, greatest economist of the twentieth century. Keynes defined money as a no-par share in the purchasing power of a nation, an abstraction, an entry on a bank ledger. Such a concept is anathema to Midas, who harbors the subconscious desire to possess money he can bite. Keynes held that a nation in depression should borrow and spend more than its income. President Franklin D. Roosevelt took his advice. He incurred deficits for unemployment relief and public works, which were factors in curing the Depression.

Many a business has gone into debt to rescue itself from decline. In 1933, at the height of the Depression, my competitors stopped all circulation promotion. I borrowed \$250,000 to put a couple of hundred unemployed to work soliciting subscriptions for the *Philadelphia Record*. To borrow wisely, at the right time, is the key to many a business success. Commodore Vanderbilt said, "A millionaire isn't the man who has a million but the man who can borrow a million."

President Eisenhower writes, "I know that the economic theorists [have] convinced themselves that what . . . counts is the relationship between the debt and the gross national product. . . . As long as the debt doesn't grow out of proportion to the gross national product, they believe, the country will remain in sound financial condition. But

what they don't point out is that nobody really knows where this theoretical peril point might be."

There is a peril point in nearly everything we do, but if that were to keep us from doing, we would be a backward nation. There is a peril point in pioneering, and some of our Founding Fathers got mighty close to it. There is a peril point in drinking, so we were persuaded to try prohibition. There is a peril point in swimming out into the ocean. If you haven't strength to return, you drown.

Because we sent General Eisenhower what he needed to win the war, the national debt rose to 110 percent of GNP. Perhaps we were approaching the "peril point." But no one suggested cutting down our shipments of ammunition.

Now the national debt is 55 percent of GNP, so we are far from the peril point. The real peril is that federal, state, and local taxes take too large a percentage of national income and thus retard economic growth. The President's Council of Economic Advisers figures that we are approaching that peril point. It wants to avoid it by lowering taxes. If this tactic stimulates the economy, reduces unemployment, absorbs the teen-agers entering the labor field in greater numbers each year, the GNP will soar well over \$600 billion, and the government's income will exceed its budget. That should make everybody happy, including Micawber's ghost.

The debate as to which comes first, balancing the budget according to Micawber or balancing the economy according to Keynes, is not an abstract controversy. It is fundamental to the immediate problems which vex the nation today. If President Eisenhower is looking for peril points, he can find them in a growing population with a static economy.

If your only excuse for shouting "fire" in a theater is that you do not like the actors, you are going to spend a long time in jail. Shout "ruin and disaster" about the state of the nation and the First Amendment will protect you, even if you have as little reason to cry your alarm as when you cried "fire" because you disapproved of the actors.

The peril point is not in the budget but in the minds of reactionaries. As Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania has said, "Perhaps no topic [national debt] in our time has been the victim of so much nonsense."

Our nation is growing faster than its debt. Those words are the magic formula to lay Micawber's ghost.



THE POWER

A member of the editorial board of the New York TIMES, who has been consulted in many an arbitration, A. H. RASKIN is keenly aware of the problems which the threats of automation and unemployment have imposed on the unions and on management. This is the fourth in his series of articles on the nation's biggest labor unions. His next will deal with the longshore and maritime unions.

THE International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the nation's biggest, strongest, and most investigated union, is a monument to the sweet uses of adversity, a testimonial to the proposition that nothing succeeds like bad publicity. For nearly seven years all the awesome powers of the federal government, reinforced by every instrument of mass communication, have been focused on the destruction of the union's iron-fisted president, James R. Hoffa. Yet both Hoffa and the Teamsters have prospered, while the AFL-CIO, which cast them out as a disgrace to organized labor, is sunk in bureaucratic torpor.

True, this inverted morality play is not over, and the implacable resolve of Attorney General Kennedy to "get Hoffa" creates a better-than-even chance that the cocky Teamster chief will eventually wind up in jail — an ambition to which Mr. Kennedy's brother, the President, dedicated himself in the 1960 campaign. But, whatever the position of the players when the final curtain comes down, the factors that have enabled the union led by Hoffa to grow bigger and vastly more powerful in the face of the most sustained, most widespread public hostility ever concentrated on a single labor organization provide an insight into the power structure of our economic society that is as disturbing as it is illuminating.

The 20,432 pages of testimony about labor-management malpractices gathered by the McClellan Committee in its three years of televised hearings contribute only foggily to this insight, even though they, and the criminal proceedings against Hoffa they engendered, represent the start and finish of most evaluations of the Teamsters as a social force.

The important thing about the Teamsters is not Hoffa's web of underworld associations or his contempt for conventional standards of union ethics, but the extent to which his code is accepted uncomplainingly, even enthusiastically, by the members of his union and the great bulk of the employers in his industry, to say nothing of many leaders of the federation, which has labeled him a pariah. Of parallel importance — and more menacing still in their economic implications — are the strategic command that the union's 1,500,000 members give Hoffa over the country's distribution lifeline and the influence he is thus in a position to exert over most other unions and industries.

Photographs by Jim Yardley



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This year Hoffa confidently looks forward to putting the capstone on an edifice he has been building, brick by brick, for nearly a quarter century — the achievement of the first nationwide trucking contract. This, as his enemies never tire of pointing out, would put him in a position to stop a million local and long-distance trucks with a single strike order. But Hoffa ridicules such fears. His success in using divide-and-conquer tactics to play the selfish interests of one group of truck owners against those of another has left him sublimely sure that he can always get what he wants without paralyzing the nation.

There is nothing vainglorious about this belief, nor does it represent the zenith of Hoffa's ambitions. On the contrary, the projected national trucking agreement is merely the underpinning for a far more pretentious structure of interrelated industry-wide union contracts — all of which would expire at the same time — through which the Teamsters could extend their economic leverage into the domain of unions in every field dependent on trucking.

Since there is nothing, from baby's milk to rockets for Project Apollo, that does not move at some stage by truck, the range of potential alliances is as broad as the economy. No farm, factory, store, or warehouse would be untouched. In a period when automation is circumscribing the size of most other unions and the effectiveness of their strike weapon, many are likely to find singularly appealing the opportunity to have their bargaining objectives underwritten by the Teamsters' undiminished economic muscle. The price of partnership in sacrifice of autonomy may be high, but not too high for unionists who feel disarmed by the inadequacy of their defenses against the job-killing impact of changing technology.

The dream of such a labor superfederation, with the Teamsters as its sparkplug, is Hoffa's dream, but the power on which it is based is the Teamsters' power, and it would not evaporate if the restless, ruthless Hoffa were swept out of the driver's seat and into a federal penitentiary. The idea and the machinery to implement it would remain as Hoffa's legacy, a testament to a brain as cunning and resourceful as that of any builder of our gigantic corporate complexes in public utilities, railroads, or manufacturing.

TO MAKE sense out of the Humpty-Dumpty version of the Horatio Alger story that is the career of Jimmy Hoffa, it is instructive to look back thirty years into the history of both Hoffa and his union. Hoffa called his first strike when he was eighteen years old, a tough kid who had to quit school after the ninth grade. He was unloading freight cars on

the platform of the Kroger grocery warehouse in Detroit. It was 1932, the depth of the Depression, and the pay was thirty-two cents an hour — when there were cars to unload. "The rest of the time you just sat around, waiting for more boxcars to come in."

Detroit was a citadel of the open shop. There was no United Auto Workers at General Motors or Ford or anywhere else. Talking union was a sure way to lose your job and be blacklisted for any other. But Hoffa did not scare easy, then or now. "I got interested in unions because we were getting kicked around. We started talking about it on the sly. We got four other people together who agreed to be leaders, and we talked it up."

The instinct for the jugular that has always been the foundation of Hoffa's economic strategy manifested itself in his first engagement with Kroger. He decided that timing had to be the key for a successful strike, one that would be over almost before it began. His moment came when a carload of strawberries rolled up to the warehouse. The workers folded their arms, and Hoffa notified management that the workers had formed an independent union and would not go back to work until it was recognized. The company wilted before the strawberries did. The strike was over in less than an hour, and the strawberries became Hoffa's launching pad to the top rung of unionism.

It was a rough ascent, and long before he reached the top, Hoffa had developed a cynical conviction that nothing in our society was fair, least of all the forces of law and order. "The police would beat your brains in for even talking union," he recalls. "The cops harassed us every day. If you went on strike, you got your head broken."

When he took over Detroit's two puny, debt-encumbered locals of the Teamsters Union, the truck owners sent goons to smash his office furniture, to plant dynamite in his car, and to rough him up. "There was only one way to survive — fight back. And we used to slug it out on the streets. They found out we didn't scare."

Not all his battles were with the employers and the police. His bellicose ways did not endear him to the deadhead leaders of the international union in the Midwest; they turned a deaf ear to his appeals for organizational and strike support. Out of it all came the central guiding principle of Hoffa's life: You get what you take. Nobody gives you anything except what you fight for.

But Hoffa never would have climbed very far in his ascent to power if he had confined his concept of fighting to the rule of club and claw. His fists were, and have remained, a prized part of his arsenal; musclemen have always been prominent in his entourage. But with this reliance on brute force has gone an extraordinary deftness in the

manipulation of power. He has played employer against employer, union against union, with a sense of *realpolitik* equaled only by the most accomplished of world diplomats.

Characteristically, he took as mentor in evolving his anatomy of power a unionist whose ideas of the end uses of power were 180 degrees removed from his own. Farrell Dobbs, a Minneapolis Teamster leader in the turbulent years when Hoffa was slugging his way up in Detroit, was the author of the centralized bargaining strategy so successfully employed by Hoffa to consolidate power in his hands.

An exquisite irony, worthy of extended study in a graduate school of political science, is embodied in Hoffa's emergence as the implementer and perpetuator of the Dobbs economic theories. Dobbs was a political idealist, so devoted to the precepts of proletarian revolution preached by Leon Trotsky that he quit the union at the peak of his prestige and four times made the forlorn race as presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers Party. Hoffa, whose bleak view of idealistic motivation is summed up in the observation, "everybody has his price," has always put politicians in the forefront of the "for sale" category. His scorn for "longhairs" and "save-the-world" types is unreserved.

THE distinctive new element that Dobbs and his Trotskyite associates in Minneapolis — Vince, Miles, and Grant Dunne — introduced into Teamster tactics was the organization of long-distance truck drivers as the integrating element in bringing all trucking in the Midwest under standard union agreements. The concept of area-wide negotiations was alien to Teamster tradition in that period. The union was a relatively loose confederation of local baronies, each sovereign unto itself. Daniel Tobin, then the union's president, was a man of substance at the White House and in the councils of the American Federation of Labor. He was closer than any other labor leader to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he bossed William Green, the Milquetoast head of the AFL, with shameless arrogance. But he walked softly in the presence of the men who exercised imperial rule over the big Teamster units in New York, Chicago, and other major cities.

They operated in a dog-eat-dog industry, with thousands of small employers devoting much of their energy to trying to steal business from one another. Some of the fleet owners were former rum-runners and hijackers forced to go legitimate — but not very — by the repeal of the Volstead Act. Under-the-table agreements to get an edge on labor costs were frequent. So were payoffs to everyone from union business agents to the cop on the

beat. No one paid much attention to unionizing over-the-road drivers; the great bulk of long-haul freight still moved by rail, and the union hierarchy, from Tobin down, viewed the highway drivers and the fly-by-night truckers for whom they worked as riffraff unworthy of enrollment under the Teamster banner.

Not so the politically oriented Dobbs and the Dunne brothers. They had used the technique of the general strike to obtain total domination of the trucking industry in Minneapolis; they counted on the over-the-road drivers to serve as evangelists of their brand of unionism through a much broader area. The initial reaction from the parent union was frosty; it sent in strong-arm squads to discourage the expansionist move of the Minneapolis local.

Whether Hoffa came as enemy or ally in the first instance is lost in the haze of history, written and rewritten. Paul Jacobs, director of the trade-union study project of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who was a young Trotskyite on the fringes of the Dobbs-Dunne organization in the mid-thirties, recalls Hoffa as a member of a goon squad sent in by Teamster headquarters to help smash the Trotskyite hold on the local. Hoffa's own version, as told to Ralph and Estelle James of the University of California's Institute of Industrial Relations, is that he came as the most junior of a little band of Midwestern Teamster officials that gave the Dobbs enterprise support from the start.

In any event, Hoffa was quick to grasp the potentialities of the network Dobbs was threading together. The Minneapolis leader got a somewhat flickering green light from Tobin in 1937 to organize over-the-road drivers, and he speedily formed a central council to seek uniform wages, hours, and working conditions throughout the Middle West. Adroit use of the leverage afforded him by the weakness of the employer associations in the industry, the vulnerability of individual companies to selective strikes in their unionized terminals, and the necessity for "interlining" transcontinental shipments from one regional carrier to another brought Dobbs a whirlwind victory — at the cost of only one serious strike, in Nebraska.

By the end of 1939 he had cemented his hold on the Central States and was reaching out for new territories in the Southwest to bring under the umbrella of the standardized agreement. But victory had lost its savor for Dobbs. His mind was on the war clouds gathering over Europe. Spurning Tobin's proffer of a post as international vice president, he resigned to devote all his energies to the Socialist Workers Party and to keeping this country out of war.

His heir, after a brief interregnum, was Jimmy Hoffa, and the Central States Drivers Council has

become Hoffa's chariot to power, the generator of the national contract through which he hopes to unify the standards of 400,000 drivers from coast to coast this year. The freewheeling adjustments he has made in the Dobbs pattern have been detailed by Professor James and his wife in two remarkable articles published last year in *Industrial Relations*, a University of California journal.

Hoffa gave them an access, more direct than any other outsiders have been allowed, to the inner workings of the negotiating and grievance machinery on which he relies to dominate both industry and union. They set forth their findings with the clinical detachment of medical researchers describing the spread of cancer through a body. There is none of the melodrama of the McClellan hearings, no moral preachments, no excoriation; yet the totality of their recital is even more chillingly depressing than the Senate record in the inexorableness with which it points to one overriding fact: Each limitation Congress has sought to clamp on Hoffa's power has been negated by the dexterity with which he and his legal battery have refashioned and reinforced the instruments of his rule.

Some of his techniques for exerting an economic squeeze on balky employers have become so subterranean that even a James Bond would find it impossible to trace the secret telephone calls and manipulations through which one layer of pressure is carefully placed atop a second layer and perhaps a third or fourth until the trucker decides to capitulate. A manufacturer may find his goods subjected to "unavoidable" delays or delivered to the wrong address until he builds a bonfire under his trucking company to go along with Hoffa. But usually such subtlety is superfluous.

Hoffa's most dependable allies in breaking the will to fight of holdout truckers are a handful of giant transcontinental haulers. Again and again they have been his stalking horses in areas where smaller operators showed signs of standing together against regional compacts. Hoffa lets the objectors know that he is prepared to sign separate agreements with their big competitors and thus put them in a position to get even bigger while the little fellows are shut down by a strike. In the affairs of the American Trucking Association, which has periodically talked about establishing a national system of strike insurance or some other mutual-assistance program to guard its members against Hoffa's brand of industrial cannibalism, it is the big companies that customarily are most active in making sure that the protective devices never get past the talking stage.

Even more startling as a prop for the Hoffa throne is a grievance structure ideally gaited to serve as a device for rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies on either the company or

union side. Most unions and employers have taken both favoritism and conflict out of the grievance procedure by leaving the final decision to an arbitrator if no direct settlement is reached. But Hoffa derides arbitrators as expensive haggle-masters, more interested in avoiding offense to either side than in dispensing justice.

Under the Teamster procedure the union is free to strike if a grievance is not settled — a powerful whip over the employer. Hoffa, always a take-charge guy, sits in the joint appeals committee in what amounts to the role of chief justice and chief executioner. An uncooperative employer is likely to get hints that the union will "throw the book" at him. An obstinate business agent can be made to lose face with his rank and file by being sent back the loser in case after case. No systematic record of past decisions is kept, so it is virtually impossible for anyone to complain that the balance has been unfairly tipped against him.

BUT to concentrate on all these appurtenances of power — and a dozen others equally calculated to make him master in the Teamsters' glass and marble palace a few hundred yards from the Capitol — is to overlook the essence of Hoffa. He is not head of the Teamsters Union because the constitution — rewritten by a committee he chaired and passed by a convention over which he presided — gives him more centralized authority than any other union chief in America. He is president of the country's most strategic union because he has the overwhelming backing of its million and a half members.

This says something for Hoffa. And it says something for his members, exposed as they have been to seven years of charges that their leader has turned the union into a hoodlums' paradise and has used his vast power in ways that his Senate critics called "tragic for the Teamsters Union and dangerous for the country at large." It is, of course, fashionable to dismiss the Teamster rank and file as members of a subculture so accustomed to the notion that "everybody steals" that they are content to forgive Hoffa any trespass so long as he keeps delivering them fatter paychecks and more generous welfare benefits every year. But to one who has spoken to many hundreds of individual Teamsters at terminals and loading docks in a half-dozen major cities since 1957, the idea that they are a special breed, untypical of Americans generally, is foolish.

They give no sense of being callous or sunk in cynicism. They do not live in a world apart, as do coal miners, whose manhood is stripped away when the mine closes for good. They differ little from auto

workers or steel workers in the urges and satisfactions to which they respond. Many are churchgoers, heads of families, war veterans, a few even college graduates. If they lack polish, that is hardly a surprise. As Joseph McDonald, a moonfaced, barrel-bellied driver in Hoffa's home local in Detroit, put it, "We didn't build our union in this tough industry in a town this size with feather pillows."

When Ann Landers, the advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist, ran a letter from a girl who did not want to invite her fiancé's friends to their wedding because they were truck drivers, a torrent of angry replies cascaded in from truck drivers' wives. The one Miss Landers chose to print came from a college graduate who cited some of the joys of being wed to a Teamster:

We have three bright children, own a comfortable home, take a three-week vacation every year (twice to Europe since '56) and I have a beautiful nine-stripe beaver coat with a mink collar. The girl who wrote that letter must be living in the Dark Ages. Today truck drivers make a handsome living. Many of our friends who are professional people and executives of large companies are struggling to get by, but not us. I am proud to be married to a Knight of the Road. SHE should have it so good.

The closest Hoffa ever gets to sentimentality is when he is talking about Teamsters. "Our members are different from anybody else," he says. "The people in our union know the guys they work for wouldn't give 'em a cracker without the union. You can walk on any dock and blow the whistle. They'll all go out and never ask why. They'll figure there must be a reason."

He says it almost reverently. It is the secret of his power, and he never forgets it. So long as the men at the wheel and on the loading dock are behind him, he can thumb his nose at his detractors and say, "Hoffa don't need nobody. Hoffa can do this job alone." The \$75,000-a-year salary and the years of good living have not separated him from "the guys that made me." A month away from his fifty-first birthday, he still looks like a guy ready to climb over the tail gate of a truck, and he seems most alive when he climbs into the cab of a forty-foot rig and gabs with the driver about four-banger engines and how to hold the mark on the clock while going from fourth overdrive into fifth.

He is tireless, the embodiment of Jimmy Higgins, the legendary rank-and-filer who never stops working. When the AFL-CIO moved into Philadelphia to "bury Hoffa," after an insurgent faction in the big Teamster local there had come close to toppling Ray Cohen, one of the gamiest of Hoffa's lieutenants, the Teamster head took personal command of the rescue party. He spent fifteen weeks in the City of Brotherly Love, talking personally to every

member of the local he could reach. By the time the National Labor Relations Board ran a second election last April, he had convinced enough of the eight thousand unionists to give the Teamsters a two-to-one margin. In the process he learned a lot about Cohen's own deficiencies, a subject on which he had exhibited a totally closed mind when Cohen invoked the Fifth Amendment ninety-seven times before the McClellan Committee or when he was subsequently cited for looting the local treasury. The end result was Cohen's resignation in October.

But there are no signs that his departure means a general exodus of the rogues' gallery of Teamster bigwigs whose presence in positions of influence prompted the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee to recommend that the union be expelled in 1957. Since Hoffa's name led the list of those the federation considered unacceptable, the purge could scarcely be complete enough to satisfy George Meany, in any event.

Meany, just re-elected at the age of sixty-nine to a new two-year term as the federation's president, stands as a granitelike bar to the readmission of the Hoffa-led Teamsters. Without his opposition the demand for taking the truck union back would be irresistible. The ethical practices drive, proudest adornment of the merger compact in 1955, was tucked away in mothballs when Congress passed the Landrum-Griffin Labor Reform Act of 1959 in the delusive hope that it would cut Hoffa down to his five-foot-five-and-a-half-inch size.

Meany's coldness toward Hoffa is as unrelenting as Bobby Kennedy's. And Hoffa's feeling toward both of them is no less icy. He considers the Attorney General a spoiled brat, determined to bend everyone to his will. "Something is happening in this country by the name of Bobby Kennedy," he told a convention of Pittsburgh transportation executives last February. "Today it is me. You may be next." Of Meany, he says, "When you're old and decrepit on top of being stupid, you're in trouble. Some day the man is going to come to the door and tell you you're out of business. He's blocking us now, but he can't live forever."

The same divide-and-conquer tactics Hoffa has invoked so often to split employer fronts are being applied to cause rifts in the AFL-CIO — a task that requires little outside stimulation. In a four-hour tape-recorded interview with *Playboy* magazine last November, Hoffa solemnly proclaimed his belief that when Meany died the one right man to succeed him would be Walter P. Reuther.

"I don't always agree with what Reuther is doing or how he operates," said Hoffa, "but I recognize the fact that he runs a successful union, that he's a hard worker, a smart fella, he knows his business, he's currently up to date on the problems

of the country, and he's trying to do something about them, and that's more than I can say for most people."

Reuther, for all the impatience he has exhibited at periodic stages to move into labor's number one spot, has shown no eagerness to make Hoffa chairman of his fan club. The UAW head is the high priest of austerity in top union office, and it is not so long ago that Hoffa was mocking him before Hoffa's own local for spouting socialism and one-worldism, instead of talking a language the workers understand. Hoffa, then as now, viewed unionism as a business, with the leader's job to sell his members' labor "at the highest buck we can get." To Reuther this reduces unionism to the level of a cash register or a slot machine. But such ideological refinements are of no concern to Hoffa when he is in the market for a marriage of convenience.

He is as full of bounce as ever, and as audacious. He made that clear a few weeks ago when he unveiled his initial asking price in his push for a nationwide trucking pact. The fleet operators, who had expected a modest bill the first time around to soften some of the public outcry against the "arrogance" of the basic power grab Hoffa was engineering, gulped when they read the figure on the package — \$600 million for a three-year agreement. Just to make the whole thing more irritating to all, Hoffa rushed to point out that the employers could not expect to foot the cost out of their own profit margins and would have to pass it on in higher freight rates. This was another way of saying the increase — more than double any that would fit within the present Administration's guidelines for wage-price stability — would filter through the economy and wind up, with appropriate markups for every way station in the distribution network, as an extra charge on the consumer.

BUT bravado of this sort is not always a sign of confidence where Hoffa is concerned. Some of his intimates suspect that he is beginning to crack under the recognition that there will never be any respite in his war with the Attorney General. How long can he dance away from the litigation in which he has been ensnarled since he took over for Dave Beck in 1957? Court-appointed monitors sought to oust him and his chief cronies in his first year; he wound up by ousting them. The Justice Department brought him to trial for bribery and illegal wiretapping, and both times, after involved legal maneuvering, he walked out of court free.

A federal judge dismissed an indictment accusing him of mail fraud and misuse of \$500,000 in union pension funds in a Florida land deal. His trial on charges of taking illegal payments from an em-

ployer through a dummy corporation set up in his wife's maiden name wound up in a hung jury. But the end is nowhere in sight. Still awaiting decision are indictments for jury-tampering in connection with the last trial and for conspiracy to obtain \$20 million in fraudulent loans from the Central States pension fund. The Internal Revenue Service has charged him and his wife with shortchanging the tax collector by \$20,259 on their 1959 federal income tax, and no one knows what additional charges will come out of the special investigative units that have been scouring his records and those of the union with an intensity well in excess of any normal call of duty.

If there was any doubt that the Attorney General still feels as strongly that Hoffa is a menace as he did when he wrote his best-selling book, *The Enemy Within*, shortly before he took office, Senator McClellan cleared it up for a delegation of Teamster wives from Arkansas who grilled him in his office on Capitol Hill last summer. When one lady asked whether he believed Mr. Kennedy should give a detailed public accounting of the money he was spending to "get Hoffa," the senator gave a frank reply to one part of the question.

"I know the feeling between Hoffa, maybe, and Kennedy," McClellan declared. "That is natural. Kennedy feels that Hoffa is a crook and a criminal. He feels like he has a duty to prosecute him if he finds that the evidence warrants it. So there is nothing unusual about that."

In Kennedy's first thirty-three months as Attorney General, the Justice Department obtained 168 indictments and informations against Teamster officials or persons involved in deals with them. Ninety-three of these indictments resulted in convictions, eight in acquittals, and fourteen in dismissal of the charges, usually on the government's own motion. The prospect is for more, not less, such prosecution in the months ahead, plus an intensification of moves in Congress to adopt special laws aimed at frustrating Hoffa's drive for national bargaining by putting his union under antitrust restraint or by outlawing industry-wide strikes in the transportation field. The precedent established by the passage of the railroad compulsory arbitration law last August has already brought a warning from Hoffa to his general executive board: "We'll have compulsory arbitration of disputes whenever the working man is winning his strike. But no one has ever seen the Government come to the rescue of a working man who was losing a strike against his employer."

Most of his private conversation these days has a similarly gloomy twist. He sounds like a cross between Schopenhauer and Jeremiah, with overtones of the old Purple Gang that ruled Detroit's industrial rackets when Hoffa was battling his way

to union power. The country is run by a "whore's government"; the newspapers never tell the truth about anything, least of all labor or Jimmy Hoffa; the big corporations can steal the public blind without reproach while the poor go to jail for taking a loaf of bread; unemployment condemns millions to permanent misery while a gutless labor movement confines itself to pious declarations of impotent dismay.

For the record, however, Hoffa exudes good cheer. "We're growing and getting along fine," he reports. The Teamsters are organizing everything from aircraft workers to salesmen of jazz records. It would take a Sears Roebuck catalogue, he boasts, to list all the fields his union is active in. It is on the ballot in one out of every four union elections that the N.L.R.B. holds anywhere in the country. And Hoffa is ready to hop a plane any time to go anywhere to extend his organizing range. But with him goes the shadow of the court cases that often immobilize him for weeks and months at a stretch. There is a testiness in his manner, a sharpness with his aides. One irreverent organizer who responded to a series of barked orders with a mock Hitler salute and a "Hail, Caesar" had to duck a flung ashtray.

His army of lawyers, so numerous that they are dubbed the Teamster Bar Association, find themselves taking advice more often than they give it. At the 1961 convention, where the legal framework for drawing reluctant locals into a national agreement was inserted in the union constitution, Hoffa repeatedly overrode the majority view of his counselors on what he could or could not do within the boundaries of the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin acts.

On one provision particularly cherished by Hoffa the lawyers were unanimous that what he wanted to say could not be upheld under the most elastic interpretation of the federal statutes. After hours of unavailing effort to persuade Hoffa to scrap his brainchild, one lawyer said flatly, "Jimmy, there's no point arguing. You're just wrong." Hoffa's response was instantaneous. "Dammit, dammit," he said. "I may have faults, but being wrong ain't one of them." The clause went into the constitution. It is still there.

THE cult of personality is so firmly rooted in the union headquarters that it is heresy even to discuss who would take over if Hoffa finally lost in one of his jousts with the law. He might try to be an absentee landlord, with a figurehead president in nominal control while he pulled the strings from his prison cell. But the likelihood that his adversaries in the Administration would allow such phantom rule is slim, especially since there are signs

already that Hoffa's grip on his executive board is much more tenuous than his hold on the loyalties of the union rank and file.

One ranking Teamster says that Hoffa can be sure of the backing of only two of his thirteen vice presidents in a secret ballot and that secret feelers already had been extended to the Kennedy Administration to discover the terms on which the cold war between the government and the Teamsters might be called off if Hoffa were removed from the scene. But there is no prospect of a palace revolution and no lining up of power blocs in anticipation of what might happen if Hoffa should be out of the picture. While the spotlight clings to Hoffa and his gyrations on the national scene, Teamster units in many cities are prominently involved in projects for community betterment.

In New York, where local Teamster identification with civic affairs was once almost entirely on the basis of "what's in it for me?" the Teamsters Joint Council, headed by John J. O'Rourke, an international vice president, has become the most articulate voice of community conscience in combating the poverty and illiteracy that entrap vast numbers of Negroes and Puerto Ricans in the country's richest city.

In St. Louis, Harold J. Gibbons, executive vice president of the parent union and head of a warehouse local that has long been a mecca for labor delegations from foreign lands, has announced plans for a \$16 million senior citizens' project. The Gibbons local has for a long time maintained a system of community stewards to provide a link between its members and the day-to-day affairs of the neighborhoods in which they live.

In Crystal City, Texas, a dusty little farming town near the Rio Grande that calls itself the "Spinach Capital of the World," the Teamsters provided much of the money and manpower needed to promote a successful ballot-box revolt by the community's Mexican-American majority last April. When it overthrew the political domination that a tiny minority of "Anglos" had exerted over Crystal City throughout its history, one feminine diehard shouted, "Next they'll be tearing down the statue of Popeye and erecting one of Jimmy Hoffa." A Teamster business agent is now the town's mayor, and all five members of its city council are of Mexican extraction.

These are the less known tiles in the splotchy mosaic that is the Teamsters Union. They are part of a reality that includes almost limitless economic potential in a field unrestricted by any of the usual bounds of union jurisdiction. This is a union that cannot live to itself; it touches too many others too intimately. That is why the character and the aspirations of its leadership, good or evil, have a significance beyond that of any other American labor organization.



Born a Square — *The Westerners' Dilemma* by Wallace Stegner

Novelist and short-story writer who spent his boyhood in Saskatchewan, WALLACE STEGNER is well aware of the literary dilemma he speaks of in this paper. As professor of English and director of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford, he has been able to share his perception with young writers who feel as he does about the West.

THE thesis of this piece is that the Western writer is in a box with booby traps at both ends. By "Western writer" I do not mean the writer of Westerns; I mean the writer who has spent his formative years in the West. When I say he is in a box, I mean that he has a hard time discovering what is in him wanting to be said, and that when he does discover it he has difficulty getting a hearing. His box is booby-trapped at one end by an inadequate artistic and intellectual tradition, and at the other end by the coercive dominance of attitudes, beliefs, and intellectual fads and manners destructive of his own. The fact that these attitudes control both the publishing media and large portions of the critical establishment is more important than the fact that publishing is concentrated in another region. This is not a complaint against Leviathan. It is only an extension of the observation that, since any writer must write from what he knows and believes, a writer from the West finds himself so unfashionable as to be practically voiceless.

For this Westerner — any Westerner, except those who come from a few large cities — is the product of a world still nascent, and therefore hopeful. And though each of the several Wests has developed its own kinds of vulgarity, ugliness, and social injustice, none of these is yet rank enough to stink out the scent of prairie flowers and sagebrush

in which we began. The fact is, most Western writers don't feel at home in a literary generation that appears to specialize in despair, hostility, hypersexuality, and disgust. If only because of their youth, the several Wests continue to represent some degree of the traditional American innocence. They breed more meliorists than nihilists, and they encourage booster clubs, culture clubs, and reform movements more commonly than the despair, decadence, masochism, sadism, self-pity, anger, and the hopeless prick of conscience that are compulsive in many contemporary novelists. If Westerners learn these things, and some do, they learn them in exile and often harbor them in uneasy alliance with a great yearning nostalgia for the health they left behind them. For many, the whole process of intellectual and literary growth is a movement, not through or beyond, but away from the people and society they know best, the faiths they still at bottom accept, the little raw provincial world for which they keep an apologetic affection.

Let us imagine some native white Protestant second- or third-generation-immigrant kind of boy who grows up in Corvallis or Ogden or Great Falls, eating well and getting plenty of air and exercise and being a reasonably healthy animal in an essentially pre-industrial, pre-urban society: in short, born lucky. School, the Army, college, travel,

Lithograph by Adolf Dehn, courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

sooner or later give him the taste of a wider life, and it is usually much more exciting to him than home ever was. Still, he retains his loyalty to his homeplace, he brags about it *in absentia*, he is not easily poisoned against it. What is more likely to poison his loyalty is books which reveal something different, more bitter, less naïve, more knowing, outside.

Assume that at home he has been one of the local group of artists and intellectuals and that he has satisfied the hungers of his spirit as he could and has written a novel. Until a few years ago, this was nearly certain to be about his family or his boyhood, or an epic about how his corner of the continent was peopled and brought into the civilized world. Or maybe he has only written a story in a magazine and got a letter from a literary agent asking if he has a novel. Upon such an invitation from the great world, he will set to work on one: about his family or his boyhood or how his corner of the continent was peopled. This is all to the good.

But even the smallest success makes his world too small for him. Opportunity does not lie here. He heads for the nearest Rome, as the talented provincial always has and always will. He goes off to some university to learn or to teach, or he goes to join the literary world in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Paris, veritable Rome. And as he listens to the people around him it slowly dawns on him that his book and the stance from which he wrote it were both embarrassing mistakes. For his novel had a hero, or at least a respect for the heroic virtues — fortitude, resolution, magnanimity. Where it was angry, it was angry at things like incubus bankers and octopus railroads, things remote or irrelevant from the point of view of the contemporary malaise; and where it dealt in the tears of things, its tears were bucolic and unsophisticated, shed for a mother's death or a father's failure or the collapse of a strenuous dream. Though they may have lived in a howling wilderness, his characters were incredibly blind to the paralyzing loneliness that both psychiatry and literature say is incurable, and they ignorantly escaped the lovelessness that the same authorities insist is standard. Their story did not question or deplore life's difficult struggle, but celebrated it.

Our Westerner, writing what he knew, or thought he knew, had filled his book with a lot of naïve belief and health and effort, had made callow assumptions about the perfectibility of the social order and the fact of individual responsibility. He had taken monogamy for granted, at least as a norm; he had kept a stiff upper lip; he had been so concerned with a simple but difficult Becoming that he had taken no thought of Being.

He had had only a little to say about sex, which in his innocence he had confused with love, but until now he had thought that little was definitely good stuff; one big scene had made it quite exciting. He sees now that he should have had some call-house madam of a philosophical turn of mind convey the message that sex is the only thing that makes a rotten world bearable, the only possible means of human contact, and pretty grubby at that, closer to hostility than to affection. He might have handled sex as theme and variations: nobody yet has seized the opportunity of showing wife-trading in a log cabin, or communal sex in the village schoolhouse as the logical end of a box supper. He regrets all those perversions that he neglected, including those that end, as in Tennessee Williams, in cannibalism. He has thrown away his chances at paternal pimps, jolly Peeping Toms, friendly neighborhood pederasts, and misunderstood boys who, thought queer by their fellows, are revealed in the end to be on their way to sainthood through emulation of the greatest of modern saints, the Marquis de Sade.

These are things our Westerner learns among the literary, who are schooled in the torments, isolations, emptiness, and weary kicks of life. Expatriates, beats, faggots, junkies, Southerners committed to Gothic guilts and erratic violences, Negroes remembering three hundred years of labeled or *de facto* slavery, Jews remembering a thousand years of ghettos and pogroms — they are all terribly unfamiliar to his rustic eye, and they all speak with appalling certainty and casualness of things he hardly even dares imagine. Sometimes he wonders if the characteristic American novelist of the 1960s won't turn out to be a Negro of the Jewish faith, born in Alabama and reared in Harlem and expatriated to Paris, where he picks up a living as a hustler in a homosexual joint, wearing beard and Jesus sandals and taking it in the vein and making a devout effort to look, sound, act, and write like something by Norman Mailer out of Djuna Barnes.

It is going to occur to our naïf that he doesn't feel as alienated as he knows he should, and yet to demur at this literary model is to be a square, and who wouldn't rather have his sex torn out with red-hot pincers than to be one of those? He is ashamed of his naïve inheritance, but he cannot quite accept the alternatives. Even if Mailer suggests he become a white Negro, he doesn't need James Baldwin to tell him he can't. Imagine as he may how he might feel if he were a Jew, he knows he is no Jew, doesn't think like one and can't feel like one, has neither the cultural stamina nor the special humor nor the special masochism. His experience with most kinds of despair and social injustice is academic and synthetic, and if he has the intelligence I think he has, he knows too much to try to repair his lacks with a notebook.

He can't share Southern guilt or Southern pride or Southern loyalty, he can't quite believe in himself as either Victim or Victimizer, he is outside that terrible grapple of love and hate. Homosexuality he has been brought up to understand as an unfortunate illness, not something to be conscientiously acquired or tried out in the spirit of research. And however hard he attempts to be beat, he gives himself away by washing his ankles. He is hopelessly middle-class, parochial, dewy-cheeked, born a square; and when he tries to write like people who are admired for their "honest" and "compassionate" demoralization, he hears the snickers from the wings. The society in which he got his conditioning has known no such demoralization, real or faked.

The world he most feels — and he feels it even while he repudiates it — offers him only frontier heroics or the smugness of middle-class provincialism, and those two things, as he now recognizes, have been the subject matter of nearly every Western novel. So, outgrow this Western limitation? Keep constantly in mind that Mary McCarthy came from Seattle? It is the effort he most consistently makes, and yet it is a doomed effort. The literature that seems important, the literature that gave his crowd in Boise or Spokane its wicked thrill of being Inside with the Outsiders, now shuts him out. It is being written mainly by members of minority groups either wronged by his sort of middle-class world or angrily at odds with it, contemptuous of its limitations. But he himself, God help him, is a sort of majority product, and a belated and provincial one at that, formed by majority attitudes and faiths. In a time of repudiation, absurdity, guilt, and despair, he still half believes in the American Dream.

He is forced to see everyone except himself fulfilled. Southerners, expatriates, beats, Jews, Negroes, homosexuals, junkies can all achieve the status of Man as Victim. But our Westerner stands unwanted, ashamed, still a rank outsider, and he knows that, incorrigibly wholesome and life-acceptant as he is, he deserves no better, because an artist is by definition a victim, a martyr, a loser, a self-loather, a life-hater.

A whole series of questions arises the moment one begins considering Western writers as a species. Why, for instance, hasn't the standard organic process of regional maturation produced in the West a recognizable school, as it did in New England, the Midwest, and the South? Why, when so much of our literature (for example, Hemingway) strikes us as dealing with a present which has no past, should Western books so often strike us as dealing with a past which has no present? Why haven't

Westerners ever managed to get beyond the celebration of the heroic and mythic frontier? Why haven't they been able to find in their own time, place, and tradition the characters, situations, problems, quarrels, threats, and injustices out of which literature is made? Why in particular do we find in them as a class little of the iron sense of enduring evil and pain that in Hawthorne, Melville, Faulkner, even Twain, counterbalances the complacent innocence of the New World? Are Westerners so stupid that they don't believe in evil? Or so smug that they have no personal hells to descend into?

California, it should be said at once, is not part of the West. It is about as much the West as Florida is the South; it is less a region than an extension of the main line. Editors and publishers who come ivory-hunting in these productive jungles know they are coming to another country, and some have the feeling they are coming to a madhouse, and some may even think they are coming to Eden, but they don't feel that they are coming to the sticks. Their map of the United States is shaped like a dumbbell: New York at one end, California at the other, and the United Airlines in between. California is a nation of in-migrants, and its writers are in-migrants too, either writing about the places they came from or frantically scratching around and reading *Sunset* to find specifically Californian patterns to which to conform. It is the sticks I mean when I speak of the West — the last of the sticks — the subregions between the ninety-eighth meridian and the Sierra-Cascades, where patterns of local habit and belief have developed in some isolation, where they are clearer, more innocent, less diluted by outside influences, where they are bred into native sons, who later, as writers, find them limited, unusable, or embarrassing.

Anyone who wishes to understand what the West has amounted to in a literary way will have to study, among others, Willa Cather, Mari Sandoz, Bernard DeVoto, H. L. Davis, Vardis Fisher, A. B. Guthrie, Paul Horgan, and Walter van Tilburg Clark. They are good writers, of varying kinds; when I am feeling especially confident I put myself in their company. We have all written books that deal with the settlement and the mythic past, the confrontation between empty land and imported populations, which is the salient historical fact about the West, as about America at large. We have all found it difficult or impossible to make anything of the contemporary West except as articles for *Holiday*, and when we have finished our most personal books, we have all taken refuge in history, fictionalized or straight.

At the very heart of a novelist's feeling life must be an awareness of struggle, the sense of a conflict that is real, dangerous, and present. But for complicated reasons the Lord has not seen fit to give us in

the West a common conscience, a common guilt, a shared sense of wrong, a Lost Cause, a regional Weltschmerz, but only a common impotence when we step outside our own myth, or outside the history that has been suspended ever since our boyhood. We cannot find, apparently, a present and living society that is truly ours and that contains the materials of a deep commitment, even the commitment of rebellion and anger that binds, say, James Baldwin to Harlem. Instead, we must live in exile and write of anguishes not our own, or content ourselves with the bland troubles, the remembered violences, the already endured hardships, of a regional success story without an aftermath.

I know of no Western writer except Wright Morris who has come even close to dealing with his own contemporary regional life, and Morris' Nebraska gets all its tension from the bleak contrast between mythic past and vulgar present; it is an antisuccess story more devastating than Garland's or Ed Howe's. As for history, its questions are all answered, and fiction which asks only the questions it can answer is not good enough. Until some Westerner manages to do for his part of the West what Faulkner did for Mississippi and discovers a usable continuity between past and present, Western literature is going to stay mired in the past.

Vulgarity and complacency are plentiful enough, and some Westerners have made novels of their hatred of them; but vulgarity and complacency are tepid antagonists. We need some of the passion that animates the best Negro novelists, especially Baldwin and Ralph Ellison. We could examine Western life for the estrangement and isolation that afflict Saul Bellow's dangling or seizing or wanting heroes. If only we could discover some way in which Western society and the Western individual were entangled, we could even benefit from the study and transplantation of the hermetic grotesques of Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor. It may well turn out that more than any other region the West abounds in that characteristic American figure, the symbolic orphan, but he remains to be discovered and recognized. Perhaps, eventually, we shall agree that the Wests share a common guilt for crimes against the land that is only less bitter than the guilt of the nation for crimes against the black race, but this too is still to be discovered.

IN THESE directions, or others Western writers will have to look. Meantime there is the temptation to imitate, to borrow the wrongs and hostilities and despairs of others, and that temptation is fatal. For one thing, by no means all of the disenchantment and spitting in the eye of the moral universe

that we find in contemporary novels is as legitimate as it may seem. Or let us say that it is legitimate only for those to whom it is compulsive, an honest reflection of their deepest experience; for others it is only a fashion. No one in his senses would try to deny to any writer the materials and the methods he finds compelling, yet I am pretty sure that some part of our most advertised recent fiction is sick, out of its mind, and out of the moral world, worshipful of Moloch, in love with decay and death. Another part is simply the corrupt answer to a corrupt demand, which is in turn cynically promoted. I do not mean "dirty" words or forthright scenes, sexual or otherwise; I speak of a necrophilic playing with despair, which is nothing to be played with.

This last sort of book is often described in its blurbs as "savagely funny," or praised for its "venomous" tone. Here is a representative sample:

This collection of stories marks the emergence of a vigorous and highly distinctive new talent. . . . In them, a young . . . writer explores man's will to self-destruction in many guises. In the title story, he tells of a macabre family of sisters living a desolate life on a ruined estate in South Africa, spilling their melancholy and venom on one another, until the eldest slips matter-of-factly into the river to die.

Suicide is again the theme in an allegory of modern Germany, which sketches a strange German woman who, with a young British lover in tow, wanders through the British Isles in search of some sort of Lebensraum, until she destroys herself in the sea. Not so allegorical, but written with venomous savagery, is the story of a Nazi profiteer who drowns himself in animal lust. And, in the closing story . . . a frustrated antique dealer flings himself one night on his servant's flesh, "a brown bay into which he was about to cast himself and be drowned forever."

Clearly the reader's response to this jacket copy is supposed to emulate the antique dealer's — he is supposed to fling himself upon these stories and be happily drowned. I find myself, instead, desperately treading water. Though any single situation in them is, I imagine, possible, the whole lot of them together are a symptom of disease, and their enthusiastic promotion entirely in terms of their sickness is a sign of cynicism in their publisher.

The usual justification for much literary demoralization, whether it involves the death wish or social disintegration or the transformation of love into an irritable twitch, is either honesty or compassion — what Edmund Fuller calls "the New Compassion." But indiscriminate compassion, which has been a shibboleth in literature at least since Zola, can end by dissolving all moral discrimination. Pitying others indiscriminately, we are pitying ourselves, and there is no more romantic and dangerous kind of moral obfuscation than pity, or self-pity, gone out of hand. To understand

all had better not mean to forgive all, or we shall find ourselves remembering poor Eichmann, or even poor Hitler, with tears in our eyes.

As with compassion for the victim and the victimizer, so with other aspects of the novels which purport to interpret life's underworlds to the upper air. It would be the ultimate in priggishness as well as stupidity to deny that many are victimized, that we all need compassion and understanding, that life for nearly everyone is more dark than light, and for some nearly unrelieved dark. But let us keep our criteria; let us not, either as writers or as readers, make easy identifications between some unfortunate individual and Modern Man. Zoo animals, we are told, develop in captivity exacerbated sex impulses and an inordinate hostility. They are not so different from Modern Man as some of our novels present him. But Modern Man lives in the upperworld as well as in the underworld, and sometimes he is a reasonably healthy animal and not an animal in an urban zoo. There is no reason to turn misery, perversion, oversexed hostility, and hatred of life into a rule of the universe, the norm of human experience. These are only a part of it. The rest is what keeps us alive.

Our Western naïf, born as lucky as he was born square, probably understands that. He would do well to hang on to his basic hopefulness, instead of giving it up for a fashionable disgust; and he would do well to remind himself that for all the beating they take in literary circles, the conventions of his middle-class society have something to do with making hopefulness possible. Anarchy is its own punishment; despair, like evil, is self-corrective, self-destroying; and disgust, no matter how total, must have in it some seed of the reforming impulse which puts it on the side of the culture clubs and the do-gooders. Working itself out of its own agonized kinks, our serious literature of angst and guilt will have to come straggling back from its bleak outposts, and when it does, it will both disfranchise its shoddy imitators and help make possible the hope that it once thought impossible.

And our Westerner — does he then sing his smiling sunny song and tell his Pollyanna stories about noble pioneers and win book awards with them? Hardly. I have already said that he needs a present to come home to, even if his present is only his identity as an orphan with an inadequate tradition. But he must discover that the full range of doubt, magnanimity, pettiness, the abrasive grind of class and caste struggle, the generation of all the sorts of power needed to run the future, even the full measure of alienation and a fuller-than-average measure of hope, are as native to Salt Lake City or Idaho Falls or Minot as to Saul Bellow's Chicago or Baldwin's Harlem or Camus's Oran or Faulkner's Oxford. The Western

writer should go away and get his eyes opened, and then look back.

But not back into history. The West does not need to explore its myths much further; it has already relied on them too long. It has no future in exploiting its setting either, for too consistently it has tried to substitute scenery for a society. All it has to do is to be itself at the most responsible pitch, to take a hard look at itself and acknowledge some things that the myths have consistently obscured — been *used* to obscure. The West is politically reactionary and exploitative: admit it, instead of pretending to be the last brave home of American freedom. The West as a whole is guilty of inexpressible crimes against the land: admit that, too. The West is rootless, culturally half-baked. So be it. To deny weaknesses is to be victimized by them and caught in lies forever. But while the West is admitting its inadequacy, let it remember its strength: it is the New World's last chance to be something better, the only American society still malleable enough to be formed.

The West's own problems are likely to be more to the Western writer's purpose than any that he can borrow, especially when in borrowing he must deny his gods. In a pluralist country we are bound to be of many kinds. Hemingway preaches the stiff upper lip, Saul Bellow specifically and angrily and repeatedly repudiates it. But the frontier American tradition of stoicism neither invalidates nor is invalidated by the Russian-Jewish tradition of emotional volatility. With the highest respect for Bellow, I have to throw in with Hemingway, at least on this issue, because I grew up in stiff-upper-lip country. We have the obligation to be ourselves even when it seems we are squares.

This Western naïveté of strenuousness, pragmatism, meliorism, optimism, and the stiff upper lip is our tradition, such as it is. Any Western writer may ultimately be grateful to his Western upbringing for convincing him, beyond all chance of conversion, that man, even Modern Man, has some dignity if he will assume it, and that most lives are worth living even when they are lives of quiet desperation. The point is to do the best one can in the circumstances, not the worst. From the Western writer's square, naïve point of view, the trouble with Modern Man, as he reads about him in fiction, is that Modern Man has quit.

Just possibly, if our Westerner lived and wrote his convictions, he could show the hopeless where hope comes from, like Aesop's frog which, drowning in a bowl of milk, in the destructive element immersed, swam so desperately that it churned up a little pad of butter on which to sit.

This is not exhortation, neither is it prophecy. It is only, since I am from the West and incorrigible, hope.

HOME COMING

BY DESMOND O'GRADY

The familiar pull of the slow train
Trundling after a sinking sun on shadowed fields.
White light splicing the broad span of the sky.
Evening deepens grass, the breeze
Like purple smoke touches its surface.
Straight into herring-dark skies the great cathedral spire
Is sheer Gothic; slender and singular
Gray as the slate at school when a child looking up —
A bottle of raspberry in one hand, a brown bag of biscuits in t'other —
Feathereye Myke my uncle told me a man
Shot down a hawk dead from the cross
With a telescope fixed to his rifle.

Pulling home now into the station. Cunneen waving
A goatskin of wine from the Spain he has never seen
Like an acolyte swinging a thurible.
My father, behind him, as ever in clerical gray,
White hair shining, his hand raised,
Preaching away to the Poet Ryan.
And after a drink down in Cronin's — out home.

The house in a bedlam. He's here says my father.
Sober? my mother. She's looking me over.
Bring out the bottle. Pull round the fire.
Talk of the journey, living abroad.
Paris and London, Rome and New York.
What is it like in an airplane? my sister.
Glad you could make it — my brother.
Everything here the same tuppence ha'penny — the neighbors;
Just as you left it. The same old roast chestnut.
After the songs, the one for the road.
The last caller gone — up to my room.

As I used find it home for the Christmas from school.
The great brass bed. The box still under it full
Of old prayer books, assorted mementos,
The untouched bundle of letters mottled with mold.

Now it's a house of doorways and walls
And no laughter. A place for two old people
Who speak to each other but rarely. And that only
When children return. Old people mumbling
Low in the night of change and of aging
When they think you asleep and not listening —
And we wide awake in the dark,
As when we were children.

SARAH

A Story by MARTIN J. HAMER

Raised in Harlem, MARTIN J. HAMER has since lived in every borough of New York except Staten Island. He writes, however, "I have spent most of my years traveling inside myself; for at least the horrors there are of my own making." He works as an electromechanical designer and is an evening student at the City College of New York, where he is majoring in psychology.

IT SNOWED on Thanksgiving Day. With the wonder of all the preparations and the knowledge that a man was coming to visit, the snow was more than Clyde could bear. "It's snowing!" he screamed. "Mama, it's snowing!" In a frenzy he ran into the kitchen to tell his mother the news. He was in the way; he was sent back into the living room. He came sneaking back, frightening his Aunt Bea with a loud "Boo!" He ran out again and opened the window. The snow was falling in great silver flakes. He took what he could catch in his hands and blew it across the room. "Snow! Snow!" he cried. He was placed in a chair and given a magazine.

Bea Boyce had come early to help out. She was a rotund woman, forty-six years of age, with a romantic air and quick brown eyes. As she moved around and around setting the open-leaved table, her taffeta dress swished and swirled about her and she hummed in a very high key. She placed the silverware with elaborate care and folded the linen napkins into white fluffed caps. When she remembered that the shoes she wore were open at the toes, she said aloud to no one in particular that she hoped Mr. Boyce would think to bring her rubbers. Then she began to whistle "The Twelve Days of Christmas," the wobbly sound coming from between her large, pursed lips, the effort hollowing her cheeks and arching her penciled-in eye-

brows. Sarah called from the kitchen that house whistling was bad luck.

"It's not Christmas, anyway," Clyde said. "It's Thanksgiving!" His aunt rolled her eyes at him, and he pushed himself into the farthest corner of the chair and tried to roll his eyes at her.

"You're getting too cute," she said. "Mr. George will fix you, though. He's going to fix your wagon, but good!"

"Don't frighten the boy," said Sarah. She came from the kitchen with the water glasses tinkling in her slender hands, and after placing them on the table she viewed herself solemnly in the mirror. Her hair was drawn straight back from her oval face, and her pierced ears showed tiny pearl earrings to match the necklace hanging in the fullness of her breast. Unlike her sister's, her brown pupils moved slowly. Her expression was apprehensive, and there was the suggestion of a clown's sorrow about her mouth where the lipstick had been drawn boldly onto the dark facial skin of her upper lip. Turning her body from side to side, she smoothed her purple dress about her hips and asked Bea, "How do I look?"

"Like a belle of the ball," said Bea.

Sarah frowned. "A belle of the ball at forty. A real belle of the ball." She placed one leg out in front of her and pressed a hand to its knee. "I think this dress is too short."

"What do you mean, too short? Look at mine!"

"Yours is too short too," Sarah said.

"Well, honey, that's the style these days."

"Dress like this will only put ideas in his head."

"And that ain't what you want?"

"I most certainly do *not*. Getting a man means about as much to me as getting an ice-cream cone."

"Which is why," said Bea, "you're making all this fuss about dinner." She went back to the table and fluffed a fallen napkin. "You just better pray that Ann's not in one of her moods. 'Cause, child, she'll sure mess things up for you."

"She'd better not," said Sarah angrily. "She'd just better be on her *p*'s and *q*' if she knows what's good for her."

"I can't see why you even invited her. You know how she is."

"I invited her for the same reason I invited you — you're family."

"Well," said Bea, "remember what Papa used to say: Ain't nothing worse — Ain't nothing worse than family."

"I just wish you'd shut up," said Sarah, "for once!"

The doorbell rang, and Clyde scrambled into the hallway calling, "Who is it? Who is it?"

"It's me!"

"It's me!"

"It is I," shouted the final and strongest voice from far below, and his Aunt Ann's three boys came thundering up the four flights to the landing. They swept past him shaking snow, fists, and tongues in his face. When Ann appeared on the landing, she took his small bewildered form in her arms and pressed him deep into the damp fur collar of her coat. Before they were inside, the bell rang again and Mr. Boyce came up the stairs puffing. A great wool muffler swathed his neck, and his mustache sparkled with melting snow. Bea Boyce made it clear to everyone that he had not thought enough to bring her rubbers.

Ann sat near the oilstove and warmed her bony frame in its shimmering heat. She was dressed in black, and the huge iron cross that hung about her neck made her corner of the room solemnly remote. Mr. Boyce sprawled on the couch, hung one hand on his vest pocket in the manner of a train conductor, and caressed his bushy mustache with the other. His wife fluttered among the children like a bird. "The boys have grown," she said. "They give no trouble," replied Ann. In less than ten minutes, thought Sarah, they've used Clyde's caps, broken his gun, crushed a plastic soldier, and rolled most of his marbles under the piano. "Well," she said loudly, "you all just make yourselves com-

fortable." "Gimme that!" said Ann's oldest. Without looking up, Ann said, "Now, now." Then she reached into her purse and took out her Bible. Sarah picked up a cigarette from the table and started to light it. Mr. Boyce brought out a fat cigar. "I hope you're not going to light that thing before dinner," said Bea. He glowered at her, rolling the fat cigar between his jaundiced-looking fingers. He harrumphed and placed it back in his pocket. Sarah's match popped loudly, and Mr. Boyce watched as a cloud of smoke obscured her. "Blow a smoke ring, Aunt Sarah! Blow a smoke ring!" Bea frowned, the doorbell rang, and everyone became silent. When a light rap sounded at the door, Bea crossed her legs and whispered to Mr. Boyce to sit straight. Ann took one hand from her Bible and began to finger her cross. Her boys gaped stupidly at the door, and Clyde moved cautiously toward his mother. Sarah closed her eyes and prayed: Please, Lord, don't let anything go wrong. "Come in!" she called. "Come in!"

A huge man entered, his black coat glistening with melted snow, and immediately a chilled air, heavy with the pungent odor of stale tobacco, spread about the room. "Come in, Mr. George," said Sarah. "Come in and meet the folks." He removed his coat and stood before them in a neat but tattered blue suit, a bright new white shirt, and a faded maroon-colored tie. His gaze moved easily from face to face; his slightly graying hair and soft features made him appear calm, but there was the indication of surprise in his manner and his brow was drawn and deeply furrowed. Sarah introduced him to Mr. Boyce. "How do you do, sir," said Mr. George. Mr. Boyce was flattered. He pumped the tall man's arm, mumbling that it was a pleasure to meet a gentleman. Bea was squirming on the couch all the while, and by the time she was introduced her skirts were so high you could see where her stockings ended. When Sarah saw that Mr. George had noticed, she said, "Now, you wouldn't think she was the oldest, would you?" Everyone was silent. "And," Sarah went on loudly, "over here's my other sister, Ann."

Ann extended her left hand, holding onto her cross with her right. "I've heard a lot about you," she said.

"Thank you," said Mr. George warmly.

"I wouldn't be so quick to say thank you if I were you. You're not at all what I expected."

Mr. George stopped smiling. Sarah quickly said, "These are all her boys, except one. This one." She pushed Clyde forward. "This is Clyde. Well," she said to the boy, "what do you say?" Clyde stared at Mr. George and then retreated back behind Sarah.

"Boy sure needs to be taught," said Ann. "I've never seen a child so backward."

The fire could be heard burning in the oilstove, and Sarah closed her eyes to pray to God. "I brought you these," said Mr. George awkwardly. When Sarah turned, he was handing her two brown-paper-wrapped packages. Embarrassed, she mumbled "Thank you" and looked toward the floor. He was standing in a small puddle of dark water. "One of you boys fetch a piece of newspaper," she said loudly. "And one of you come take the gentleman's coat." Ann's boys moved furiously about the room. "The paper's in there," she screamed. "Take the coat in there, and the rest of you go get washed! Bea! Come help me in the kitchen." Bea rose like a princess, the swishing sound of her dress adding to the confusion. "Hurry up now, you boys," Sarah screamed. "Put those things up! Get washed! Dinner's almost ready." She turned to leave the room; she turned back. "Oh, have a seat, Mr. George. Do have a seat."

AND, dear Lord," droned Ann, asking the blessing, "help those of us who have erred from your path of righteousness and who are even now sittin' in your house, at your table, eatin' your food without your grace." One of her boys snickered. A loud pop echoed in the silence, and as Ann continued the boy whimpered softly, the short, gurgling wheeze of his breath punctuating his sobs. "God, we thank you for this food which we are about to receive, for the nourishin' of the body, and for Christ's sake" — she looked up — "Amen."

"Amen," they all chorused.

"Leg or breast?" asked Sarah. "Just let me know." She carved the turkey, and the plates were passed in silence, filled with turnips, rice, and bread stuffing. Clyde poured the gravy on his plate for so long that Mr. Boyce quipped, "That bird can't swim, son." Everyone laughed; Bea frowned; then she went out of her way to pass Mr. George the bread. Struggling to cut her share of the bird, Sarah took time to make note. I'm going to have to speak to her before this day is over.

"How many churches, Mr. George," Ann began slowly, "do they have out there in Queens?" She rested her fork on her plate, the effort of the question distracting her from eating.

"What kind of churches?" asked Mr. George.

"Baptist," came the reply.

"Wouldn't know," he said curtly. "I'm Episcopalian."

Mr. Boyce grinned. Ann stiffened her bony frame until it loomed like a cattail over her boys. "How many of those do you have, then?"

Mr. George hesitated and looked toward the ceiling. In the interim Mr. Boyce belched. Sarah waited for him to excuse himself; then she asked

Mr. George, "Did you know that the Boyces are business people? They own that candy store at the corner, one of the nicest in the neighborhood."

"Is that so?" said Mr. George.

"You in business too?" asked Mr. Boyce.

"No, not me," he said. "Don't you know I work with Sarah?"

"I thought you met in a dance hall," said Ann.

"I just read in the paper," said Mr. Boyce, "about two people who got married."

"What's that got to do with anything?" asked Bea.

"If you'd let me finish." He wiped his mouth. "I was going to say they got married in a dance hall."

"Couldn't be no worse sin," said Ann. She placed a finger in her mouth, and to Clyde's wonder and Sarah's chagrin removed a small bone covered with masticated food.

"Is that the wishbone?" Clyde asked.

"If it is," chimed Mr. Boyce, "better give it to his mama." He chuckled; Sarah banged her fork onto her plate, rose, and announced that she was going for dessert. In the kitchen she leaned against the cupboard and cried. They were all against her, and Bea was even trying to make time with him. Nothing's worse than family. Nothing's worse. Oh, Papa! Why'd you have to be right? She moved to get the dessert plates and saw the packages on the table. Unwrapping them carefully, she found the first was a bottle of Scotch; the second, a fuzz-covered monkey in a red velvet suit. It played a blue metal drum and raised a plastic bowler while marching to the sound of an unsteady, tinny beat. I don't know what he sees in me. Lord! I sure don't know what he sees in me. But if You let him go on seeing it, I'll treat him well, I swear it. I'll treat him well.

She re-entered the room and was pleased to see that Mr. George had become the center of attention. He had grown up not far from them on St. Nicholas Avenue, and he was telling them how nice Harlem was in those days. "Curtains at all the foyer windows," he said. "And I used to make my money by going around polishing the mailboxes."

"Yeah," said Mr. Boyce, "those were really the days. Really the days —"

"Now, out in Queens, where I am now —" he went on.

Sarah thought of Queens. Beautiful Queens. That's where she'd like to live. Throw out all this junk and move to Queens. Only thing I'd keep — she looked about the room — is the piano; Clyde will have to learn to play someday. And maybe the couch. It needs a new cover. With a new cover it won't look so bad. She straightened her shoulders, walked to the table, and handed Clyde the monkey. "Say thank you to Mr. George," she prompted.

"Is that his father?" asked Ann's youngest.

"Hush!" said Ann.

"That's all right," Mr. George said. "Children don't know any better."

"You sure have a fine sense for the pumps in life," said Bea.

"Bumps!" corrected Mr. Boyce.

"Bumps, pumps!" screamed Bea. "No matter what you call it, you ain't got it!"

Mr. Boyce harrumphed and looked down at the tablecloth.

"Can't get together, get apart," said Ann sweetly.

"Man's a worse worry than he is."

"Is that why you ain't got one?"

"Okay, now, you all," said Sarah.

"Okay yourself," screamed Bea. "You ain't much better. Different one every time you turn around!"

"Why don't you shut up!"

"Look to God," said Ann. "You all better learn to look to God for your happiness. Better put your faith in the Lord —"

Tears blurred Sarah's vision. I'm going to move to Queens, she thought. Beautiful Queens. And I'm not going to see any of them again.

The dessert was eaten in silence. Afterward, Bea announced that she would do the dishes, and Ann offered to help. Sarah sat with Mr. George on the couch while Ann's boys, who had overeaten, moved more or less circuitously about the room. They stumbled into furniture and relatives like doped flies until finally the two younger ones crashed into one another and fell to the floor and to sleep. The oldest one continued to traverse the route for about five more minutes, and then, on receiving a sudden call from nature, he departed for the bathroom. He was found some time later asleep on the stool. Clyde, no longer finding it necessary to protect his monkey, fell asleep near the stove, and in the big chair nearby, Mr. Boyce, his belt and shoes undone, began to snore. Soft shadows moved across the cracked plaster walls of the green room. Only an occasional clatter of a dish or piece of silverware from the kitchen interrupted the silence. Mr. George yawned, stretched, and let his big hand fall lightly on Sarah's thigh. She jumped. "What do you think I am?" she said.

"We're finished," said Ann entering the room. "Well, will you look at this." She motioned toward her boys and Bea's husband. "Child, what did you put in that food? All right now, c'mon" — she clapped her hands. "Everybody up and out! Dinner's over, day's over, time to go home and to bed!"

The confusion began again. Mr. Boyce wanted Mr. George's address; Sarah could not find a pencil. Bea came back from the window with the news that so much snow had fallen none of them would be

able to get home. "Then you all better hurry now," said Sarah, "before it gets worse." She could not find a pencil, so Mr. Boyce stood in the middle of the room and repeated Mr. George's phone number over and over again until all of the boys were shouting it at the top of their lungs. Finally Sarah got them all to the door. "Good-bye." "Good-bye." "Gimme that!" "So long." "You must come by the store sometime." "Mama! He took my —" "Whenever you stop here, stop there." "Fine dinner, Sarah," said Mr. Boyce. "Why don't you come to church sometime?" "Gimme!" "Will you two behave! Give him back his monkey!" "So long, Mr. George," said Mr. Boyce. "Don't come crying to me," said Ann. "Stop it! You're pulling my clothes off." "Good-bye." "Good-bye." "So long." They left. Sarah watched them from the window, a huddled group of people in the cold night and the snow. "The world is a beautiful place," she said softly.

"What'd you say?" asked Mr. George.

"I said the world is a beautiful place."

"Only sometimes," he said. "Only sometimes."

SARAH sighed, discouraged that he could not feel what she felt, and began to tidy the room. She cleaned around Clyde, who had fallen asleep in a chair. She emptied the ashtrays and picked up bits of paper from the floor. Then she put the lights out, leaving the oilstove to light the room, and sat down on the couch next to Mr. George. "There's something I'd like to tell you," she said.

"What beats me," he interrupted, "is why you invited your whole family. I thought it was just going to be me, you, and the boy."

"You had to meet them sometime," she said, annoyed. "Anyway, I love my family —"

"Do they always act like that?" he asked.

"Like what?"

"Never mind," he said, and was silent.

She leaned back on the couch. "There's something I have to tell you. Mr. George, I have to know how you feel about something I have to tell you."

He drew in his mouth reflectively and slapped a hand to his knee. "OK," he said, "I'm listening."

"Once I made a mistake," she went on slowly, "of not telling a fellow all about me. When people come to find out things about you later, they sometimes come to hate you. I want to tell you the worst things about me. That way, if you can't understand, we can quit and neither of us will be the worse off for it. If we stay together, I don't want to have any secrets from you."

"Sort of like a test, huh?" said Mr. George.

"Sort of," said Sarah. "I just hope I pass."

"Well, listen now, Sarah, I don't care about —"

"Hush! I've got to tell you this! Just like I had to have you meet my family — no matter how they treat me. You'll just have to understand. I want to tell you about Clyde's father." She paused, and when he remained quiet, she went on. "I met him in a museum five years ago when I was doing day-work on Fifty-seventh Street. I used to walk past that museum every day. They had this fence made out of wooden slats, and inside was a garden, a beautiful garden with a black stone pool and statues and everything. After a while I got to thinking that one day I was going to go there. Can you imagine that? Me, going to that museum. Well, one day I did." She stopped and listened. It was the wind gently rattling the sashes and tapping the snow lightly against the panes. "I'll never forget that day. It was a Sunday in August, and I had on my blue cotton dress, the one with the paisley print, and my white heels and white gloves. I was really dressed to kill. Really dressed to kill. I left my madam at two that afternoon, went straight there, and when I got inside I went to the lunchroom, ordered myself a glass of iced tea, and took it straight to the patio. I can't begin to tell you how I felt. There I was inside, sitting down, and I could see the place where I used to look through. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Do you?"

"Sort of," said Mr. George. He stared steadily into the fire, rubbing the tips of his thumbs together.

"Well," Sarah said, "after a while I felt like I'd been there all my life. In fact, I was even getting a little bored, and then this fellow came up. He came over to my table and sat down. Just like that. He came over, sat down, and started to talk. We went together that same afternoon, and we stayed together after, for a year. I was really a fool." She shook her head sadly. "Some fool. But I loved him. I loved him because I could respect him. But I guess I respected him too much. I started being honest with him, and he started to hate me."

"What were you honest about?" asked Mr. George.

"I told him about the men I'd known. I never loved any of them, but I was hurt plenty, and even though it was in the past I had to tell him."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I guess it made me feel better. I don't know. The important thing is that he couldn't stand knowing I'd been with other men. And when I got pregnant, we broke up." She paused. "Ain't you going to say nothing?"

"What's there to say?" said Mr. George. He rested his head on the back of the couch and touched her shoulder with his hand. She stood up. "I'd better get Clyde to bed, and I think I'm getting a little sleepy too."

"You're —"

"Clyde! Get up and go to bed." He rose, half asleep, leaving his monkey balanced precariously in the chair, and left the room.

"You're sure making it hard for me," said Mr. George.

"Not if you're a man, I ain't making it hard. A man is supposed to understand a woman's weakness."

"That's not what I'm —"

"He's supposed to understand anything."

"OK!" shouted Mr. George. "I understand. Now, for the love of God, let's talk about something else."

"I wish I could! I wish I could meet somebody who could make me forget about him. Somebody with just a little of his good side. You know, he took me to more places in that one year than I've ever been before — or since! And please, don't get the idea that I'm saying we don't go out. I just mean he took me downtown, to places we can't afford to go to."

Mr. George stood. "Sarah, what do you want?"

She was silent for a while, and then she answered, "I don't know."

"Well," he said, "since you had your say tonight, maybe I'd better have mine." He paused while she sat down on the couch. "I like you." He turned from her and watched the shadows on the wall. "As far as anything else goes, I guess I ain't happy and I ain't sad. I'm sure not rich — but I ain't poor either. I ain't ugly and I ain't good-looking, and I don't like going downtown among white folks. They make me nervous."

The fire in the stove had burned low. The room was almost dark, and he could barely see her face in the remaining light. "Will you look see how much oil's left in the stove?" she asked. He stooped and then kneeled, peering about the hot metal carefully. "Not much," he finally said. "Looks like it's on E."

"Well then, you'd better turn it out." He fumbled about for the knob while she went on talking in a low voice. "I've been on pins and needles all day," she said. "I wanted everything to go right. I even prayed to God." She went over to him. He was still fumbling about the stove, and when she touched him he tried to rise, almost knocking it over. "Damn it! I've never known a man to be so clumsy." His slap sent her crashing into the chair. "Oh, God," she cried, "aren't there any men left anywhere in this world!"

"Chica, chica, chica, chi — ca, chi — ca, chi — ca."

The fuzz-covered monkey in his red velvet suit stopped drumming when he bumped into her leg. She reached down, picked it up, and hurled it at him in the darkness.

The DEATH of the SALMON

by RODERICK HAIG-BROWN

RODERICK HAIG-BROWN was born in England and came to Canada to work as a logger in the Northwest. When the opportunity arose for him to stake out his home, he and his wife chose to live on the fringe of the wilderness close beside the Campbell River, with its great seasonal runs of steelhead and salmon.



DO ALL Pacific salmon die after spawning? Yes. Even the pink salmon, after a life of less than two years? Even the great and powerful king salmon? Even the jacks, the precocious males that come back after only one short year in the sea? Yes, they all die. Not a single one of all the hosts upon hosts that come in from the sea lives to spawn a second time.

It is natural for a man to resent this, I suppose, to feel that it is wasteful and shocking, in some way unnatural. Many years ago, when I first came to the rivers of the Pacific salmon, I refused to believe it. After all, some steelhead and Atlantic salmon live to spawn a second time, even a third, fourth, and fifth time. One sees them, bright and clean and strong again, in the rivers after spawning, and one knows that the power of recovery is in them. For years I searched among Pacific salmon for some sign of recovery, for even one fish that seemed to have renewed its grip on life. I did not find it. I have seen chum salmon back in salt water, but invariably they were pathetic, worn-out creatures still in the immediate process of dying. Now I have lived so long with this fact of collective simultaneous death that I no longer resent or question it. Instead, I find it fitting and beautiful, certainly useful in some ways that are not entirely clear, and a yearly occasion of high drama. I am still curious about the

manner and meaning of it, but I do not question that it has manner and meaning.

In many ways the short-run rivers are best for watching the spawning salmon. When fish have run several miles upriver from the sea, one expects them to be battered and scarred and weary. But in the short-run rivers it is clear that any changes are in them and of them. One sees everything, from the first arrivals, through all the modifications of color and habit and performance, to the very end.

The actual arrival of a big run of salmon is a surprisingly subtle thing, in spite of the size of the fish and the mass of the schools. One can live right beside the mouth of a stream and hardly know that a run has turned into it. I have sat in an anchored boat at the mouth of the Nimpkish River through a whole afternoon and evening and watched school after school of cohos turn in. The schools were big, sometimes hundreds of fish closely packed, and only a few feet under the surface. Sometimes their passage showed in faint ripples on the surface, more rarely in swirls as they turned in sudden panic. Sometimes a school turned downstream, turned again, and came back. I do not remember that a single fish jumped in the river channel, though there were occasional jumpers to the north, just before the schools turned in. For the most part I was watching only a narrow strip of water, per-

Drawing by Charles De Feo from RETURN TO THE RIVER by Roderick Haig-Brown, courtesy of William Morrow & Co.

haps a hundred feet wide, between the boat and the northern edge of the channel; how many thousands of fish passed around me and behind me, I have no idea. But at the end of it all there was an odd sense of disbelief in the whole affair. There was little or no sign of fish on the rising tide upstream; there was only the visual memory of those hundreds of bright, clean bodies, timid yet purposeful, slipping secretly into the river that had spawned them. Had there really been so many?

THE Campbell is a broad, shallow stream where it passes my house. Thousands of salmon and steelhead run up through that stretch every year, yet I have scarcely ever seen one on its way. The large movements may well be at night, and in daylight it would be natural enough for fish to pass stealthily through such an open, shallow reach, but it is still a surprise to find them suddenly in the pools farther upstream: a few hundred pink salmon toward the end of July, the big king salmon by the first week of August. Over the deep, strong water of the pools they are not afraid to show themselves, the pinks breaking the surface like rising trout, the kings rolling out and shouldering over with a power that breaks the water white and starts echoes from the banks.

At this stage there is nothing confiding about the fish. They have their full strength, they are not ripe for spawning, and they are keyed to protect themselves from whatever dangers may threaten. The silvery brightness of salt water is gone, but change toward the spawning shape and color is gradual, almost imperceptible at first, in these early fish. One fishes a fly over them and among them in search of steelhead, cutthroat, or early-running coho, grateful for the magnificent way they show themselves, occasionally casting to cover one that is rolling persistently in the same place. Nothing comes of it except the rare, breathtaking coincidence of rolling side and drifting fly. But who is to say that nothing more than this is possible?

Later, with the cold, wet winds of early November, all this is changed. The fish are in the shallows now, active all across them. The gravel is loosened, freshly gray and brown where it has been turned by the tails of the females. Most of the pink salmon have spawned and died, but kings and chums are everywhere, spawning, dying, and dead. There are a few cohos among them and even one or two scarlet-bodied, green-headed creek sockeyes.

At such times I usually leave my rod on the bank and wade slowly upstream among the fish, pausing often and long to lean on my wading staff and watch. So long as I am slow and careful, they do not rush away from me. Any real concern for self-

preservation has largely left them. They are obsessed with sexual purpose, and the imminence of death leaves no leeway for other concerns. A month ago they would have started, arrow-swift, from a shadow. A month ago these shallows that they cling to with such urgency would have seemed places of terror to them. A month ago there was neither male nor female in their concerns. The new preoccupation is physical and mechanical, of course, but it is also ruthlessly logical even in its disregard for the dangers that may defeat it, because the time for fulfillment is so short. Successful spawning is the preservation of the race; within a month, spawned or unspawned, these strong bodies will be little more than a few scattered vertebrae and horny gill covers.

As I stand still in the hurrying water they settle back to their fierce pursuits and plungings, to gentle, questing swimming, to holding and swaying and shifting. Here and there a female shows her broad side in the fierce, flat thrust of nest-digging. Great fish brush against my waders, even pass calmly between my legs. I am nothing to them unless an odd-shaped tree root caught on the shallows. Watching their eyes that neither see nor meet with mine, I feel that they know me, know my concern for them, and are not afraid. I do not have time then—or want it—to remember that a bear waiting quietly to scoop them to death would find the same acceptance until he moved. A bear has his part there, inherited from his ancestors; but then I, too, am a rightful spectator, my way paid by understanding, my part to watch, to sympathize, to enjoy, to hope that there will never be less of them on these fall shallows than I count today.

Shallows like these are not the best places to watch spawning; the surface of the water is too much broken by its speed over the rocky gravels, and light strikes from it in all directions, distorting shapes and colors, obscuring the detail of movement. Yet there is much to be seen. The king salmon females are usually rusty-red, the males almost black. The bodies of both have lost much of their heavy-shouldered thickness; often they are scarred and blotched with destroying fungus. Male and female are by no means always easy to separate, except by their actions; a female coho may be as black of head, as crimson of body, with jaws almost as heavily hooked, as her mate, but it is she that will dig the nest, not he. The pink salmon males are fantastically humped, most of them now dying, while the females hold a certain grace of shape in spite of their exhaustion.

Generally I move slowly upstream to a prow-shaped maple whose mossy trunk reaches horizontally ten or fifteen feet over the water before rearing up toward its crown. It is a good place to watch when the light is right. The water is too easy and shallow for the big kings, but chum salmon

spawn directly under the tree and for fifty or a hundred feet upstream. Once I watched a small and lively female at work there, shadowed by five large males. The vivid black stripe of her side, edged with gold, showed clearly as she turned to stir the gravel. Then the males closed over her in a struggling mass, and she forced from among them to break the surface and show that black and golden side in the air. The whole thing was repeated several times, and I never did see the end of it or understand its real pattern and purpose. I have seen the shudder of spawning fish close under the brooked maple, the lifting of their heads, the opening of their jaws, the clouding of milt in the bottom of the egg pocket. But in watching from above, one can never see all the intricacies of the spawning act or understand fully the interdependent parts of male and female.

In the little streams one can see everything much more clearly than in the larger streams, but the fish are less confiding — one must keep one's distance, or they will start away and scatter. Even so, their colors are plain, and the patterns of movement seem less haphazard and confusing. Occasionally, when two fish are paired apart from the others, it is possible to recognize the significant intricacies of behavior that are fully revealed only in the observation tank.

Throughout the nest-digging of the female, it is the male's part to stimulate her. He does this by continuously and closely circling over her so that his belly lightly touches her back. If his circling becomes too high, he expels one or two air bubbles from his swim bladder and sinks deeper; if he finds himself bearing too heavily upon her, he rises to the surface, takes in more air, and resumes his circling at the proper depth. From time to time, usually when she settles back into the gravel hollow to test its depth with her anal fin, he settles beside her, vibrating his body against hers, raising his head, opening his jaws, occasionally even shedding an involuntary jet of milt. Unless the female has decided the nest is ready, all this is without effect, and she thrusts violently forward again on her side, throwing gravel back with her tail. When all is ready the two hold side to side, their vents closely over the depression in the gravel. Their bodies shudder powerfully, heads rise together, jaws open wide, curving bodies force deep down into the egg pocket as eggs and milt are shed together. The whole process is repeated several times before the fish are finally spent and ready for death.

This death is no anticlimax nor is it the inevitable consequence of spawning. Precocious male Pacific salmon that have never been to salt water, like their Atlantic counterparts, spawn success-

fully and do not die. It is not simply a matter of old age; Dr. O. H. Robertson of California has kept castrated sockeye salmon alive and healthy for seven and eight years, or about twice their normal life-span. Yet it is a particularly complete and, in a sense, perfect death because everything about the fish — blood, tissues, organs, the whole body in all its parts — ages simultaneously. The salmon dies not as man does, through the failure of some single part of him while the rest is healthy; he dies totally, his whole life force used up in the fulfillment of return and reproduction.

Dr. Robertson has shown that this is brought about chiefly by the extraordinary activity of the pituitary and adrenal glands that accompanies, and presumably in large measure controls, the maturing and spawning of a full-grown Pacific salmon. In other words, the salmon's life is a gradual crescendo from the moment he turns toward his river and the violent activity of the spawning beds.

Even in the short-run rivers a few salmon die without spawning; if they are held away from the shallows by heavy floods, many may pass their time and die unspent. But under normal conditions there is a safety factor of several days between the covering of the last eggs in the final nest and death. Once I pitied the salmon in this state. Now I love them. They are death itself in a shell of life, but that remaining shell of life, though without hope or reason beyond the safety factor it provides, is impressive. The fish conserve strength by sheltering in the bays and eddies of rivers and in the quieter water near the banks. Raccoons and bears find them easily there, the predatory seagulls dive down at them, until at last there is no longer strength to support them even in the lessened currents; they turn sideways, lose balance, drift, and die.

But until that last strength is gone, the will to live is still in them and finds its expression. At some too close threat of danger they will drive away, upstream or down, in a surge of energy that seems no proper part of their wasted shapes. Bodies white with parasitic fungus, great king salmon somehow hold station over swift-running spawning shallows as though they still could play a part. I see them now on the shallows near my house, often two fish together, slowly forced down by the current, turning fiercely against it as it presses on their broad thin flanks and warns them of their weakness. It is the sort of thing man has glorified in himself as the undying spirit of man. Seeing it here so clearly, long after hope and purpose have gone, I can recognize it for what it is: the undying spirit of animals. I find it no less admirable.



GERALD W. JOHNSON

A salty, courageous critic whose happiest days as a newspaperman were spent in company with Frank R. Kent, Henry L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens, all on the Baltimore SUN, GERALD W. JOHNSON is the author of biographies of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson, and John Paul Jones, and of A LITTLE NIGHT-MUSIC, as charming a book on amateur musicians as one can remember.

THE ART OF BEING FREE

IN THE spring of 1963 the junior senator from Arkansas, the Honorable J. William Fulbright, and the senior senator from Pennsylvania, the Honorable Joseph S. Clark, were quoted at length in a pamphlet issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. The occasion was a discussion staged by the center on the subject "The Elite and the Electorate," in which the participants were the two senators, a few guests specially invited to sit in, and two distinguished foreigners: Pierre Mendès-France, former Premier of France, and Quintin McGarel Hogg, Viscount Hailsham, Conservative leader of the House of Lords.

The pamphlet received more than usual attention from the press because it contained two statements which, coming from American politicians, astonished many people.

Senator Fulbright opened his discussion with the dictum, "Government by the people is possible, but highly improbable."

Senator Clark, in the course of his remarks, declared, "The legislatures of America, local, state, and national, are presently the greatest menace to the successful operation of the democratic process."

Both senators asserted that the avenue to desirable change is through education; but Adolph W. Schmidt, a Pittsburgh banker who had been invited to sit in, asked how to draw the important distinction between liberal education and technological training.

I believe that both politicians were speaking unpopular truth, hence the general astonishment; and I believe that the banker's point is an important one. But I also believe that my first duty is to acknowledge, to others and especially to myself, that I am construing all three statements in the light of my own experience; so the next man may construe them differently yet with the same chance of being right.

For instance, Senator Fulbright's statement that government by the people is possible but highly improbable obviously involves a misuse, so common that it may be called customary, of the word "government." To be exact the senator should have said "administration" by the people, but in that case he would have admitted no qualification. He would have said that it is impossible. To ask whether administration by the people is possible is equivalent to asking whether the umpire can play a baseball game. The umpire can govern the game, in the sense of determining its outcome, but eighteen men are required to play it.

The American people can send a lame-brained or contumacious public servant to the showers, but they cannot take his place, any more than the umpire himself can replace a batter who swings at the catcher instead of at the ball, or a pitcher who repeatedly tries to split the batter's skull instead of the plate. In this sense, but in this sense only, the people can govern.

Mural by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library. Courtesy of the Trustees.

By the same token, Senator Clark's assertion that legislatures (in the same paragraph he explains that he means all kinds: city councils, state legislatures, and Congress) are presently the greatest menace to the successful operation of the democratic process is sustained by the evidence, but in introducing the evidence he should have made one highly important stipulation — namely, that legislatures are in fact as well as in law representative of the people. This lays the foundation for the deduction that they may be obstacles, not because they are legislatures, but because they are people.

Let us here take time out to dispose of the foreigners. M. Mendès-France and Lord Hailsham spoke in broad, general terms, which was to be expected seeing that the word "elite" is already defined for them. They were heard attentively, but their utterances were not subjected to the critical analysis applied to the Americans' because they were not controversial. As a matter of fact, even in the case of the Americans, it was the comment of the banker that really opened the way to disputation.

Since the facts adduced by both senators are hardly open to debate, it is natural that they should have agreed that liberal education widely dispersed is the solution. But the banker wanted to know what liberal education is, and that tripped the alarm. I have no knowledge of his studies, but perhaps he had read Plato; perhaps he had read John Dewey; perhaps he had read every important philosopher between the two. If so, he got an answer to his question every time; but if in the multiplicity of answers he could find one that is complete and conclusive, he might set up as a philosopher in his own right, for nobody else has done it.

LIBERAL education seems to be as incapable of definition as correct aesthetic taste, and for the same reason: what it is depends in part upon the student, in part upon his way of studying, and in part upon his motive in seeking education. If you fancy pedantic speech, say it is ontological, epistemological, and teleological, which should be enough to get the dust brushed off any ordinary man's dictionary. Make it political education, though, and the field is greatly narrowed. Make it American political education, and it is narrowed still more, perhaps reduced to dimensions capable of being surveyed by intellects less wide-ranging than Einstein's. The variant *americanus* of the species *sapiens* of the genus *Homo* is a relatively small part, statistically somewhat less than one fifteenth, of the population of the earth. He may be small enough for his characteristics, properties, and attributes to be ranged and ordered with some measure of success.

The only rational aim of political education anywhere is the establishment of order that can be maintained with minimum expenditure of energy, blood, and cash. Americans are committed to the theory that this means order based on justice rather than on force. For us, then, political education means the process of learning to establish and maintain order in that particular form.

My individual preference is to approach the subject by analogy. The proper education of an umpire is directed toward the development of three capacities — sharp sight, instant decision, and resolution enough to make the decision stick. Resolute, of course, does not mean bullheaded. A good umpire is not to be intimidated, not even by the bleachers spilling onto the field, roaring; yet if they pull the rule book on him, he has humility enough to reverse a wrong decision gracefully.

It sticks in my mind that a liberal political education is one that will develop analogous qualities in a voter. Without actually participating in the political game by doing any running himself, he watches it narrowly. He cannot be caught napping by a quick throw, nor fooled either by acrobatics or by clouds of dust; and the pandemonium of the cheering section affects him less than the droning of a mosquito would.

This is the ideal voter, like any other ideal only to be approximated in real life; but the closer the approximation the nearer we shall come to Senator Clark's "successful operation of the democratic process." It is not perfectionism, it is merely optimism to believe that we can make the approximation a good deal closer than it is at present; which gives point to study of the process.

To begin with, it is essential to recognize the division of education into its two classes — the relatively slight doctrinal and the immensely larger empirical, or what you learn in school and out. I am inclined to think that the proper function of the college, the higher institution, is not education at all, but de-education. It is, however, an inclination due to no logical process, but to individual experience. When I entered college at the age of seventeen I knew everything. When I emerged, just short of twenty-one, I had begun to doubt that I knew anything; and the subsequent fifty years have been one long confirmation of the doubt.

Yet, to be disburdened of the crushing load of misinformation under which I staggered when I entered was a favor for which I owe my alma mater a debt that can only be acknowledged, never paid. It was not that Wake Forest, in the first decade of the century, was an exceptionally good college. Measured by its own standards of today, it was very bad. Its endowment was minuscule; trustees as purblind as patriotic had sunk its original funds in bonds of the Confederate States of America. Its

plant and equipment were scanty and, for the most part, antiquated. Its ratio of students to instructors was more than twenty to one. Its faculty salaries were a scandal. Its students were in overwhelming majority products of the North Carolina public schools of fifty years ago, which is to say, miserably prepared. It was constantly harassed by guerrilla warfare waged by bands of Holy Willies from backwoods churches, who demanded that the college cram down the students' gullets, with ramrods if necessary, a granitic conviction that Jonah swallowed the whale.

Notwithstanding all this, light streamed from its windows over a darkling land. After more than half a century, I well remember the first blinding flash that left me with spots before my eyes. William Louis Poteat, opening his course, an introduction to general biology, remarked, "The first thing to remember, gentlemen, is that until you have learned the facts, you have no right to an opinion." Never before had that elemental been mentioned to me by any teacher; so right then my de-education began.

It proceeded under John Bethune Carlyle, classicist, who in a presidential year taught Cicero's *Letters*, not out of the book, but out of the *Charlotte Observer*, a morning newspaper. Comparing, day by day, the text with the news stories, he drew parallels, obvious once they were pointed out, between Cicero's advice to his son-in-law, running for some office in Rome, and the maneuvers of the campaigners then raging across the country. I learned little or no Latin in that class, but I did learn that as a smooth political operator Marcus Tullius Cicero could have given cards and spades to Franklin D. Roosevelt and licked him four out of seven. I have since had use for that information, but none for any equivalent of "the doctrine of the enclitic *de*."

The process was capped by a remark made — but not in class — by Benjamin Sledd, head of the English department, by birth a Virginian, and how! I have sometimes thought that all the Randolphs, Byrds, and Marshalls between Accomac and Lee counties were, combined, not as Virginian as Dr. Sledd, whose pride of birth had been greatly accentuated by long residence in Tarheelia. But for all that, he was a salty character, whose ideas were not derived from his ancestors and who, although a pedagogue, had never learned to suffer fools gladly.

We strolled across the campus after the last class one afternoon late in May, when the magnolia blossoms and the gentlemen were both out in force enjoying the balmy air. A pair of men in running shorts and spiked shoes trotted by, not speeding, merely limbering up. Down by the rough stone wall that enclosed the campus another pair tossed a baseball languidly. Sheltered by low-swinging magnolia boughs, a group engaged in what looked

suspiciously like a poker game. In the shade of a giant oak lay one man who actually had a book; but unfortunately the book, spread open, rested on his chest, and he slept blissfully.

"Johnson," said Dr. Sledd suddenly, apropos of nothing, "I don't care if this place never turns out a scholar, if only it can turn out men."

A college advised by perhaps its most austere scholar to put the fabrication of scholars in second place — gunpowder, treason, and plot! I think the process of my de-education reached its climax at that moment. The stunning shock was the idea that education does not consist primarily of book learning, for Wake Forest, despite all its handicaps, did occasionally turn out scholars. Adams, the Shakespearean authority, long an ornament of Cornell; Murchison, successor to G. Stanley Hall at Clark; McCutcheon, dean of the graduate school at Tulane and later at Texas, to mention the first three who come to mind, were pundits at least one hundred proof.

As for men, well, the Kitchin brothers: Will, governor of the state, Claude, Woodrow Wilson's majority leader in the House of Representatives, Thurman, president of the college; then Bailey, United States senator; Bickett, governor; and among my own contemporaries, Broughton, governor; the younger Murchison, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Stallings, of the Marines, who left a leg on the battlefield but returned to write *What Price Glory?*; Howard, chaplain in the First World War and dead somewhere in France; McMillan, the missionary in Shanghai who defied a Japanese patrol to shoot as he blocked the doorway to a room in which Chinese nurses were huddled; Green, medical officer commanding the general hospital at Pearl Harbor on the Day — with me, these pass for men, and with such, I am confident that Sledd, long gone where good Virginians go, would be content.

I AM, therefore, reasonably satisfied with my formal de-education. What I lost by being restricted to poor equipment and archaic methods I made up for, probably more than made up for, by close personal contact with men whose dedication was of a kind, completely new to me then, which I have seldom encountered since. My respect for the modern college, on a new campus, heavily endowed, with plant and equipment costing twenty times the total monetary value of the old Wake Forest, with three hundred teachers of three thousand students, is very high. I note with great pride that it was the first Southern senior college, privately endowed and therefore exempt from the Supreme Court decision of 1954, voluntarily to open its doors to Negroes on the same terms as whites; and I note with

glee that a staff member who wrote a novel satirizing religious fanaticism had his contract renewed in the face of thunderous howl for his dismissal.

That the new college is admirable, I am happy to maintain against all comers; but that it is as efficient as the old one was at decontaminating youth who come to it infested with innumerable types of false knowledge, I piously hope but find pretty hard to believe. For, in the old college it was not accomplished by any recognized method of handling what are now called "learning situations," unless close association with cultivated men be called a method. A passing remark, a lifted eyebrow, a frown, a smile — how can the power of these be channeled into any pedagogical method?

So I emerged from Wake Forest with a parchment inscribed, by a margin so narrow that it had to be expressed in decimals, *cum laude*, which had cost my father the sum of five dollars, the diploma fee, and which was worth just about the price; but I emerged also with a glawing realization of the vast extent of my own ignorance that was worth a fortune. For at Wake Forest there was first lighted in my mind a glimmer that the passing years have blown up into a glare — the knowledge that although I am a native white, Protestant, literate American, and although I have studied for many years, to this day I know far less than I need to know about how to be politically a freeman.

The college, I still feel assured, had cracked the links, but a long time passed before I shook off the chain that bound me to the delusion that George Washington had made me free back in the eighteenth century. What a body of death, as St. Paul said, is the superstition that "American" is synonymous with "freeman"! I yield to none in my reverence for the *Pater Patriae*, yet I know now that what he gave me was not freedom, but merely a fair chance to learn how to be free; and that knowledge, I am persuaded, is the indispensable foundation of anything fit to be called a liberal education in politics.

The fact that this knowledge is still scantily diffused is a threat to our national security, by comparison with which the ravings of Khrushchev are mere persiflage. In the spring of 1963 the newspapers carried a story from Kansas City, Missouri, stating that the municipal authorities were considering abandoning that year their former custom of hoisting around the War Memorial, later rededicated as the Peace Memorial, the flags of the United Nations, or such of them as maintain diplomatic relations with this country. The action was proposed as a police measure, in the interest of maintaining public order, for in other years vandals had torn down some of the flags; and not only were the crackpots threatening riots, but even such organizations as the American Legion and the Vet-

erans of Foreign Wars were protesting the display of foreign flags on the sacred soil of Kansas City.

What abysmal ignorance that reveals! It is not simply ignorance of how to be free, but ignorance of the difference between love and hate. Patriotism is usually defined as an attitude growing out of love of one's country, but these people base it on hatred of other countries, for not otherwise can they justify insulting the symbols of nations with which we are not at war. Love and hate are both powerful emotions, and when emotions are strong enough, to distinguish them requires a capacity for analysis that is always associated with some degree of intelligence. Mark the word; it is "intelligence," not "education." The Daughters of the American Revolution are not illiterate, but their tendency to equate patriotism with hatred has long been notorious.

It is painful to intimate that even a minority of residents of the Honorable Harry S. Truman's native state rate below the D.A.R. in intellectual level, but there are the facts. Some of them did threaten to riot against the display of flags of nations with which the United States is at least technically at peace.

This, though, was not the colossal proof of American ignorance of the art of being free in the year 1963. The colossal proof was our singular choice of a style of celebrating the centennial of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. That style included setting police dogs and turning fire hose on schoolchildren exercising the constitutionally guaranteed right of peaceable assembly to petition for the redress of grievances.

Half a century has passed since Booker T. Washington good-humoredly — perhaps too good-humoredly — reminded us of the obvious truth that you can hold another man down in the gutter, but only by staying there with him. Within my lifetime my native region has made downright fabulous progress in building schoolhouses, laboratories, and libraries, in supplying textbooks and raising teachers' salaries. Twenty years ago the state of Mississippi was spending a larger proportion of its total income on schools than either New York or Massachusetts was spending. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1963 the South was still in the gutter, sitting on the Negro, albeit more and more shamefaced about being there. The question then arises, Have the billions of dollars been applied to education or almost entirely to technological training?

As regards the elementary schools, the question is irrelevant. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are essentially technological training, which is to say, development in the adept use of tools. It is to higher education that the question really applies, and I, for one, accept the theory that its principal application is not to any of the institutions that

we call schools, but to the empirical education that a man acquires on the street and in field and factory. The faculty in that vast "academy" consists not of pedagogues, but of the straw boss, the foreman, the superintendent, the precinct leader, and the parson, with the men of law and medicine playing supporting roles.

Every American whose position gives him any influence at all over another man is saddled with responsibility for teaching the art of being free. But how shall anyone teach if he doesn't know the subject, even if he understands the duty? Journalists alone among those in the secular occupations recognize the obligation, since it soothes their vanity to look upon themselves as molders of public opinion; but when one examines the record, the way in which Southern journalism — including radio and television, as well as printed matter — has discharged this function, one is hardly overcome with admiration.

Yet to intimate that the degradation of the South is attributable wholly, or in the larger part, to dereliction of duty on the part of its journalists would be not only unjust, but idiotic. In this respect journalism stands above, rather than below, other types of Southern leadership, the clergy perhaps excepted. Indeed, the craft can point to a handful of representatives whose courage and ability can bear comparison with that of any of the glorified martyrs to freedom of the press.

One of the most curious circumstances in this situation is the startling evidence that the genuine freemen tended to concentrate in the lower rather

than the higher ranks of leadership. More foremen than factory managers were realistic; more college professors than college presidents took risks; more curates than bishops were liberal; sockless denizens of Tobacco Road no doubt composed most of the lynching mobs, but slightly above their level, among the poor but not pauperized, wise tolerance seems to have been appreciably more widely prevalent than among millionaires.

Ralph McGill has pointed out that the reaction against the school segregation decision of 1954 was not instantaneous; there was at first a silence of some weeks, after which the clamor was raised, first by politicians, then by business leaders, such as those who formed the White Citizens Councils. It was distinctly later, and then by unmistakable invitation, that they were joined by the wool-hat boys.

The attitude of the politicians is comprehensible. The decision — or, to be exact, its implications — threatened all the neat arrangements by which they had been keeping political power in their own hands. No one wonders that the hit dog howled. The mystery is why business and professional leaders could not see that a policy of apartheid was detrimental to their own interests. The inescapable inference is that they lacked understanding of the nature of liberty, in which respect they were worse educated than their hired hands.

Senators Fulbright and Clark spoke well in proclaiming education as our hope. But *quis custodiet* — Banker Schmidt was the one to raise the crucial question, Who is to educate the educators?

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For eighteen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1963:

**First prize of \$750 awarded to
JORDON PECILE
for "The Barrel Lifter"
in the October issue**

**Second prize of \$250 awarded to
MARTIN J. HAMER
for "One, Two, Three, O'Leary"
in the April issue**

ESKIMO PIES

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

BY

ROBERT SOMERLOTT

Now in his early thirties, ROBERT SOMERLOTT turned out enough fiction in his student days to fill a small library. After attending college in the Midwest, he wrote speeches for politicians, did newspaper work, and churned out commercial releases. Today he is concentrating on his own writing in a small Mexican village.

DURING the worst of the Depression we lived in a mustard-colored house on Majestic Boulevard in Columbus, Ohio. This property was owned jointly by my grandfather and the Buckeye Home Loan Association. It was one of the better houses in the city's worst slum.

When I was old enough to feel shame, I began to lie about where I lived. The Bible I won for sterling character and perfect attendance at the First Methodist Sunday School is beautifully inscribed with my name and "621 Camelot Road." That happened to be the rather romantic address of Mrs. Ethel Muellenberg, principal at the South Ward Elementary School.

My grandfather was an anarchist without a bomb. He had outlived his generation of earth-scorching rebels and now dwelt in a curious era of his own where the events of the Haymarket Riot were as current as John L. Lewis. He had been left alone at the barricades, but he still sang loudly:

They shot our boys at Leadville,
Our loyal Union sons
But blood and fire will answer
The dirty bosses' guns.

Before cancer finally got him, the tide of radicalism had ebbed, leaving him beached on an island with the lonely ghosts of Emma Goldman and Eugene V. Debs. My father drifted somewhere in the same political ocean, halfway between the island and the shore.

Our street was grandly called "Boulevard"

because the Inter-Urban tracks ran down the middle, dividing it into two narrow belts of red brick. In summer, long after sundown its surface was hot enough to burn the soles of my bare feet. On these nights my grandfather, my father, and sometimes one or two other workmen would gather on our front porch and talk politics over glasses of home-brewed beer or spiked Kool-Ade. "If Barbara Hutton got only one dollar a day from every Woolworth store, she'd have more in a week than you'd earn in your whole goddamn lifetime," my grandfather said.

My father added, "The workingman don't have a prayer except his union. They think Roosevelt will do everything but wipe their noses for them. But it's only the CIO that'll put milk in the icebox."

I listened only on Monday nights, for on Mondays my mother worked overtime at the Snow-White Laundry, where she was a shirt finisher. Other nights she would take me to the sleeping porch at the rear of the house, and we would read aloud to each other. Usually we read from her favorite book, *The American Speaker*. The cover was adorned by a star-spangled Uncle Sam standing in a marble pulpit. His piercing eyes gazed heavenward at a wooden-looking dove that clung precariously by its beak to an unsuspended olive branch. Inside, the dog-eared pages contained about three pounds of nineteenth-century American verse. The flyleaf proclaimed that the selections were "appropriate both for recitation and meditation."

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated beside the sea,
And oft in dreams go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town. . . .

The moth millers banged against the screens. The ancient electric fan buzzed fiercely, and my grandfather's voice rang from the front of the house. "God gave the earth to man. Just how much of it do *you* own?" But my mother and I heard only my thin voice chanting, "This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, Sails the unshadowed main. . . ."

My grandfather hated my mother, and I think he hated me. He would snarl at her, his voice deep in his throat. He sounded more like a dog than any other human being I ever heard.

"Fairyland," he snarled. "Sonofabitching fairyl-land is what you live in. And you've got the boy right there with you. He don't know a goddamn thing about the world except Sunday school and la-di-da poetry. You'll both wake up someday, and I hope I'm here to see it."

My mother never answered back, but once I flew into a tantrum. "Don't you talk like that to my mother!" I shouted at him. "Don't you dare!" He only laughed and seemed to like me better for it. But my mother marched me to the kitchen table and made me stay in all afternoon, writing over and over again, "Be kind and be gentle to those who are old. For kindness is dearer and better than gold." That, too, was from *The American Speaker*.

The women who worked at the Snow-White Laundry quit at five thirty. An hour later my mother would get off the Inter-Urban. She looked cool in her clean white uniform and white shoes. A Negro boy on the street asked me if my mother was a nurse. "Yes," I said. "She's a nurse at the State Hospital."

At supper she would talk about the Snow-White Laundry and the women who worked there. She talked of Mary Tarkey, who was Polish and had B.O. but was lots of fun just the same. Then there was Pearl Mooney, a hillbilly from Tennessee who lived with her six children in a tar-paper shack on the edge of town. "They're poor people, but her oldest daughter plays the accordion and they sing together. Last week Pearl bought them 'a mess of hawg jowl.' They cooked it with dandelion greens the children dug up in the neighbors' yards. They all help each other, and they're all very happy."

The Snow-White Laundry was not always a safe topic. Sometimes it set my grandfather off into a lecture. "Goddamn yellow-dog sweatshop! Slaving over some rich bitch's filthy underwear for a lousy seventeen cents an hour."

"Yeah," said my father. "Oughta have a union." He had been inside the laundry once when he was

broke and had to get carfare. "No safety equipment. Oughta have a union."

My mother smiled brightly at me. "I don't think I told you about little Viola. She said the funniest things today. All about the Catholics—"

IN JULY my father lost his job at the glass factory. "It's on account of I was the second man in the shop to join the union. But they can't fire me. Those days went out with Prohibition. We got the Wagner Act."

But the days went by and there was no sign that the Talcott Glass Works had ever heard of Senator Wagner or his Act. My father became desperate. He urged my mother to write to Mrs. Roosevelt. "Maybe you could put the whole thing in rhyme, so she'd be sure to notice it." Perhaps it would be even better if I wrote, since Mrs. Roosevelt was known to love children. Somehow the letter was never written.

My father worked a few days on a huckster wagon, peddling vegetables from door to door. No one bought cabbage that week. And so it was decided that I would begin a modest career in business by selling ice-cream bars and Popsicles to the workers at the Snow-White Laundry. Both my parents coached me the night before.

"Take an extra clean shirt with you and keep it in your bike basket. Smile, and always say 'Thank you, sir' or 'Thank you, ma'am,' whether they buy anything or not," my mother said.

"Don't be afraid to *sell*. Speak up loud, and don't look scared green," my father said.

The Arden Ice Cream Company was downtown. My clean clothes were wet after I had bicycled four miles in the August morning. I went in timidly, clutching my precious capital in my sweaty hand. Eighty-seven cents would buy two dozen Eskimo Pies and one dozen Popsicles. The rest of the money would go for a quarter pound of dry ice and a cardboard box with a cord to go around my neck. A woman took my money and opened a thick door to an icy room full of mysterious equipment. "Two and one with dry," she yelled at a white-clad man. "And the kid's got no box."

A boy about twelve years old leaned against a steel table waiting for his day's supply. While our orders were being filled, we sized each other up. This boy seemed to have no parents to guide him. His pants were filthy, and my mother would have said he had enough dirt under his fingernails to grow carrots. Nevertheless, he spoke to me with the easy arrogance natural to a veteran.

"You new, kid?"

"Yes."

"Where you sellin'?"

"The Snow-White Laundry."

"I used to sell at the Eagle Laundry. Jeez, it gets hot in them places. The babes that work there don't wear no brassieres. Know what I mean?"

I nodded and tried to look wise.

"Some of 'em don't wear no panties, neither. If they're climbin' up the stairs, you can see Pike's Peak."

The white-clad man appeared with boxes, a small one for me and a huge one for my fellow salesman. "Here you are, Fergie," he said to the boy. "Six dozen pies, four pops, six extra for the Frees." He handed me mine without a word. "Thank you, sir," I said. He looked startled.

The boy Fergie took a stack of Eskimo Pies from his box and undid the silver wrappers with great care. "I'm takin' out the 'Free' slips. With every dozen there's one that's got a 'Free' tag inside the wrapper. If somebody buys that one, they're supposed to get another one free. So you just take out most of the slips, and who's the wiser?"

It was my first contact with the business world, and my shock showed on my face. "Christ, you're green," he said. "I'll bet you suck your mama's titty."

I got out as quickly as I could. I was helpless with anger, and at the same time felt a strange envy of this boy who could say anything he wanted to and who seemed to know so much more than I.

THE SNOW-WHITE Laundry was a squat two-story building whose white-brick front belied the ramshackle tin barn behind it. I parked my bike and walked slowly around the corner, completely bewildered. Should I just walk in the door and ask people to buy? What if someone told me to leave? What if nobody but my mother wanted an Eskimo Pie? I sat on the curb and dipped into my capital by eating a Popsicle. I examined the silvery contents of my box, which was misty now with thin smoke from the dry ice. Then I unwrapped bars until I found a "Free" slip, which I rolled into a pellet and threw in the gutter. The rewrapping was a bit sloppy because my hands trembled at the boldness of my deceit. I walked back to the laundry, more sure of myself than I had been all day.

Stifling heat struck me at the door of the workroom behind the office. The air shimmered around the great pipes that ran in every direction. They coiled out from a huge central tank like the arms of a white octopus, bandaged in asbestos. The wooden floor shook with the thunder of flatwork presses. At one of these a dozen women clustered, some feeding in wads of sheets while others pulled the hot, smooth linen from the other side. Several

had discarded their uniforms and worked in sweaty slips. Clearly, none were nurses at the State Hospital.

One of them turned away from the machine to mop perspiration from her naked arms. I stepped toward her, suddenly realizing I had forgotten to change my shirt. "Good morning, ma'am," I said. "Would you care for an ice-cold Eskimo Pie or an orange Popsicle?"

"Huh?" she said. I repeated my question. "Naw, kid." She yelled over her shoulder. "Any you girls wanna buy ice cream?" No one looked up. "Naw, kid." She turned her back on me before I had time to say, "Thank you just the same, ma'am."

Washing was done in the basement. Steaming pools of water stood on the slimy concrete floor, and I felt my sox warmly wet through my sandals. Three light bulbs hung from damp cords, dimly illuminating a murky cavern lined by potbellied vats whose innards whirled and writhed, accompanied by the hiss of steam and clash of metal. I stood at the brink of a subterranean world and peered into its darkness while my ears were deafened by the crash of iron doors, the scream of gears, and the yells of its strange inhabitants, who moved mysteriously in and out of the shadows, communicating with each other by shouts and gestures. Only men worked in the basement.

The vat closest to me was attended by a fat worker in ripped white shorts. He had tied a dirty rag around his dripping forehead. As he hurled soiled clothes into the maw of the waiting vat, his wet breasts quivered. They were big and sagged like an old woman's.

"Eskimo Pie?"

"What?" he yelled.

"Eskimo Pie!"

"No. Makes you hotter." I started to leave. "Tell you what, kid," he shouted after me. "Get me a coupla cold beers and a coupla hot broads."

I climbed the two flights of stairs to the second floor weighed down by failure and embarrassment. In a moment I would see my mother. Although I had been told not to talk too much or distract her from work, I knew there would be time for the inevitable question, "How many have you sold?"

The second floor had open windows. There was light and even a bit of air. The hot air still shimmered above the presses, but it was like ascending from hell to come here from the basement. My mother was bent over an ironing table in the far corner, one of five women who stood at the end of a long production line in which each machine ironed a different part of a shirt. She was wearing not the starched uniform she always came home in but a limp white garment open halfway down the front.

I began at the opposite end of the room. I said

the most fervent prayer of my life. And I sold nothing. My empty pockets were heavy as I approached my mother. She buttoned her uniform as she turned to me. "Hello, dear. How many have you sold?"

I could only shake my head.

"Then I'll be your first customer." The nickel she slipped into my empty pocket was a token of my complete failure. I wanted to throw it on the floor. I wanted to cry. "Now ask the other girls," she said quickly. I made my way slowly down the line.

"Eskimo Pie? Eskimo Pie?"

"Why, I think that'd be real good," a small woman said, turning from a great press that clamped down on shirt bosoms. I knew from her words that she was going to buy, and I knew from her accent that she must be Pearl, the hillbilly with all the children who were so poor but happy. "I hope I'll get one of them free ones. Two'd be real good." She handed me a dime, and I gave her my mother's nickel for change. I forgot to say "Thank you, ma'am."

She returned to her machine, holding the Eskimo Pie in one hand, and deftly straightened a shirt with the other. I was only a few steps away when I heard her scream. She screamed and screamed. I stared dumbly at the ice cream on the floor and watched her kick at the pedals of the great press that locked her right hand in its searing jaws. Her free arm beat and flapped, pounding helplessly at the metal.

Everyone seemed to be shouting. A man plunged past me, knocking me down and scattering my ice-cream bars. I began to gather them up again. The man was now leading the woman away from the press, holding her up with both arms and saying, "You're all right, Pearl. You're all right." But she did not stop screaming.

Suddenly my mother was beside me. She seized my shoulder with strength I never knew she had. "Get home." Her voice was harsh. "Get home!" I ran down the steps to the street, the box that hung around my neck banging against my stomach.

But I did not go home. My grandfather would be there, and maybe my father. I went to Denham Playfield and watched the little kids climb the monkey bars. I sat on the cement railing by the broken fountain all afternoon, while the dry ice in my box slowly evaporated and the Eskimo Pies melted to a soggy slop. Not until suppertime did

I go back to Majestic Boulevard, leaving my ruined merchandise for the black ants to find and eat.

We did not talk much at supper. There was a hard look to my mother's mouth, and my father and grandfather seemed uneasy. They spoke only of the August weather and the unusual number of lightning bugs. Then they went to the front porch.

"Should you read first, or should I?" my mother asked.

"You read first."

As soon as she turned on the light in the sleeping porch, the millers began to bang against the screen. She opened the *Speaker* and read.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in Heaven.
I've said my seven-times over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I heard the clink of a beer bottle on the front porch. I could hear my grandfather's voice droning on. I could hear my mother reading, but I was not really listening.

OFFSHORE

BY PHILIP BOOTH

The bay was anchor, sky,
and island: a land's end
sail, and the world tidal,
that day of blue and boat.

The island swam in the wind
all noon, a seal until
the sun furled down. Orion
loomed, that night, from unfathomed

tides; the flooding sky
was Baltic with thick stars.
On watch for whatever catch,
we coursed that open sea

as if by stars sailed off
the chart; we crewed with Arc-
turus, Vega, Polaris,
tacking into the dark.

WRITER

VERSUS

BUREAUCRAT

IN THE SOVIET UNION

by F. D. REEVE

Poet, critic, and professor of Russian literature at Wesleyan University, F. D. REEVE served as Robert Frost's interpreter when the poet visited the Soviet Union shortly before his death. The provocative account of this journey will be published in March in his book ROBERT FROST IN RUSSIA. In the following article, Mr. Reeve discusses the anomalous position of the creative writer in the Soviet Union.

C ONTEMPORARY Russian writers are not out to reshape Russian political institutions. Divisions in talent, in generations, in intellectual allegiance, have become clear and bitter, but the writers are politicians only in the sense that Russian writers have played political roles these last two hundred years — ever since literature in Russia has had a clear responsibility to its audience to express understanding of the values behind daily political and economic life. Writers today must wish to express a fresh understanding of the role of the Party in the entire life of the nation, including its consciousness; and that is precisely what all the writers and artists have said they wish. Not since Olesha's speech at the 1934 Writers' Congress has anyone publicly announced that artists cannot function within the Party or within the Writers' Union. It is the dogmatists, in their attacks on certain writers, who have made contemporary Russian literature seem to be striving to be anti-Communist.

Leonid Ilyichev, the Party' theoretician, said on December 17, 1962, "We have complete freedom to fight for Communism. We don't have — and there can't be — freedom to fight against Communism." Yet the dogmatists and the liberals each assert that their interpretation of Communism is the only adequate one. The dogmatists are limited and tempted by problems of actual political

control. The liberals are limited by the fact that they are inferior in number, though vastly superior in talent. Their frightening temptation is to imitate writers and artists outside Russia who play a role in society quite different from theirs and who have, baldly, more talent. A number of foreign writers do better work, and the Russians know it.

Our temptation is to hope that politics and talent stand in direct but inverse proportion. A certain Soviet sculptor whom I have met has been severely castigated time and again, but what depresses me most of all is that he, for all his buoyant spirit and noble effort, is not an outstanding artist. I remember his studio; I saw his sculpture, his sketches. We talked for almost two hours. He was extremely cordial, attractively modest, charmingly enthusiastic. Standing among his little bronze heads, in front of an enormous plaster-of-Paris mold for a building adornment he was doing for his living, with his bed and hot plate on a raised platform behind his dusty one-room studio, he was the essence of what we imagine the sincere, dedicated, bohemian, creative artist to be, certain that the meaning of life had to come out through the work of his hands. But — and here is the sad part — his skill is no greater than that of the average graduate of our first-rate art schools. He has high desires, but he does not "know how" — no one ever taught him.

I am aware that the present controversy in art can be reduced to a simple statement: censorship by the Party is again being enforced strictly. But I cannot feel that such a reduction clarifies anything. We know, for example, that officials of the Party and high-ranking scientists and technicians admire and buy advanced contemporary — the Russians call it “abstract” — art and literature. In fact, it is reported that numerous upper-class Soviet Russians have built up large collections of native modern art as a sound financial investment. We know that Khrushchev himself authorized publication of Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* over considerable Party opposition and, according to Yevtushenko’s autobiography, that he also authorized publication of “Stalin’s Heirs,” after it had been circulating from editor to editor for more than a year. We know that last August he authorized publication of Alexander Tvardovsky’s brilliant satirical poem “Tyorkin in the Next World.” If we trace the history of political control of literature in Soviet Russia, we see that it presents a confused pattern of insistence, retreat, and adjustment. The Party itself has never been able to be adequately clear on just what it means by “control,” for, though it may wish never to lose final authority, it can never be certain as to what will threaten that authority. If the Party represses what does not threaten it, it exposes itself to criticism and recrimination by those high-ranking officials who, for a number of reasons, support a modern movement.

In short, I do not think we really get at an understanding of what is happening now if we simply call it political repression and let it go at that. We have to look deeper, to answer the question, What is the meaning behind Khrushchev’s statements on art? According to the press, he said, “People tell me I’m behind the times and don’t realize it, that our contemporary artists will be appreciated in 100 years. Well, I don’t know what will happen in 100 years, but now we have to adopt a definite policy in art.” Khrushchev’s remarks suggest that he was constrained to adopt a policy last year. That the “policy” petered out indicates how little Khrushchev was behind it.

ALL this persuades me to believe that Khrushchev is very much a moderate, a mediator between the extremes of the free or self-sanctioning imagination and the determined or autocratic manipulation of practical force. As Khrushchev said, “I’m a patriot.” The crackdown on intellectuals, then, is not so much a unilateral personal or Party decision as it is the consequence of a continual internecine, bureaucratic struggle for the right to

make ultimate definitions. The forces operating would suggest that there is no end to the struggle — at least, no foreseeable end. Events continue to confirm this.

Tvardovsky’s “Tyorkin in the Next World” appeared last August in both *Izvestia* and *Novy Mir* with, as Adzhubei’s note in *Izvestia* indicated, official blessing. In the October issue of *Oktyabr*, D. Starikov, an infamous hatchet man, published a long diatribe called “Tyorkin vs. Tyorkin.” In it, he tried to flag down Tvardovsky against any possible continuation of the story of the World War II tanker-hero Tyorkin and to discredit Tvardovsky for attempting, “as once Gogol did in *The Inspector General*, ‘to heap up in one pile everything that’s bad about Russia’ . . . yet using as the hero not a vivid character . . . but a mask.” Admitting that “Tyorkin” is an attack on “the cult of Stalin” and its still-existent consequences, Starikov says that the poem “palpably fails in defining its hero’s and the author’s social orientation.” Chalmayev’s attack on Solzhenitsyn’s latest story, “For the Good of the Cause,” tries to turn Russian classical literature into a shillelagh:

But this “grandeur” [in suffering] is not so much something of A. Solzhenitsyn’s own as it is of F. M. Dostoevsky’s . . . ! Why artificially archaize one’s own view of the character of the people, present it tendentiously in a one-sided way . . . ? Solzhenitsyn is caught in his own game of abstract ideas.

Literature that has urged reform without suggesting appeal to values that can be identified as Western, even if such literature has become notorious in the West for political reasons, has not been attacked: for example, in the article in which Solzhenitsyn’s “For the Good of the Cause” was attacked, his *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was praised. So far as I know, Fyodor Abramov’s semifictionalized account of corruption on a kolhoz, “Beating around the Bush,” in the January, 1963, *Neva*, has not been subjected to ridicule.

If we will pause a moment to consider the difficulty, not from a negative point of view — the fact of censorship — but from a positive point of view — the arguments advanced by those who censor — we will find indications that the censors are concerned not about doctrine but about their own position. The pretense of unity, whether or not under pressure from the existence of an external, so-called enemy, is made in terms which are now incredible. The labels used by the censors expose their own fright and the depth of the schism. “The whole point of this criticism,” said Alexander Korneichuk,

is that Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, and others remain our comrades in the struggle for Communist culture. . . . To be sure, in the creative writing of some young authors there have appeared tendencies alien to

our art — a trend toward so-called deglorification, toward debasement of the image of the positive hero. It's happening in the theater . . . and in literary criticism. . . . And I'd like to point out, also, why the young writers, the very ones who commit unseemly errors, are supported by some of their venerable colleagues. . . . There's a hue and cry over certain isolated figures. Abroad, people shout about them: the new generation, the new wave! All the editors publish them. And so some of the venerable writers decided: better change our ways or else "they'll make it," and they'll push us right out of literature. . . . There's a bitter struggle going on in the world and any coexistence of socialist and bourgeois ideologies is out of the question. . . . The Party has called on us to check our ideological arms. This we do with a sense of the greatest responsibility to the Party and the people.

Necessarily, however, the Party's authority can only be negative: it can shriek propaganda, and it can punish politically. But it cannot alter the values. "I wouldn't feel I had the right to criticize anything abroad," wrote Yevtushenko, "if I didn't speak openly about what I dislike in my own country."

THE crackdown on the worlds of literature, art, and music, though not unexpected, came suddenly. With hindsight, one can say that there were episodes, separate incidents and remarks, which indicated, as far back as the summer of 1962, that de-Stalinization was not proceeding as fast as it should — as fast as the intellectuals wanted it to. At that time, a well-known literary critic told me that things had taken several backward steps since spring, and that the developments of the near future were uncertain. Yet, he insisted, every effort by the bureaucrats was being met with outspoken opposition, and, despite the bureaucrats' ever-increasing pressure, opposition was increasing. Though fabrications and false charges were again being made, I was told, they were made orally. The bureaucrats could be outargued and, sometimes, outvoted. Aleksei Surkov, poet, formerly secretary of the Writers' Union, who had been replaced in that post by Konstantin Fedin in the more relaxed period which followed Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin, told me at that time that Khrushchev had personally approved the reissue and recelibration of Bedny's poetry; but I didn't grasp the import of this until the crackdown, when Bedny joined Sholokhov, Gorky, and Mayakovsky as a paragon of socialist realism. I did not heed that warning signal because I had heard that Gumilev's *Letters on Russian Poetry* was soon to come out, and that there was to be an edition of Pasternak's complete poems. Meyerhold had been revived, and people were talking of Sologub, Andrei Bely, and others.

Reports were contradictory. Though a volume of

Pasternak's poetry was to be published, the decision had been made at the highest level, so I understood, not to publish *Doctor Zhivago* in the foreseeable future.

Pressure from both sides kept increasing. Yevtushenko's "Stalin's Heirs" appeared in *Pravda* in October. Victor Nekrasov's travel notes on Italy and America came out in *Novy Mir*. Part Five of Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* was published. There was Solzhenitsyn's short novel. More Akhmatova poems appeared. Voznesensky was showing ever greater audacity and technical ability, coming closer and closer to brilliance.

Literaturnaya Gazeta carried Kornei Chukovsky's astringent plea for a sane and honest use of language and the public appeal by a group of Leningrad academicians and professors, Victor Zhirmunsky among them, for the establishment of a high school devoted to sound training in the humanities. Though at the end of December Alexander Chakovsky replaced Kosolapov as editor of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* and rumors spread that Ermilov would replace Tvardovsky on *Novy Mir* (which did not happen), in early March Yevtushenko was reciting his poetry to huge crowds in Paris. At one reading he was introduced by a member of the French Communist Party, who said,

Not long ago, when people used to say to us that there were no creative artists in the Soviet Union, we would cite Mayakovsky and Eisenstein. But then we would be told: you keep talking to us only about the dead and distant. Let's rather talk about now! Very well! Today we can cite them, without fear of being contradicted, the names of creative artists as alive and flourishing as Voznesensky and Yevtushenko.

Khrushchev's domestic difficulties, under Chinese pressure, under failure of his agricultural programs, under opposition reportedly by such conservatives as Kozlov, under the absence of any détente with the West before the signing of the nuclear test ban, may have been and may still be very grave indeed, but one wonders if they were really so grave that he, of all "peaceful co-existers," had to risk alienating French Communist support? What remains of any notion which "replaces" the doctrine of peaceful coexistence but subverts the authority of other national Communist parties?

Indeed, what can a Russian believe at all if, on the one hand, he feels sold down the river by statesmen and politicians, and on the other, he sees the evidence of disagreement among writers of prestige. Yevtushenko says in his autobiography that he disagrees with Ehrenburg:

I disagree with the term "the thaw" which Ilya Ehrenburg off-handedly tacked onto this whole intellectual process. I've even protested such a definition several times, and I want to explain why. . . . As far as I'm

concerned, this period can be characterized only as a spring season. . . . One feels that all the upsurges of winter are doomed to come to nothing. . . . It's because I've always believed in this spring season of de-Stalinization that I'm not too disturbed by criticism and attacks on me.

Sometimes it seems as if Yevtushenko had decided unilaterally to resolve the conflicts and contradictions in Soviet literary life. "The stronger they are," he said of the Stalinists, "the stronger we are." Could he have deliberately taken an aggressive political stance in order to maintain the notoriety of his poetry? In the West he has become the emblem of a new and courageous generation. In Russia, as B. Runin's long and sympathetic article on him in the February, 1963, *Voprosy Literatury* stated clearly, he is the symbol of all that has happened in Russia in the last ten years. The split in political allegiance is reflected in the poet himself. Half of him, it seems, wishes only to write sincere, moving, individualistic lyrics. Half of him craves publicity, even as he knows its dangers: "For many years," he said, the Western press

has been helping our dogmatists by saying that the young generation of poets is "un-Soviet" and against Leninism. They help our dogmatists who say the same thing. . . . As for me, this press first called me the accursed poet of Red Square, and now I'm the official poet of the Kremlin. The Western press would prefer me in a Siberian camp. It would be more sensational.

Most young Russians, Yevtushenko said, are not addicted to Western jazz, nor is there such a split between younger and older generations in Russia as many commentators insist. Yet, on the other hand, I recall an instance which revives the feeling that young, modern Yevtushenko is, above all, the representative figure of his time. In the last two years he has received less and less praise in his own country and more and more abroad, until the literary worlds both in Russia and outside it have started downgrading him in favor of Voznesensky, Akhmadulina, and other young writers. Once, I remember, Yevtushenko asked me about an American newspaper correspondent and what his political point of view was.

"He's not sympathetic to you," I said frankly. "He doesn't understand your poetry or what you're up against. He just sees you as a political figure, as a Russian 'angry young man.'"

"But I gave him a long and honest interview," Yevtushenko half complained to me.

"You must have seen what he's written," I replied. Yevtushenko said nothing. "That kind of thing won't do anybody any good, I think," I said. Yevtushenko silently nodded.

At the end of Leskov's tale *The Enchanted Wanderer*, Golovan, the wanderer, talks about having

been "magnetized" to be cured of drinking. A charlatan has played a trick, which turns out to be not quite a trick, either. We might say that Yevtushenko, magnet that he is, poet and wanderer, has been "magnetized" too. And if we are tempted to blame him for it, we must stop and remember what *we* have done to encourage it.

REPORTEDLY, Khrushchev won approval for publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* at a November meeting of the Central Committee over considerable opposition, and he told Western diplomats after the meeting that he had wanted to propose further liberalization measures. In September, I know, he had agreed with Frost that intellectual and political coexistence was not only possible but also desirable and that mutually antagonistic propaganda was a vulgar nuisance which must be curtailed, if not entirely eliminated. He had promised Frost to expunge it. But then, last winter, even as the weather turned, Khrushchev reportedly said that "'people' felt that the Soviet Union would get indigestion if it went too far."

At the art exhibit in Moscow in December of 1962, Khrushchev, our press reported, spoke out rudely against "abstract" art. "As long as I'm President of the Council of Ministers," he said, "we're going to support a genuine art. . . . We have to organize our society so it's clear who is useful and who is useless."

We can see behind his remarks a benevolent autocrat forced into taking a position, which he is not theoretically prepared to take, in order publicly to preserve a theory without which, he has been told, his autocracy will not work. We see a man convinced by circumstance. We see a man being driven, as Tolstoi said Napoleon was driven. And I remember that a year or two ago a number of intellectuals spoke warmly of Khrushchev as a moderating force, as a politician with a conscience who was trying to restore power to the bureaucracy of the Party. The real struggle, they said then, lay among the bureaucrats — and against them.

It is the bureaucrats, it is men like Korneichuk, who have insisted on establishing a national all-artists' union. Last summer they failed, but if such a union is ever established, certainly it will be an instrument for almost total control. Yet in the crackdown last year we noticed the amount of attention paid to Western values, even by the dogmatists. Everybody wrote and talked with one eye on the West. The more accounts you read, the more you are struck by this. You notice a continual shifting back and forth of various groups. And, above all, you notice the fidelity and consistency of certain individuals. For example, Fedin, secretary

of the Writers' Union, author of a number of novels, including the famous *Cities and Years*, summed up his opening speech to the fourth Plenum of the Union on March 26, 1963, by putting above everything else the individual talent of the artist. He said:

Every artist expresses his own emotion in relation to his sense of obligation to the people and to the idiosyncrasies of his own talent, to his own artistic individuality. This has become one of the tenets of socialist realism, one of the aesthetic principles of Soviet literature. And we are delighted that the importance of artistic individuality was reaffirmed by Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, also, in the peroration of his speech at the meeting between leaders of the Communist Party and writers and artists.

Is this 1964 or 1946? Not one of the subsequent reports of Fedin's speech even vaguely hinted at what had been its theme. Yevushenko confessed error, though his confession was judged unacceptable. Voznesensky, less hard-pressed, of course, said he wanted to work, work, work to show his real self. And yet none of them really yielded. Fedin said his say and kept mum. Yevtushenko complained about distortions introduced by *L'Express* but did not take back the substance of what he had written. Voznesensky said, with ironic double meaning, that he would never forget "Nikita Sergeyevich's harsh words." Back in 1953, Khachaturian had said that "creative problems cannot be solved by bureaucratic techniques."

In 1963, all the writers were saying the same thing. Even mild-mannered Shchupachev, replaced by Markov as head of the outstanding Moscow section of the Writers' Union, insisted that the section had only been supporting real literary talent. Back in 1954, Katayev supported partyiness as essential for every writer; in January, 1963, he openly said he wanted to write a book about the real America based on extensive travel throughout the country.

Paustovsky, who visited France after recuperating from a heart attack, spoke in Paris of the injustices and stupidity of the Soviet intellectual bureaucracy. Seven years ago, in 1956, in a speech to the Moscow section of the Writers' Union, Paustovsky had condemned the bourgeois Drozdovs (Drozdov is the villainous bureaucrat of Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*) for ruining society. "The problem is," he said,

that in our country a completely new social stratum exists with impunity and even, to a certain degree, flourishes — a new petite bourgeoisie. It is a new population of rapacious and propertied people who have nothing in common with the Revolution, with our regime, or with socialism. . . . If it were not for these Drozdovs, people such as Meyerhold, Babel, Artyom Vesoly and many others would still be alive among

us. . . . They were destroyed in the name of the stinking comfort of these Drozdovs.

Paustovsky spoke openly to Frost in the late summer of 1962; he talked to him as senior artist to senior artist, as man of talent to man of talent, for whom only the integrity of intellect could signify anything. Although under attack last February, Paustovsky was the subject of a warmly appreciative article in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* last November.

In October, Barabash, assistant editor in chief of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, attacked Solzhenitsyn's "For the Good of the Cause" as being false; about ten days later in the same paper, the successful novelist Daniil Granin defended the story as a highly skilled search for justice and truth.

In December, 1962, Victor Nekrasov wrote with obvious defiance in his travel notes on America not only that the still-unreleased and heavily criticized Russian film by Khutsiev, "Ilyich's Gates," was "a landmark in our film art," but also that such a film was good and truthful, like the American film *Marty*, that story of "the first, shy love of the sweet, enchanting American guy, Marty." "When questioning stops, you stop, too," said Nekrasov; "satisfied, safe, uneventful, and unquestioning existence — that's not life." And Ehrenburg, attacked publicly by the Party for falsifying and degrading Soviet history and privately by intellectuals for having failed to present the true account of the past which they wish history in Russia once more to be, wrote in the fifth part of his *Memoirs* published in mid-February: "I long ago found that where politics is the decisive factor memory is an onerous prejudice."

We come around, finally, to a conflict of personalities, the war between the artist and the bureaucrat. The brake on liberalization which the newspaper *Literatura i Zhizn* was created to be has now become the motor, too. At the Twentieth Party Congress, even Sholokhov said that "there are no high-quality, first-rate books, and there won't be any unless the literary situation changes radically, and only the Party can do that." Ironically, Sholokhov is one writer who has not helped such a change to come about. Ironically, the quest for excellence has led to undermining allegiance.

We, on our part, may admire the short stories of Kazakov, Nagibin, Yashin; the plays of Shvarts, Pogodin, Alyoshin; the poetry of Voznesensky, Yevtushenko, Kirsanov, Vinokurov; the criticism of Shchoglov, Ivanov, Nikolai Zhdanov, for these are all first-rate writers. But we know that not much of Soviet literature is up to our best standards. Often we do not even expect it to be. Often we prefer to patronize its awkward but, to us, flattering celebration of Westernness.

We are guilty of disservice to young Russian

writers, to precisely those who have been trying to make literature less and less political. Every time they take a stand for themselves, our newspapers construe it as a political stand against the Soviet regime; our papers make it into a political opposition and play into the hands of the bureaucrats of literature. The art that is trying to be apolitical, self-authoritative, nonrepresentational we have made rebellious, derivative, and politically indicative.

The Leninist doctrine of the political obligation of a writer to his party, turned into a social obligation to his country, has now come head on against profound disillusion with existing political values. Intellectual activity that would wish to be apolitical is being forced into a political stance by dogmatists and sensationalists, by men who have no real respect for literature at all. Russian writers wish to apply common Western techniques and styles so that art may again become, in their hands, they feel, as meaningful, as socially determining (*not*

socially determined) as in the nineteenth century.

I cannot forget a late summer afternoon in the pine forest north of Leningrad. Frost and Akhmatova, both reputed candidates for the Nobel Prize, sat calmly though stiffly in the living room of a small *dacha*, making small talk about literature. Suddenly Anna Andreyevna said she would recite a poem, her latest poem, a poem she had written only a few days before. The whole history of Russian literature seemed suddenly brought down to a moment in the poem's last line, for nothing is more exigent than the reality of a beautiful thing:

I ought to genuflect with Morozova,
To do the dance that Herod's step-daughter does,
To fly up with the smoke from Dido's fire,
And join Jeanne d'Arc in an auto-da-fé.
Lord! You see, the thing is, I'm worn out
By all this resurrection, death, and life.
Take everything, but let me feel once more
The freshness of this last, this scarlet rose.

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MEDICAL CARE for DEVELOPING COUNTRIES

by Carl E. Taylor, M.D.



DR. CARL E. TAYLOR was born in the Himalayas. His parents were medical missionaries, and as a boy he accompanied them on their extended tours of the Indian villages each year. A graduate of Harvard Medical School and presently director of the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins. Dr. Taylor has repeatedly revisited the health centers in his native land.

THE American way is not necessarily the best way for all the people of the world. Drastic adaptation is necessary before our methods are transplanted to other cultures. The health center movement provides a good example of how Western practices have been and are continuing to be adapted to provide new organizational patterns for other countries.

The system of health and medical care that has been accepted as the long-range planning goal for most of the people of the world is a regional organization of rural and urban health centers around base hospitals. Considerable local adaptation is, of course, necessary in hospital administration and regional organization. Even more significant, however, are the major innovations required in developing health centers as the basic peripheral units serving groups of 20,000 to 100,000 people. The need for such a peripheral organization has been made more acute by repeated demonstrations in mass programs, such as malaria eradication, that the attack phase cannot be transformed into a maintenance phase unless there is a general health service to take over.

Early origins of the health center concept can be traced to the Temple of Asclepius and still-visible ruins of hospitals erected by the Emperor Asoka in India more than two thousand years ago. The modern health center idea started at the beginning of this century in a movement in Britain and the United States to combine under one roof previously scattered local health services. Several initial attempts to incorporate curative services for

the poor were blocked by medical societies, especially since most hospitals had charity services. An artificial and unfortunate separation between curative and preventive services developed. When public health was concerned primarily with infectious diseases and sanitation, there was less urgency for health officials and practicing physicians to work closely together. As attention has shifted to chronic, noncommunicable disease, the ultimate medical goal of prevention depends increasingly on practicing doctors, because we do not have simple community-wide measures for mass diseases such as cancer. Conversely, there is a growing demand that public health services undertake mass diagnostic and therapeutic services for diseases such as tuberculosis and syphilis. The Dawson Report to His Majesty's Government in 1920, a major landmark in health planning, made recommendations for regional integration of hospital and health services that were so novel that the report was shelved for many years.

It has been left for the newly developing countries to break with the traditional pattern of separated medical and health services which has become so firmly rooted in Western culture. In countries where minimum facilities exist, it is possible to plan logically without limitations imposed by the investment of bricks and sentiment in historically prestigious institutions or the even more restrictive personal involvements and ambitions of professional leaders. On the other hand, a common limitation in the developing nations is the tendency of local

professional leaders to adopt without adapting the practices and norms of the Western system under which they were trained. The break with their own culture imposes a natural inclination to accept intact the new pattern as an almost sacred whole.

Much of the credit for the start of the health center movement in underdeveloped countries goes to the medical pioneers of the Rockefeller Foundation. As the ambitious worldwide program for eradicating hookworm failed in the early decades of this century, these doctors salvaged from the experience the idea that for basic changes in the people's ways of life the long-term influence of health units would be necessary. On the basis of U.S. experience, they first insisted that these units should be purely preventive, partly because of the obvious impossibility of meeting the overwhelming curative needs. In the late 1920s a worldwide campaign of building and staffing demonstration health centers was started. Rural sites were selected in villages strategically located near the capitals or major cities of countries such as Ceylon and Chile, and in every province of countries such as India. Following a five-year period of intensive Rockefeller support, the financing and operation of the centers were taken over by the local government. Other major pioneering programs have been the Servicio program developed in Latin America as part of the wartime good-neighbor policy and the work of Kark in Negro reservations near Durban, South Africa, and of Hydrick in Java.

FOR several years it has been one of my hobbies to visit the old Rockefeller health centers for a thirty-year follow-up. From my experience I would make certain generalizations.

The purely preventive approach imported from the United States has almost always been modified, and curative services have been added in response to popular demand. Many of the more isolated rural health centers now have twelve to sixty beds for patients. The original pattern of purely preventive health units was most widely developed in Ceylon, where an excellent island-wide network was for many years considered the outstanding example of the success of the original plan. Recently, however, the government has added dispensaries and other curative facilities.

In spite of the above generalization, we need to recognize, too, the inherent danger that doctors prefer curative work and often miss the challenge of preventing the diseases with which they are surrounded. On a visit to a rural health center in southern India I found an unhappy and discouraged young doctor. He was looking forward only to the time when he would finish his government-

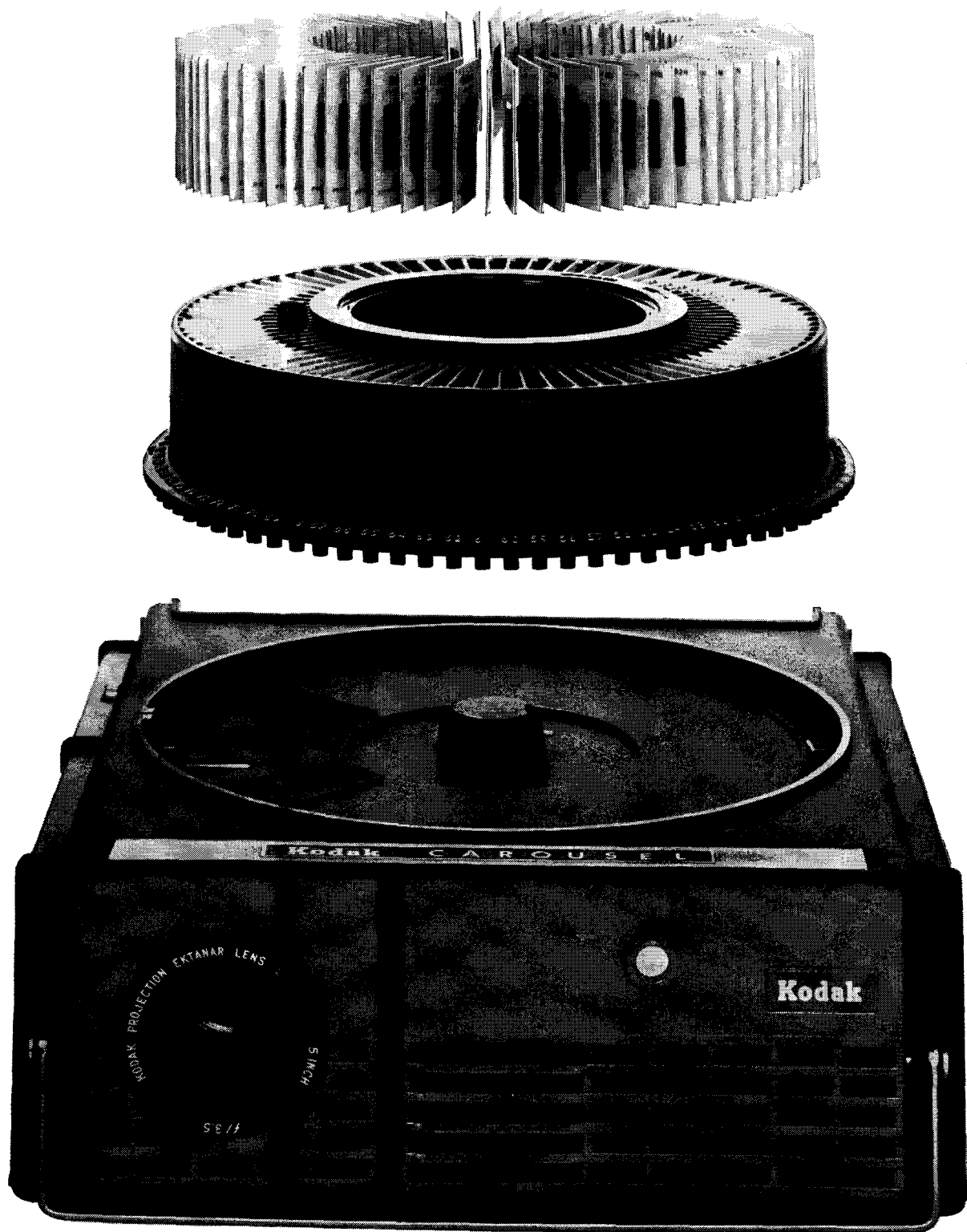
required stint in the village and be free to do more interesting work than writing prescriptions for iron mixture. He had seen so much anemia that he thought he could tell the hemoglobin level from across the room. As we talked about the causes of anemia, he said the possibility of heavy hookworm infestation seemed worth investigating. He was critical of the health authorities for doing nothing about sanitation. I pointed out that he was the local health authority, and we discussed the long-range contributions he could make by looking for the cause of the anemia. I later heard that he had turned the routine dispensing of iron mixture over to his pharmacist. He had borrowed a microscope, conducted a stool survey, found heavy hookworm infestation, and launched an intensive program for treating hookworm and building latrines.

The staff of the Rockefeller-sponsored health units were carefully selected young doctors who had received one or more years of public health training at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. They were often the best-trained specialists in the country, and it was only logical for Ministers of Health to put them into more responsible administrative positions as soon as the operation of the health center became a government responsibility. Today, as one travels in various parts of the world, it is impressive to find that many key public health specialists obtained their start in this way.

Those who originally developed health unit programs were disappointed at the relatively narrow spread of better health practices from demonstration villages to neighboring areas. I have asked village people in several countries the reasons for this lag, and the general reaction has been that the neighboring villages were waiting for someone to start a health center for them, too. In one village in Yugoslavia they said that conditions improved so much as a result of the Rockefeller team's efforts that local girls refused to marry outside the village and local boys insisted on marrying girls who had learned modern methods of homemaking, canning, and the like. General dispersion of health center activities is now occurring as governments are undertaking regionalized developments.

Health improvements which persisted were those accepted as the specific responsibility of individuals or families. Facilities such as pumps and latrines installed for community use quickly became disreputable because they were not maintained, or they were completely dismantled. Similar installations in homes are still serving well after more than thirty years' use.

Of great value in several places were special short courses for training villagers to assume responsibility for their own health services. An outstanding example was the teaching health center of the All-India Institute of Hygiene in Singur, near



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Calcutta, which was developed by Dr. John Grant. In each village of the demonstration area, a health committee of six of the better-educated young men were assigned individual jobs which included malaria control and surveying for mosquitoes, vital statistics and epidemic reporting, maintenance of pumps, water supplies, and latrines, organizing maternal and child health clinics and vaccination programs. From each village in the health center area, the committee members for a particular job were brought into the health center for a two-week course each year. On a field trip with one of the volunteer malaria workers some fifteen years after his training, I was impressed with his technical knowledge of subjects such as the identification of *Anopheles culicifacies* larvae and the enthusiasm with which he followed malaria cases.

SPECIAL categories of auxiliary personnel are being trained for particular responsibilities in some countries. The programs range from three- to four-year courses for rural doctors to elementary training for special assistants, such as vaccinators, midwives, and DDT sprayers for malaria control. There is general agreement about the desirability of training the latter group of specialized assistants with sharply limited responsibilities. Great arguments continue to arise, however, when the merits of medical assistants or rural practitioners are discussed. Qualified doctors resent the implication that their functions can be performed by practitioners with minimal training. But most countries, including the United States, need to increase drastically the number of practitioners. While many routine functions performed by doctors are relatively simple and could be handled by a well-trained auxiliary, it is important that those conditions requiring greater professional competence be screened out for special attention.

Study of experimental training programs in several countries reveals a general pattern for planning in countries such as the new nations of Africa. Popular demand in self-governing areas usually leads to insistence that medical-care needs be saturated even if the quality of care is not high. Eventually a normal drive toward excellence makes the basic training institutions progress to full professional medical education. In the United States up to fifty years ago, uncontrolled proliferation of proprietary medical schools produced many more doctors than were needed, until professional standards consistent with scientific medicine were imposed following the Flexner Report of 1908. In Russia, starting in the nineteenth century, separate categories of doctors were trained for urban and rural services; feldshers, or rural practitioners, are

now gradually being replaced by fully qualified doctors. In Iran, Behdars were trained; in West and East Africa and the Pacific they were called medical assistants; and in India, licentiates. Licentiate training was introduced in India primarily to provide assistants for British civil surgeons. The term "licentiate" developed a stigma of colonial domination which contributed to hasty moves to abolish this category of professional training promptly after independence in 1947, even though the immediate medical-care needs of the country were far from saturated. Now there are recurring waves of discussion about the need for basically trained rural doctors, with political pressure for the modernization of the generally popular Ayurvedic, or ancient Hindu, system of medicine. More than 80 percent of the doctors compete for the limited amount of money to be made in city practice, while the 80 percent of the people who live in villages rely, for the most part, on indigenous practitioners.

It does no good for advisers from the West to decry the falling standards of professional education. On the one hand, it is important to work for the development of a few "lighthouse" institutions, where high standards are maintained, to provide teachers, researchers, and professional leaders. On the other, it is even more important to analyze carefully the lessons to be learned from past experiences in training auxiliaries and rural practitioners in order to devise adequate programs to meet quantitative needs.

In this quantitative-qualitative dilemma there are two ways of providing routine care by non-medical personnel in order to fill the gap in health service. The common approach historically has been to train individuals who were almost doctors, frequently with provision for selected persons to go on to full medical training. Premature conversion or amalgamation of such programs into a regular system of medical education can be expected. This transition is natural and predictable because of normal nationalistic pride which leads new countries to strive for the labels of development even before the product is there to be labeled. In many of the more developed countries, too, the disparity in quality of education between the best and the poorest schools is almost as great as if there were two systems of education. It seems necessary, therefore, to accept these differences and to make the distinctions less invidious by giving all medically trained persons the same degree while efforts are made to apply minimum standards of professional preparation.

The alternative and more promising mechanism for meeting the mass health-care needs is to plan for categories of health assistants so far below the doctor that there can be no confusion as to the role

that each must play in medical service. Whether routine and simple medical care is provided by women with some adaptation of nurse-midwifery training or by men with a modified pharmacy training then depends on local cultural preferences. Two important considerations must be emphasized. Supervision of both preventive and curative work by doctors is essential. The health assistants should screen the one to five hundred patients per day now being cared for by health center doctors to free their time for the sickest patients. If stationed in the more isolated rural subcenters, where fully qualified doctors should not be expected to go, the health assistants should be visited at least once a week by health center doctors, with an established mechanism for patient referral in the intervals. Secondly, much of the training and practice of the health assistants should be in disease prevention. It should be a matter of pride with them to keep their clinics free of readily preventable diseases, and success in prevention should be recognized by financial remuneration. In order to supervise such health assistants the doctors, too, must receive more training in prevention than they now do.

A CONTINUING problem is the need for health workers to understand the cultural blocks to health activities. Of particular value in understanding local attitudes toward sanitation in India is a three-year intensive study by health workers and anthropologists under Ford Foundation sponsorship. General recognition and acceptance of the desirability of latrines were found to be offset by such negative considerations as odor, cost, difficulties in maintenance, and other deterrents. An efficient way of promoting latrine acceptance was the simple process of working first with the spontaneously interested families, who were often the village leaders. Latrines that were good enough for them were then more generally accepted.

Similar studies in Latin America demonstrated the importance of relating health activities to the ritualism of local folk medicine. Not only are certain practices important, but also the order in which they are done. An example was the use of the Latin belief in the power of the number "three," so that three injections, or three pills for three days, have built-in acceptance. Ritual days are important in many parts of the world: in Indian villages we found a considerable difference in the numbers of people coming to clinics on Wednesdays versus Thursdays.

Redefinition of our traditional Western preconceptions about rural-urban distinctions is overdue. Many village areas in developing countries have population densities greater than urban areas in

Western countries, and therefore many of the amenities of sanitation and other urban facilities can be directly supplied. These villages are still psychologically and socially rural, however, and have the characteristics of a stable agrarian society in which cultural blocks provide more resistance to change than in areas where social mobility is greater.

In trying to understand cultural variables before introducing new activities, I would suggest the value of focusing observations on indigenous practitioners of medicine. They represent in its purest form the culture's orientation to health problems. The beliefs of the general public will be dilutions of attitudes of the indigenous practitioner. Many ancient cultures, for instance, have complicated dietary prohibitions, such as the subtle distinctions between "hot" and "cold" foods and the conditions under which each may be eaten. A Western-trained doctor who casually recommends a hot food for a patient with fever immediately loses the confidence of his patients, whereas he could just as readily have suggested a cold food with equivalent dietary value. The clearest categorization of foods can be obtained by going directly to the local practitioners.

Excessive population growth is the greatest health problem of countries such as India. Although the introduction of better health is often said to be the major cause of population increase, it also carries with it the best prospect of solving the population problem. As infant and childhood mortality drops, parents begin to realize that it is no longer necessary to have six children in order to raise three.

We know that because of the high proportion of young people, the population of the world will double in the next two generations, even if the average number of children per family is drastically reduced. We know, too, that technologically it is possible to increase food production and industrial development faster than projected population increases. The major limitations on both food production and economic development are organizational and political, and these limitations are most evident in the rapidly developing countries where excessive population growth clearly inhibits economic progress. Eventually, however, a balance between birth and death rates suited to modern, scientifically based civilization will have to be reached, with provision for parents to have some rational control over the number of children they will have.

It is at the level of the family that the crucial decision-making process occurs. With the somewhat haphazard contraceptive methods of the past, social influences were obviously primary; with better contraceptive techniques, the role of medical

and health services in population control will probably increase. Various village studies in India have shown that 15 to 20 percent of village couples will readily accept simple contraceptive methods. Although this is not a large enough group to reduce the birth rate to levels desired by the National Planning Commission, it is at least a place to start. It seems reasonable to saturate this spontaneous need through the existing health services with the expectation that there will be spontaneous spread. This should be part of the routine activities of rural health centers.

A moot issue is the financing of health center activities. In most countries today it is accepted that health care is the right of every individual and should be paid for by society, just as public education is provided. Basic public health services universally come from tax funds. The total cost of medical care is, however, proving to be too great for the tax-supported health services in many developing countries. Senior health officials of several countries have indicated that they would welcome help in devising ways of getting communities to bear more of the cost of local health services.

Various modifications of health insurance are being experimented with. If health centers which integrate preventive and curative services are going to be financed by health insurance, such insurance must be broadly based and firmly financed. When I visited at Santiniketan, Rabindranath Tagore's rural university in Bengal, I saw a dramatic example of the failure of a too-limited health-insurance program. Tagore started one of the first village development programs in India. A network of rural health centers was established in 1926. This self-supporting activity was financed through a widely subscribed voluntary health-insurance program. In addition to basic dispensary care, a certain amount of health education, immunization, and maternal and child health work was done. For thirty years the health centers flourished. When DDT became available after World War II, the Santiniketan staff was one of the first groups in India to start spraying throughout the heavily malarious villages. As malaria rates dropped, subscriptions to the health-insurance program were canceled. It became evident that much of the appeal of the health-insurance program had been based on the fact that this was a cheap way of getting the gallons of quinine people had needed to suppress their malaria. Now they no longer saw the need for paying their insurance subscriptions.

Both health personnel and villagers must have a clear idea of the health worker's role and relationship to the local people. In community development circles there is much discussion about the extent to which the innovator from outside should

conform to village life in order to gain acceptance. Obviously, the health worker should live in the village, but at what point in personal living should the line be drawn between what the health worker would like to do and what the villagers can afford? A night spent in a small village in northern India as the guest of a community development worker highlighted some of these problems for me. We were to sleep in an open space adjacent to the one-and-a-half-room mud-thatch hut in which the village worker lived with his wife and baby. Toward the end of our late evening discussion, around a smoky cow-dung fire, with some of the village elders, I asked for poles to support my mosquito net. The development worker looked around for a while; there was some conversation with neighbors, but no poles were produced. He finally told me that, although he used a mosquito net inside his house, he did not believe in putting one up outside because he did not want to seem different from the people, who could not afford nets. I assured him that I did not mind being different on this point, but eventually had to drop the matter and rely on insect repellent. The mosquitoes woke me every three or four hours to remind me it was time to put on more repellent. Next morning, when I found the ponds swarming with anopheline larvae and several cases of chills and fever in the village, I lost my enthusiasm for the policy of identification with village people.

Later, while chatting with a group of village elders, we discussed the difficulties of village life. They took the common fatalistic stand that village improvement is impossible because of the widespread poverty. "We have proof," they said, "that it is impossible to improve the condition of villagers. Just look at our development worker. He has a B.S. in agriculture, and his wife is educated too; they work hard and are wonderful people. They lived for years in the city, but now they have come to the village, and he has become just like the rest of us. He lives in a mud house, wears our clothes, and takes the same health risks. If he can't do any better, what hope is there for us?"

When our family lived in a model home in a village, we found that it was possible to protect the health of our children without losing contact with the village people. Our efforts to adapt village materials to modern health practices were enthusiastically received by the villagers. The village people expected us to show in our daily living a better way of doing things. It was enough for them that we were there living with them and showing through our way of working and speaking that we cared for them. Peace Corps workers, too, have learned that they need feel no hesitation about taking a better way of life into the villages.

VIVE MOI!

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

A Dubliner who is generally regarded as one of the very best short-story writers of our time, SEAN O'FAOLAIN, in the following excerpt from his forthcoming autobiography, tells of his early years. His father was a policeman, and his mother took in lodgers from the Cork Opera House across the street. With his two brothers he lived in the garret, but the theater and the church and the rain god's green beauty of the countryside were the brimmings which awakened the imagination of Ireland's finest writer.



MY FATHER, whose name was Denis Whelan, was a police constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary. He came from a small farm near the hamlet of Stradbally, about fifty miles southeast of Dublin in what was then known as the Queen's County, a region named after Queen Mary I, the wife of Philip of Spain, when it was originally planted and shired by English settlers. It is known today by its old Gaelic name of Laois.

When I first became consciously aware of my father, I chose to see him (being at the time very much under the influence of the Baroness Orczy) as a Napoleonic grenadier, tall, finely built, his back straight as a musket, his air distinguished, his eyes gray-blue and clear, as if they forever reflected the snows of Moscow, his graying hair soft as dust, his neatly brushed mustache gone white before its time. I was not far wrong in romanticizing him as a grenadier. He was a modest, pious, trusting man, upright, honest as daylight, and absolutely loyal to the Empire as only a born hero-worshiper can be. I have no doubt at all that certain rebellious people today would call him a square, and that, if he ever met a couple of beats, he would have quietly advised them to go home to their mothers. He would not have raised a finger to them; least of all have tried to make or fake a charge against them; I do not believe he ever charged anybody in his life; he

was too gentle. I am not idealizing him. He always evoked my respect, and sometimes my admiration, but, although I am sure he loved me with a father's love, he rarely warmed me to love him. Not that I thought about it while he lived, but now I know why it was so. He was the humble but priceless foundation stuff on which all great states and empires have raised themselves, deviously, to power and glory, and I was a natural, if mild, rebel.

I believe my father's humility was really a form of proud reverence growing out of his job. Because of this, I have occasionally told my English friends in my later years that he was a product of Sandhurst, which would be like a gendarme's son saying his papa had been through Saint-Cyr. Then I would entertain myself by explaining just what I meant. I meant that the Royal Irish Constabulary, or "the Force," as it was popularly called, was mainly officered by Sandhurst types — in religion mostly Anglicans, or what we called Protestants; in politics Anglo-Irish imperialists to a man, whose great ambition was to infuse and inspire the lowest ranks of the Force with the officers-and-gentlemen traditions of the crack regiments of the British Army. Only those who have known, or can imagine, the earthy simplicity of the Irish youths recruited into the Force, practically all of them poor, inexperienced young men of Catholic peasant stock

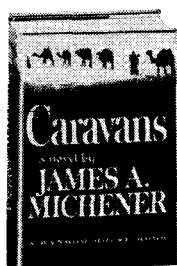


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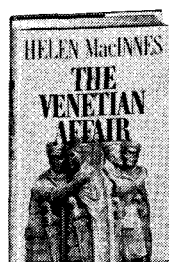
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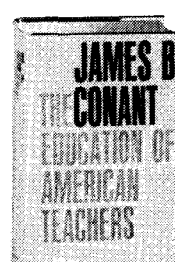
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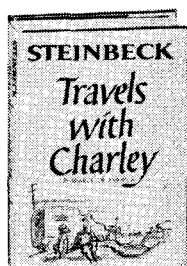
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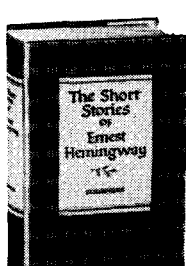
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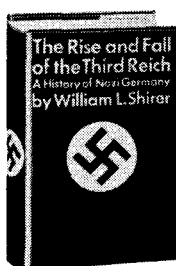
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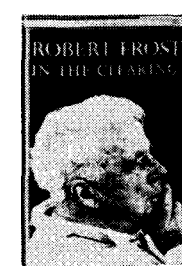
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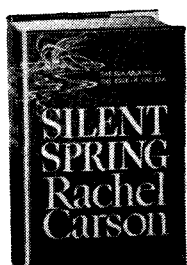
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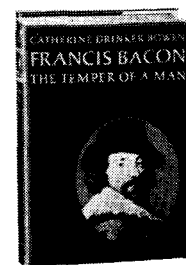
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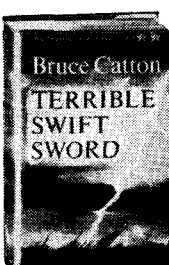
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will realize the enormity of this ambition, which, I may judge by my father, succeeded absolutely. It is my impression that it also achieved a good deal of success among natives in Delhi, Colombo, Accra, Nassau, Hong Kong, Nairobi, and elsewhere.

In his dark bottle-green uniform, black leather belt with brass buckle, black helmet or peaked cap, black truncheon case, and black boots my father embodied the Law. What was far more important, he embodied all the accepted and respected values and conventions of what we would nowadays call the Establishment. The most easily observable effect of this was that we, his children, in dutiful imitation of him, took over, holus-bolus, the accepted hierarchy of the imperial way of life.

At the top of our hierarchy was that bearded, jovial, rotund, elegant father figure, His Majesty King Edward VII. How amorally jovial he was is something that can never, of course, have entered my father's devoted and loyal head. Had somebody told him the now common stories about Eddie's mistresses and concubines — about, say, Cora Pearl's being brought in naked after dinner on a vast silver tray borne by six footmen — or about his gay goings-on in Baalbek or Baden-Baden, or about the selfish caddishness he showed toward his friends, so painfully described by Christopher Sykes in *Four Studies in Loyalty*, my father would have thought the storyteller mad, obscene, blasphemous, a traitor and a blackguard; or he would not have understood a word of it; or it would all have floated in and out of his ears as happened to me when the Girl Sawm in Half told me all those other wonderful and, alas, forgotten stories about "dear Eddie."

I used to hear my father trace what he called "the line of precedence" from the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff down through the civilian galaxy of the Lord Chief Justice and all his judges of lower title, down to our own resident magistrates, our own district inspectors and county inspectors, down to our local Lord Mayor, his sheriff, his aldermen, and, I presume, his fur-hatted, red-cloaked mace-bearer. But after those my father (and I) began to waver. We could not really admit *all* the city counselors — they were too near to us, much too like ourselves. Anyway, our household had enough to handle without them.

"Mind yourselves, now," my father would say to us three brothers, as we set out on our regular afternoon walk, always the same walk, up Wellington Road and down Saint Luke's. "Mind you behave properly in the street! You never know who might be walking behind you. It might be Alderman Jimmy Simcox. Or the Lord Mayor. Or Colonel Winterbottom. Or the canon. Or, the Lord between us and all harm, maybe the district inspector himself!"

Because of this hierarchy-worship, certain Sunday mornings provided me, like the theater and the Church, with some highly emotional images of the Admirable Life. On these special mornings my father would lead the three of us up our all too familiar Saint Luke's or Wellington Road, and on beyond it to Wellington Barracks, under the arch, into the barrack square, there to join other loyal citizens watching the church parade of whatever regiment was quartered on us at the time. I have forgotten now what form of drill took place. All I remember is that either the Union Jack or else the regimental flag was shown, and that at the end the regimental band solemnly played "God Save the King." My brothers told me in later years that they felt a little embarrassed at this point — two loyalties, to the Empire and to Ireland, conflicting. There was no such conflict in the Old Grenadier or in me. He would thrust out his chest, stand to attention like a ramrod, and glare straight in front of him. I, at his knee, would whip off my cap, throw out my chest, glare, and feel almost choked with emotion at the sonorous brass blare of: "Send him victorious, Happy and Glorious, Long to reign over us, God Save the King."

When the drums rolled and the brass shook the air I could hear the saber clash, the hoofbeats, the rifle fire of all the adventure books I had been reading, mainly Henty's: *With Kitchener in the Sudan*, *One of the 28th*, *Under Drake's Flag*, *Winning his Spurs*, *St. George for England*, *With Wolfe to Canada*, or *Won by the Sword*. As we walked away my father would be completely silent, or he would touch a stone in a wall bearing the broad arrow and the carved letters W. D. (War Department) and nod at us sagely and proudly. We belonged.

THIS pride nourished in him a strong fire of ambition for his sons. He was to make his eldest son, Patrick, a priest, an ambition of high priority with all Irish parents, and he was madly proud of his second son, Augustine, who later entered the British Civil Service and became a revenue inspector.

"To think," he would then muse, "that a son of mine is examining the incomes of men as rich, aye, and richer than the judge and the district inspector!"

He nearly went out of his head with delight the day my brother, then stationed in Bournemouth, one of the wealthiest centers for rentier incomes in England, told him that he had a retired field marshal on his books.

"What next?" he moaned, throwing his hands up to heaven in delight. "What next?"

Still later he put me through the university. After I got a fellowship that took me to Harvard,

he used to write me letters, in his neat copperplate handwriting, so full of humble respect that they used to make me squirm at my own ingratitude and inadequacy. Remember this was achieved on a policeman's salary of about fifty-two pounds a year, eked out with the few pounds my mother made on her lodgers. This ambition for their young was a universal mark of the old R.I.C., and its source is as obvious as its history is long. Indeed, when I think now of that regimental parade I wonder whether, among our own most ancient ancestors, living on the boundaries of another Empire, another such father may not on occasion have stood watching from a hilltop, in a similar blended mood of smug pride and parental ambition, the imperial eagles passing far below along the Aurelian and the Julian Way into northern Gaul.

My pride in my father was at its greatest when the Assizes opened and he would be among those allotted to guard the judge at the Courthouse. The British managed these things well. The judge, gowned and bewigged, was always borne in a horse-drawn carriage, open to the weather was clement, through the streets of the city, accompanied by detachments of mounted police and military, trotting, tinkling, and clanking gallantly fore and aft. These mounted police, now gone, were a smart body of men, dressed in tight, black breeches with knee-high boots of shining leather, the belt worn diagonally across the chest over one shoulder, little black pillbox hats held gaily on the sides of their heads by patent leather chin straps, their long truncheons dangling from the pommels. I remember that many of them had a way of affecting small waxed mustaches. As for the foreign soldiery, I recall with special pleasure a detachment of cuirassiers with gleaming breastplates, helmets with long red plumes, and drawn swords. The foot police, my father among them, wore full-dress uniform, spiked helmets with silver chin straps, patent-leather belts, and gloves. On his arrival at the Courthouse the judge would alight from his carriage and in stately grandeur climb the long flight of steps up to the entrance, where a row of officials stood waiting respectfully to receive him — all native-born Irishmen. It was an impressive sight. A political system had been established. We the people had accepted it. Our Church blessed it. Our politicians tolerated it. The law of the land was now about to apply it.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the waiting rooms or in the cells, about to be herded into the dock, there would be another bunch of native-born Irishmen. Most of them would, under any system, have to be considered lawless men, but at that time others would have been there thanks only to inherent injustices in the law itself. One might be a peasant farmer who, in despair, had resisted evic-

tion from his minute cottage and holding by the local agent of some landlord residing in London or the Continent, who rarely, if ever, laid eyes on his property. Another man in the dock might have got involved in some internecine feud with his neighbor because of some real or imagined injustice arising out of the same complicated land system. Another might be a youth whose hot blood had led him to knock down or wound a policeman for no better reason than that he disliked the law of the land without knowing why he disliked it. All such protesters, for whatever reason, against the established system were, I am sure, accepted by everybody present as criminal. I, certainly, thought them criminals whenever, through my father's almighty influence, I was slipped into the court to witness the drama of their trial, judgment, and sentence. When I saw, hanging around the dim halls and corridors, the mothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or other relatives of the men on trial — old, brown-shawled women, frieze-coated countrymen, rude denizens of the hills and the fields — whispering in corners with bewigged counsel, apparently overawed by their strange surroundings, fearful for their kin, I never felt for them anything but a sense of vicarious fear blended with awestruck wonderment at their folly in getting themselves into such a mess.

THERE were, now and again, undercurrents. A sense of fear and wonder used to visit me every time I drew my father's pinewood baton from its leather case. As I slowly fingered the smooth, hard weapon I felt repulsion and something bordering on disgust. There was nobody to make the mental connection for me with Henty's rattling rifle fire, flashing sabers, and galloping hooves, yet, in some dim way, I do think that I here first began to feel the unpleasant reality of Power when combined with brute Force. I felt something of the same sort when, a couple of times a year, my father would be on late duty in the Bridewell and I and one of my brothers would be sent down there with welcome bowls of soup for himself and his comrades. By way of reward, we would be shown over the cells with all their paraphernalia of restraint. Once, to amuse me, one of my father's colleagues locked my wrists in the cold handcuffs. Another time we were shown the straitjacket for violent prisoners, a contraption of stout canvas with heavy leather belts. The cell was cold, dirty-white, with a smelly water closet in the corner and a yellow fan of light bubbling in an aperture over the iron door. On that evening my brother lay down in the straitjacket, and they buckled him up to show how it was done. "Get out o' that, now, Mister Houdini!" laughed one of the constables, standing over him in his gray

shirt and braces. I trembled to see him lying there, trussed like a mummy, smiling boyishly up at my smiling father and his jolly friends.

I loved the weeks when, not more than once a quarter, my father was detailed as night watch in the streets from midnight on. He looked very big, powerful, and handsome in his special night-duty uniform: a long black belted overcoat down to his shins, a domed helmet, and if the weather was bad, a black waterproof cape and short black stubby leggings. Our small city was free of serious crime, so that he and his comrade had nothing to do the whole night but kill the long hours pacing the empty streets or standing in doorways watching the rain make bubbles in the lamp-lit pools, slant in the wind, hiss and moan up the river — Cork is a notoriously wet and windy city — hearing nothing else except some late reveler or late night worker beating his lonely way home or, on the cold gusts from the north, Shandon's tireless bell.

One reason why I loved those occasions was because my father and his companions ate a special late supper of chops, potatoes, and strong tea just before going on duty, and I was either allowed to stay up late or come down in my nightshirt to partake of bits and scraps from his plate like a puppy dog. No piece of chop has ever since tasted as sweet as those bits of tail end from his piled-up plate, as I sat on his knee, wearing his belt wound twice around me, my face and head half-extinguished under his vasty helmet. The fire in the range would be glowing. The steel of the fender shone bayonet-bright. The red tiles of the kitchen looked as warm as their color. The wind in the already deserted streets shook the windows. The two policemen would presently buckle on their belts and truncheons, button up their collars, hook their capes, slip baby bottles of whiskey into their pockets against colds and pneumonia, and adventure out into the darkness, emptiness, and rain of the city streets, whereas I was about to clamber between my two brothers into a nicely warmed bed. I particularly liked the nights when his companion was one Constable Jim Hedderman, a pleasant, lean-faced, redheaded fellow, who had established himself as the Brains of the Bridewell. He was always full of chat and odd stories. He had ambitions to get the two stripes — that is, to become an acting sergeant; and was forever studying for the necessary examinations, which he never passed. His two favorite subjects were orthography and astronomy. My father said he used to pass the night producing hard words to spell or, if it was a clear sky, reading the stars.

"That is *Cassy-o-paya*. How would you spell that, now, Dinny? That is Orion's Belt. I bet you think that is spelled *o-r-y-a-n*. It is not, then. I will now relate to you the story of Orion."

My mother would take the holy-water bottle and bless the pair of them with a wild scatter from it. She and I would then peep down through the corner of the window at the pair of them starting their slow pacing around the corner of the School of Art, encased, immense, transformed, no longer just Father or just Jim, padding out of sight, once again the embodied, feared, and respected Law.

ONE afternoon I ran into the kitchen, divesting myself of my school satchel, eager for my dinner, and was halted by my mother's pale face and pointing finger. There, on the old, battered sofa in the kitchen, lay my father, his head bandaged round and round, his right hand wrapped in layers of cotton wool and more bandages, looking solemnly up at me. She told me that he had been sent out that morning to a place called Watergrasshill, a rural hamlet a few miles northeast of Cork, where he had joined a squad of police forcibly evicting a tenant farmer and his family from the small house and farm whose rent they, presumably, could or would no longer pay but which they had refused to surrender. He may have been a shiftless and worthless farmer, or a hardworking and overburdened man; his landlord may have been indulgent and patient, or he may have been a ruthless tyrant; all we knew was that the man had barricaded himself in his house, cottage, or hut and that the police had come, as was usual on such occasions, to break in the door with rifle butts and a battering ram and throw him and his family out, with their belongings, on the roadside. In the melee my father had been hit with a heavy stone, and when somebody inside thrust out an iron bar through a hole in the window he had grasped it. The bar looked black, but it had come, one minute before, red-hot from the hearth. It had seared his hand to the bones.

As I looked down at him, gazing silently up at me, I could not have felt more overcome if he had been a boxer in the ring and I had just seen him knocked on the flat of his back to the canvas. Beside me my mother was at one moment commiserating him and at the next upbraiding him for "putting himself forward" in the fray.

"Sure, you were always a quiet man! Too quiet! Too soft altogether for this world. Never in your life summonsed a living soul. What call had you to be making a hero out of yourself? How fair it was you were the foolah to catch the blow and snatch the bar! Always a good father, and a kind husband. Oh, the blackguards! To do such a thing to such a quiet man!"

And, indeed, this was all true. How often had I not heard him at night in his little attic room, when we were all in bed, praying aloud for us all, in a

soughing, undulating, pleading voice, on his knees by his bed, his hands joined, his eyes to the ceiling, and, as always, his braces hanging behind him to the floor like a bifurcated tail. "Oh, please, dear, kind Jesus, look after my poor little children, Patrick and Augustine and John. Watch over my poor wife, Bid. Guide them and guard them. Help me to work for them as long as I live."

It was his silence that wounded me, and the bewilderment in his eyes. Could it have been that he was shocked by this passionate clash with his own kind of small-farmer folk in that early-morning tussle on those windy uplands? If so, it was well for him that his retirement age came before 1916, when the revolutionary spirit spread all over the country. During the Troubles, as we were ironically to call those dangerous but very happy years, the Force was to stand to its guns against the rebels almost to a man; so, I know, would he have done, stubbornly, however bewildered by it all, not, to be sure, after any deep conscience-searchings about the conflicting demands involved in the idea of loyalty, but for a quite simple and unarguable reason: "Oh, please, dear, kind Jesus, look after my poor little children . . . Help me to work for them as long as I live."

Men like my father were dragged out in those years and shot down as traitors to their country. Shot for cruel necessity — so be it. Shot to inspire necessary terror — so be it. But they were not traitors. They had their loyalties, and stuck to them.

I FEEL downcast that I can only remember my father like this, as a figure, almost as a type, rather than as a person. His own inner, private life is hidden from me completely. He is to me more of a myth than a man, a figure out of that time, out of that place, a symbol of childhood. Does it always happen when we live closely and long with a person or a place that we come to know it less and less, whether it be wife, husband, child, or town? With him this happens when I seize even on the one or two privacies of his life, such as his little brown locked box, always on a shelf in the kitchen. To my mother this was a "Bluebeard" chamber," about which she used to tease him, to his great annoyance, saying, "I wonder what have you at all, at all, in that little brown box. Maybe a little roll of pound notes? Ha?"

I think it contained his razors, possibly a few family letters, possibly a couple of pound notes. I associate it with his one relaxation, a bet on a horse now and again. After all, he had been born in the Queen's County, which borders on County Kildare, both famous racing counties. Down there he had a friend who was supposed to be "in the know," one

Philly Behan, a starter or a starter's assistant on the Curragh. To Philly, now and again, he would send a present of a ham, and from Philly there would come now and again a letter which he might, though rarely, leave on the shelf and which my mother would guiltily read. "There is some talk about a promising three-year-old, Flyaway, trained by Hartigan, for the June meeting, and if Canty is up I would say that he would be worth a bet both ways." But when I would hear those words I would not think of his tremors or expectations so much as of the green wonder of the Curragh plain, about which he often talked to us, or of the Great Heath of Maryborough near his boyhood home, and of all that far-off country from which he, and therefore I, had come. For me the little brown box held green fields, yellow heather, and galloping horses. In this way he really was a bit of the Irish myth, and a bit also of the imperial myth, and through their blended ambitions and pieties he achieved wholeness.

He had one other precious dream. Every so often there would come in the post a copy of a local paper from Kildare or the Queen's with advertisements of forthcoming auctions of farms marked in red ink:

Four miles from *Emo*. Thirty Acres of useful grazing land. Farmhouse and outhouses. . . . *Kildangan*.
Twenty-seven acres, three roods of Fine Arable Land. . . . Near *Kiladoon* —

It was the pipe dream of a man who had not enough money to farm a window box, the uprooted peasant longing for his mother earth, incomplete, unwhole, mortally vulnerable away from it. There must have been thousands like him in the Force. He reminds me that we had a semipermanent lodger one year named Ross, a retired sergeant of the Force. He was a finely built man, now gray, though you could see by his eyelashes that he had once been redheaded, with flowing mustaches still russet, partly from his pipe, but also from rude, persistent health. He was a figure of fun to us children because he was always talking aloud to himself, so loudly that even through the ceiling we could sometimes hear him in his room mixing up his memories of barrack yard and farm haggard: "Yessir! Nosir! At once! Attention! Dismiss! Halt! Whoa, back, wheel! Gee-up! That's the gurl! G'wan! Pike it up there, Jim. Fine hay! Dismiss! Yessir! Nosir! At once, sir!"

He had never married. He lived and died on those two memories.

I wonder what my father dreamed on his happy nights. When we talk about squares how we simplify! In every square is there a buried myth? I think I am trying to persuade myself that there is. I want desperately to believe that my father was larger than I must otherwise think. He was so evidently, so accusingly, a good man, a loyal servant,

an upright citizen, a pious Christian, a good father, that I cannot believe in him as a man at all unless he had, also, some purely personal dream outside of those social virtues. I do not want to think of my father as a Father. By being my Father he is lost to me, as, for all I know, I am lost to my children. Perhaps I must accept the truth, miserably: that he, happily, lost himself in his children. It makes me feel so ungriving, so helpless, when it is too late to explain to him that if he had not been so good I might now admire him less but might then have loved him more.

MY MOTHER'S maiden name was Bridget Murphy. She came from a twenty-five-acre farm called Loughill, on the banks of the little River Deel, two or three miles from the town of Rathkeale, deep in the flat, flat lands of West Limerick. She was very tall, slim as a reed, and quite beautiful, with liquid, sapphire eyes shadowed by an inborn melancholy. She laughed a lot, and when she laughed she swayed over like a reed in the wind. I am always reminded of her when I see, or evoke, the little blue lochs of Limerick, its pale albino sky, its gray stone walls, its winding limestone roads, dust-deep or mud-greasy, its outcropping rocks, its soft meadows, its wind flowing over them as if they were water. She had that blend in her of the soft and the hard, the melancholy and the tender, the dreamy and the harsh, the pitiable and the pitiless. I loved her dearly as a boy, I ceased to love her as a youth, I pitied her as a grown man. She was deeply pious, but it was not a happy piety. Her religious melancholy withered everything it touched like a sirocco.

My mother shared my father's ambition for her children. She expressed it in a phrase that she dinned into us day after day. "Rise in the world!" To do this we must be educated, which meant that we must be educated to get good jobs. This meant that we must work hard, and this in turn meant that we were severely disciplined. Because of this any outsider observing us three brothers must have thought that we led a wretchedly dull life; and in some ways we did. Our daily routine was adamant. We rose at eight, except during Lent, when my mother would awaken us at half past six for seven o'clock Mass, often having to tear the bedclothes aside before she could rouse us from our drugs of sleep. At such moments you must see the three of us strewn in one big featherbed like three white-robed puppets, a bed so big that it almost filled our attic bedroom at the tip-top of the house.

I must pause at the mention of these attics. They were garrets that had originally been intended as boxrooms. Their ceilings sloped to the floor like tents, and they were lighted and ventilated only by

skylights, which were raised by means of notched bars. When it rained heavily we could not open the sloping windows more than an inch, and in the hottest weather they could not be opened higher than the length of the brief bar. The result was that in the summer the garrets were too hot, and in the winter too cold: there was, of course, no way of heating them. Nevertheless, when we moved into this house — I am now talking of Number 16 Half Moon Street, to which we went after a few years in Number 5, our first house over the quayside pub, sideways to the stage door — my mother saw at once that if we used the garrets as sleeping quarters, she would have more bedrooms for her lodgers; so she occupied one garret, my father another, we three children slept in a third, and the servant girl, or slavey, had the fourth. Since my mother used the large space outside these four partitioned-off garrets as a drying room, we often made our way to bed between damp curtains of shirts, sheets, and tablecloths. That we slept in attics was therefore not so much a measure of our poverty as of our parsimony, and another token of the thrifty principle that dominated all our lives — my father's and mother's constant anxiety to make enough extra money to give their three children a good education. Here I am not trying to suggest that we were not really poor: a father of three children earning one pound sterling per week was a poor man even by pre-1914 values. I am saying that we, that is, my father and mother, were of that class of poor folk who refuse to accept their poverty and all the natural and easy compensations of poverty. One may be happy though poor; to be poor, frugal, parsimonious, and ambitious is quite another matter. It leads to a dull degradation of life. This dragging us out of our warm cocoon of sleep at half past six of a cold morning was part of it.

As we three sleep-heavy children stirred or turned in the unwelcome cold my mother would cry heartily to us.

"Up! Up! Rise from your slumbers! Woe to the weak and lukewarm of heart, I spit them out of my mouth. Up! Up! Come to me all ye who labor and are burthened and I will refresh ye. Think of the poor souls suffering in purgatory at this minute, waiting for your prayers. Think of poor Ned Keating who used let ye in free to the Opera House and died only last month. Is this your return to him? Up! Up with ye! Say but the word and my soul shall be healed. A fine, bright, cold, hardy morning with the crow putting out his tongue and ye still in bed!"

At that raw spring hour, mid-February or early March, the sky would be as beautifully cold as a mackerel, bluish white at its base, everywhere else a dark bruise-blue, except where gas lamps in the streets let in a pale-green-whitish yellow, and to my

memory it seems as if always there had just been a soft fall of rain. The slavey would still be snoring in her attic, the kitchen fire black, the streets empty and silent, damp and cold, and I fear my prayers were mostly damp and cold too. There was always for me an exciting, strange beauty in those dark and empty streets in contrast with the suddenly bright church. Afterward they were less interesting; the sky had lightened, the lamps were extinguished, a few other people were abroad — a milkman, the first tram, early workers. I felt less special.

After breakfast we went off to school, the three of us together, walking there in all weathers, since pennies for trams were as scarce as pennies for pocket money. Not that we even had any such thing as pocket money, barring a halfpenny now and again to buy sweets, shared between us with meticulous justice, so that if an odd sweet was left over we drew lots for it. From school we returned at three o'clock, directly, strictly forbidden to loiter on the way and, above all, forbidden to consort with "bare-footed little boys," "corner boys," or "blackguards." This meant that we never met with or played with our fellows out of school. Indeed, throughout my entire childhood I did not have a single friend. After dinner, eaten in the kitchen, our sole living room since every other room was given up to the lodgers, we were sent off, again in a bunch, for the usual walk up Wellington Road and down Saint Luke's, dropping in along the way to some church to say the Stations of the Cross. On our return from this daily walk we would sit at the long kitchen table to do our homework until supper-time, and after it we would study again unless it was our night for the Confraternity or one of those divine nights when we had a free ticket for the play at the Opera House. And so to bed, up the long stairs, carrying a candle in a candlestick, first on the carpeted stretch, then on the lino stretch, and lastly on the bare boards with the nails shining like silver, into the attics.

WE LIVED much in our imaginations, day and night. Lying in our big bed, in our sloping attic, seeing in the skylight the curved moon and the passing night clouds or the upthrown glow of the city or the rain streaming down the pane, my eldest brother, Pat, became Emperor Two-Toe, my next eldest brother, Gus, became Brother Kangaroo, and I was the Pigeon. And, like a pigeon, I would fall asleep in my loft while they still wandered through the forests or bounced over the plains. We even invented our own newspaper, called either *Capo* or *Da Capo*, I now forget which, with news, more or less genuine, about the doings of 5 Half Moon Street and of Cork city, in that order of importance.

How else did we break out of the dull circle of our days? Once or twice a year there were races in Cork Park, and then we might be given a whole penny apiece, to spend hopelessly yet hopefully on the traveling gamesters' tables. Once a year a show called Poole's Miorama visited the city, and the whole school was encouraged to go. This miorama was a development of the diorama or panorama, which was originally one large revolving cylinder of painted scenery, invented sometime in the eighteenth century by an Irishman named Barker. Poole had elaborated the idea into two cylinders, one on each side of the stage, which unwound long spools of scenery while a lecturer expatiated. We saw *Milan Cathedral by Day*; a drum rolled, the front lights were extinguished, from behind the canvas bright lights shone prettily through all the colored windows, and we applauded with delight to see *Milan Cathedral by Night*. We saw a great ship by day; a drum rolled, the lights went out in front and on behind, and the great, lighted ship had its nose in the air and its stern under the waves. Can this have been the *Titanic*? 1912? It could have been, for my first moving picture was the famous *Quo Vadis* of 1913, after which the cinema ended such static travelogues as Poole's.

There were other exceptional days, mostly Sundays, when my father took us out of the city into the nearby countryside, from which we brought home wild flowers or green branches. These excursions had to be rare because they meant that he must spend four pennies to take us on the tram to the edge of the city, from which we would then start to walk along the riverside into the fields. I, with my shorter legs, was a bit of a burden to the others, I tired so easily. I can remember his carrying me on his back part of the way home and spending a fifth penny to send me on the tram for the last lap, while he, Pat, and Gus manfully trudged the whole way to our door.

A frugal existence? Very. An impoverished life? Perhaps. Yet I refuse to say one harsh word against Sister Poverty. If only we had been truly poor and not just parsimonious! Our crime against Sister Poverty was, for ambition's sake, to disown her who wanted to grow up with us, sleep with us, suffer with us, give us dreamings and longings beyond price, raise the value of every least and humblest pleasure sky-high, make our sands grow golden woods. She did it one Christmas when our father and mother's gift was a whole, bright shilling — twelve whole pennies! twenty-four ha'pennies! — to be spent between the three of us on anything on earth our hearts desired. We pressed our noses to every shopwindow in the city, big windows and little windows, in big streets and back streets, until in the end we settled for a clockwork train made up of a green and black engine about the size of a

mouse, two carriages, and a circular rail about twelve inches in diameter. That was Poverty, a beneficent Poverty who, with us, watched that little mouse-engine run around its single circle, on one winding, five and a half times nonstop, drawing after it all of its two carriages; and running its circle several times more, though dangerously fast, without any carriages at all. I can still smell that engine. I can taste its enamel. We took turns at winding it, warning one another to do it slowly, to be gentle with its delicate mechanism. When we found that the black tin roofs could slide off we put corks inside for passengers. We put cotton wool in the funnel for steam. We made cardboard stations named after real stations. We made stations marked Birmingham and Chester. We went to Rome, and beyond it, on the Orient Express, to holy Constantinople.

I COME back to those garrets fit only for trunks or mice, old hatboxes, portmanteaus with peeling labels, bats, spiders, suicides, murders, anything but for living in. What a view of heaven they gave me time and time again over the blue roofs and the river, at the cataracts of blue-slatted houses, at Shandon tower, over far-off dark-green fields to the northwest, over Montenotte's villas semaphoring at night like fireflies under the wide, pallid, cloud-moving sky. They had one small square window in the gable wall, and sitting on the floor beside it I would read halfpenny fairy tales; later, *The Magnet*, *The Gem*, or the weekly adventures of *Sexton Blake*; later still, all of Henty, Dumas, Dickens, and Scott, borrowed from the Free Library.

It was the one part of the house where I could be alone, and I loved its loneliness. Even the hum of the streets was muffled. It was pleasant even to sit there on the stair top or the floor and daydream, for these attics, though bare, were spotless, discolored in pale-green; and in each garret my mother had erected an altar made of disused orange boxes, draped in stiffly starched lace dyed in tea, with colored plaster statues of the Virgin, Saint Francis, Saint Anthony, Saint Joseph surrounding an immense Christ in blue and red garments edged with gold, all of them surrounded by little, pious pictures in pretty gilt-wire frames and, in the summer, crowded about with vases of wild flowers, white marguerites with brown centers, yellow cowslips, primroses, pink clover, snowy may, river irises, the common buttercup. Before each statue a small light burned, growing larger as evening fell, comforting the darkness, a small wick-light floating on a cork in colza oil under a dome of glass colored red or blue or yellow or green. Before each altar there would be a strip of carpet from the remnant sales. The rest of the boards were scrubbed

as white as a hound's tooth. Here, whenever I had to remain in bed all day, ill, I might have been with the rooks on top of an old country castle, or in the highest branches of some great tree, so quiet it was. Voices from downstairs had to be pitched high for me to hear them. I could not hear the door knock-knock's thud. When my mother or the servant girl had brought me up my late, invalid's breakfast — a poached egg on a thick slab of buttered toast, with strong, sweet tea — and left me, I sank into a beatific solitude that, in after years, has not been surpassed by the loneliest moor or solitary mountain loch.

We played here on wet days, sometimes acting out puppet plays which we wrote ourselves on a mock stage made of a kitchen stool draped by a towel, with paper scenes cut out of old magazines, and carved corks moved from behind by hatpins for our puppet actors. I often went up there to act, alone; to become Robin Hood, Bonnie Prince Charlie, or Bonaparte. Once when, as the Emperor, I was haranguing my gallant troops to mow down the English dogs, I was chagrined to see my brother's eyes goggling at me over the edge of the stairway and hear him utter a prolonged and highly vulgar series of *haw, haw, haw, haws!* How curious that I still remember that trifling moment. But nearly everything that I remember from my childhood puzzles me by its insistence. Why do I remember *x* when I have forgotten *y*? Yet, can anybody be sure that he has not absorbed *y* while apparently forgetting it? If all mortal creation, in Saint Augustine's tremendous image, is a vast sponge in the middle of a sea of Infinity, the only part of us which must then be not the absorbent sponge is our surfaced brain, peering around like a greedy cormorant, while all the rest, and perhaps best, of us is deep in the glaucous sea. A pleasant thought, good sirs! If true, it makes this autobiography pointless since it means that what I most wish to record is what I have absorbed so deeply as to have incontinently forgotten.

A dull, even a dismal, childhood? Now I am ready to admit it. But then? I do not know. In the effort to find out I can only struggle to submerge. Where are all those special, however tiny, flashes and bursts of happiness that I know must have possessed me? Gone? Become part of my bloodstream? Or inexpressible? (As Pavese says: "The richest part of our memories are those we have lost.") I dive once more. Do you know what I bring up? Those buttercups in my mother's altars, yellow and greasy, like wet lacquer, as wonderful as my mouse-engine, and I mean wonder-full. As wonder-full as when somebody at school gave me a single scarlet runner bean that I planted in a pot, and that actually grew and broke into a red flower on the bathroom windowsill overlooking roofs, river, clock

tower, and hills. As wonder-full as when another boy casually gave me a handful of strange things called chestnuts, and when I removed the prickly burr there, like a dark, precious stone in white velvet, lay the fruit, shining like mahogany. I rushed back to him to ask, where did these things come from? From the earth? From trees? The knowledge in his laughter was that of a necromancer. It must have been a dull childhood if I can remember only such little things!

I dive again and surface with a vision of delight — the incandescent mantle of a gas jet. When you light it first, it seems to burn to a cinder, then the gas enters the delicate bag of white ash and there is a red glow, changing quickly to yellow, then to a gleaming green glow as the temperature rises, until the whole globe beams as if filled by a full moon in March. But this beautiful vision, I realize, has never left me. It comes back to me whenever I wander in a gaslit town, or when I read about radiant energy and Max Planck and his quanta, or when I have looked out at dusk over the Place de la Concorde's gaslit benignity from the terrace of the Tuileries gardens. (Alas, only last year they changed those delicate greenish gas-blooms to those hard things ill-named electric bulbs.)

I see every window in the city — every single one! — gleaming with candles in rows, from streets to roofs, for a papal jubilee. I see and hear and feel the excitement of the political meetings: with bands blaring and drumsticks whirling, partisans fighting, tar barrels blazing, each shouldered by four men, rocketing windy spars to the sky, women screaming, women waving their colored shawls, orators roaring; and in the background, the lines of black-coated bobbies stolidly watching to keep the peace or to start a baton charge. On such nights ours was a lively world. In later years (but before any of us had left Cork for wider horizons) we used to say, boastfully, that the liveliness of Cork must be just like the liveliness of a sixteenth-century city in one of the small city-states of Italy. But, then, did not someone say that Athens was the Cork of Greece? And another — because there is so much water in, under, and around Cork — say that Venice would be very like Cork city if they only filled in the canals?

LET me tell you about the Coat. It is a symbol of everything I came to hate and despise in this humble, ambitious, shabby-genteel life of ours. The Coat was sewn together for me, laboriously and painfully, by my mother out of the material of one of my father's cast-off uniforms. Now, these tough uniforms were made of a material so closely woven, and then shrunk, or felted, that they could have kept out everything except a bullet. In spite of all

my mother's art as a seamstress she failed to control the obdurate material, with the result that, when she had reduced the paternal jacket to the size of a boy's body, the Coat curved out like a church bell all around my bottom, my two shoulders peaked up like two epaulettes, and my two arms were encased in two tubes. I nearly wept when I saw it, and again the next day when, clad, or confined, in it, I was sent most unwillingly to school, where my companions laughed so mercilessly at me in the school-room, at playtime, in the yard, and on my way home that I refused to wear it again. My mother could not, or professed not to be able to, see what was wrong with it, holding it up, admiring it eloquently, fitting it on me again and again. To no purpose! I still looked like a sable-skirted fay, a minute South American mute. My mother begged. I insisted, obstinately and tearfully. In the end I had my way. The Coat lay around or rather stood around for months, until one day the Bottle Woman called.

This woman was a barefooted, beshawled shrimp of a creature who came to our door periodically to buy empty bottles and our cast-offs. (*Our* cast-offs!) The usual heap was thrown on the tiled floor of the hall, and the usual bargaining began. A shilling for this. Sixpence for that. Suddenly she spied the Coat, snatched it up, held it up, turned it around and around, and then, with a wild peal of laughter, she cried, "For God's sake, Missus Whalen, what in Heaven's name is *dat*?"

My mother snatched it from her and flung it on the heap.

"Sixpence," she said.

The Bottle Woman shook her head sorrowfully, as if she were saying, "Now, I'd like to be a philanthropist, Missus Whalen, but —" She shook her head at fivepence, and at fourpence, and even at tuppence she would not have the coat. I, leaning over the balustrade, prayed that the Bottle Woman would at least give a penny for it. My mother would not stoop that low. Preserving her dignity as a true lady she said grandly, "You may have it as a handse!"

The Bottle Woman was too polite not to accept the gift, too honest to suppress a deep sigh as she took the piece of armor; and with as deep a sigh I leaned up from the balustrade and went upstairs to my attic window to inform all Cork of my blessed release from the shame of my masquerade.

For this was what our whole life was: a pretense that we were not what we were, a bobby, a bobby's wife, and a bobby's kids. We were shabby-genteels at the lowest possible social level, always living on the edge of false shames and stupid affectations, caught between honorable ambitions and pathetic fears, between painful strugglings and gallant strivings, never either where we were or where we

hoped to be, Janus-faced, throwing glances of desire and admiration upward and ahead, glances of hatred or contempt downward and behind. But I wonder, even as I talk about this life of the shabby-genteel that I saw on all sides of me as a boy and a youth, whether anybody today can form any idea of what genteelism meant in the British Isles before the twenties began to make hay of it and the thirties and forties finally threw it out the door. Certainly none of my American readers will understand the term or be able to form any feeling for what it once meant. Even their dictionaries — if the one before me is typical — do not know what the word means; for what this lexicographer says it means is, “Belonging or suited to polite society, well-bred, refined, elegant, stylish.” The true meaning points to the effort to be all those things and the transparent failure to be any of them. One has probably to go back to the novelists to get the tragicomic sense of the word. Thackeray gives it to us; so do Dickens, Gissing, Wells, Bennett, Italo Svevo; it outcrops in Forster; it is all over the stories of V.S. Pritchett. Of American writers, only one drew inspiration from this half-gray life of the ambitious poor, and she, being a Bostonian, had not the courage to depict more than a quarter of what she knew so well and had so painfully experienced — Louisa Alcott in that almost-great novel *Little Women*.

THE world was not yet quite the world to me, nor I a being in it. As we say about halfwits, I was not all there. An existentialist would say I was not yet *un être dans le monde*, not aware enough of the world, indeed, hardly aware of it at all. I had by-passed the canonical age of reason, which the Church, and I think some states, optimistically put at the age of seven. Yet, as in the penumbral hour before sunrise, there were hints of light, much as the spring breathes invisibly on the ice of winter whose thaw has no fixed day. Understanding was on the way, in nuclear bits and pieces, like a Salvador Dali madonna. She came as slowly as a well fills.

All my moments of understanding have been like that — accumulations of minute experience, drop after drop, each unobserved at the time, brimming over at least as a little or a great fountain of light.

Here is a small, absurd instance of this from much later when I was twenty-five. I give it here as an illustration of what I mean by a brimming. For years I had enjoyed, as most Irish people enjoy, the hot and vivid pleasures of aimless disputation; for it is of the essence of the Irish love of argument that the destination of a discussion shall never be considered as interesting as the journey. Indeed, Irish talkers consider it rather bad form to arrive at any destination at all since this at once ends the

pleasure of dispute for its own sweet sake. Anyway, there is always somebody in every group of Irish talkers whose role it is to inject a joke whenever the discussion does seem on the point of coming to the point, after which it can easily be resumed again at a safe tangent from this lamentable fate. On this brimming day, in my twenty-fifth year, while I walked somewhere beside a young professor, to whom I shall always be grateful for his unconscious gift of the good example, he stopped me dead in the middle of whatever logomachic argument I was unfolding in my happily aimless way, turned to me, and, to my supreme astonishment, said, “You know I think you have made a very useful point there in our discussion.”

The admission reduced me to immediate silence. Never before had any opponent granted me as much, or anybody granted the like in my presence to anybody else. At that moment something in my nature, hitherto only partially guessed at, fountained up so appealingly as not to be denied. I beheld for the first time stretching out before me the calm and elegant satisfactions of constructive discussion as against the heady joys of purely contentious shindyism. If at this my good reader should find himself raising his shoulders in a prolonged shrug of astonishment, I assure him that I find myself doing the same. But not, possibly, for his reason. I shrug at the realization that when this little fountain of light sank down countless others elsewhere all over the world must have also been pulsing. I am happy to think that when I am dead those fountains of both the littlest and the largest knowledge will go on playing all over the world. I mean that I suspect most people have those brimmings-over, though somewhat earlier than at twenty-five, and that it is in this way that we are to learn whatever little or much we learn from life.

I was not generally so retarded. When I was fifteen two large pools of understanding began to lick the brims of my being. After they, at last, fountained over me, those parts of my being were flooded for years. The first began this way:

When I was about fifteen I suddenly began to think, very sadly, that my mother had not a great deal of brains. It took only a very little longer for me to decide despairingly that she had no brains at all. I came to this sad conclusion because she, like her own mother, was always getting into debt, and always moaning about it and doing nothing about it. I loved her so much that I could not bear to see her miserable, so I resolved to help by becoming her private accountant. I procured somewhere the remains of an old blue-covered ledger — so large that United Steel could have recorded their entire consolidated accounts in it — sat my mother beside me that very afternoon on the sagging horsehair sofa in the kitchen, and

said in a kindly but firm voice: "Now, Mother, in future I want you to keep your accounts properly. Your trouble is quite simple. If you are getting into debt you are spending more on your lodgers than you are receiving from them."

"Ah, sure, child!" she assured me with a sigh and a laugh. "I'm getting nothing at all out of them. I don't know why I have them at all, at all, only for the sake of the handling of the money."

"But, Mother, there is no meaning to handling money unless you can show a profit also. Now, let us begin. This left-hand side is the debit side."

She looked at my vast ledger.

"Debit? Oh, faith, if that's where I put what I owe I can soon fill it for you."

"No, no! Debit *in*. Credit *out*. This is not a personal account. This is a cash account."

"Cash? Look at my purse. Four and sixpence, and it only Wednesday."

"Let me explain, Mother. On the debit side you list what you take in."

"Damn little, then!" she laughed.

"If that be so it means simply that you are not charging the artistes for everything you spend on them. But now that we are going to keep proper accounts, this cannot happen over again. You will see it all at one glance. Now! We begin here. We write down, 'To Balance.' That's what you have left over from last week."

She stared at me.

"Are you joking? Sure I have nothing left over from last week!"

"But you must have something left over from last week! Otherwise you ran the business at a loss last week! Which is impossible! When the artistes go next Sunday you must sit down at once and write down your cash in hand."

"I do be so tired, child," she sighed. "I do be very tired."

"It stands to reason that by the time the artistes leave next Sunday you should still have something left from the batch of the week before —"

"Four and sixpence."

"— or else all you are doing is spending exactly the same as you take in, week after week, and making no profit at all for yourself."

At this she began to get annoyed with me.

"I spend far more than I take in! Every week of my life it's everything going out and nothing coming in. Sure, they have me ruined! Haven't I told you that over and over again? Ruined!"

"Mother! I have explained to *you* that it is impossible. It could not happen. You would be bankrupt."

"I am, and bankrupt forty times over."

I patted her hand. "Mother, when we keep these accounts you will see things very differently. You will be surprised. You will be delighted.

Now, this left-hand side is the credit side. No! I mean this *right-hand* side. You are confusing me."

"Ah. If I hadn't the credit where would I be? Only for Ma Sullivan trusting me, and Smith's in Patrick Street, and the butcher, and —"

"Mother! Debit *in*! Credit *out*! You're not listening to me. I'll give you a good slap. On the credit side you write down the total of all your bills paid out. No! Paid in. No! Paid *out*! You really mustn't interrupt me! Now that total must, simply *must*, be much less than your debit side. So you must subtract what you paid out from what you take in, and that is your balance to be carried down. That is called balancing your books."

"Carried down?" she said, pointing.

"To balance your books," I said, pointing left and right.

"To balance my books? That's an easy way, in faith, to balance my books!"

"Then you write that same amount of balance carried down as balance carried forward for the following week."

Her voice rose here to a shocked squeak. "But where did you get that seventy-five pounds you have written down there?"

"I just put that down for the sake of example. That's your profit to be carried forward for next week."

"I told you five and forty times I make no profit."

It was my turn to cry out in a shocked squeak. "But your credit *out* has to be less than your debit *in*. The bills you pay out to the grocer, and the butcher, and the bread man, and the coal man, and all the rest of them *have* to be less than what you take in. It stands to reason!"

She laid her palm on the page of my ledger. "My poor child, you are talking about what you don't understand. I am like my poor mother long ago in Loughill. Many and many's the time I saw her when she'd sell a cow or a pig at the fair of Rathkeale, and had the money in the heel of her fist, putting on her bonnet and tackling the pony and cart to drive up to Knockaderry. She'd pay a bit here and stop a gap there. So much against this. So much against that. When she had it she gave it. It's all I do from week to week. Rob Peter. Pay Paul. Carry on, as she used to say. Carry on until ye carry me out. Carried down? Carried forward? Close your big book, alannah! You are very kind and very clever. But it's no use. You can't get blood out of a turnip."

And she rose and went to the sink for a glass of cold water as I had often seen her do before, and as she, by her own telling, had often seen her mother do back in Limerick, creeping out under the stars to sit with her beads by the well in the haggard, when her family of girl children were in bed and the weight of the worries came down on her

like the fog over the River Deel. That was the first stage of this brimming.

FROM that day on the hopeless pathos of her life, as I saw it, oppressed me, first as an emotional burden and then as a moral problem — “Why must life be like this?” — until I felt that I must share them both with somebody better able to handle them than myself. But this stage of the process was slow. Perhaps the first brimming had subsided? Perhaps by some sort of psychical unconscious the Divine Plumber had fed it away into another nearby pool, there to bring about the final and complete flood. It did not take place until at least another decade had passed over me, dropping more troubling thoughts into my “why-must-life-be-like-this?” compartment. Those other thoughts and questions are the usual mysteries that have troubled boyhood and early youth since time began, such as my wonder at God’s knowledge which ran somewhat like this:

“If God knows everything — and my Catechism has said that ‘God knows all things, even our most secret thoughts and actions’ — does He follow the career of every blade of grass in every field throughout the vast spaces of the globe? In that case, is not everything I do of theological importance, even to the blowing of my nose? Should I therefore not concern myself about each and every action I perform without exception including the blowing of my nose? Otherwise why should men have noses at all?”

(The sexual symbolism is evident, as it also is in another of my questions about the importance of all our organs in the ontological argument for the being of God — namely, “If existence is a property discoverable in the concept of a Creator are not *all* the physical attributes of man’s existence involved in this argument?”)

As these and many other such wonderings increased and became unbearably insistent I found that they all led back to my mother’s sighs over her purse. They and she included and summed up everything: the sighing wind over the Limerick plain; her mother sighing by the well at midnight; Uncle Tom Cosgrave, with his stooped back and the wen on his neck; Aunt Nan, with her wide, vacant laugh and her simple, childless life; all her emigrant sisters; that tiny farm of Loughill out of which so many lives, so many generations had been squeezed in tears and sweat; the sudden killing of my cousin Tom Boyhan in 1915. My mother thus became for me Ivan Karamazov’s one innocent child whom God allowed to be assaulted, a prime instance of the seeming monstrous and cruel mystery of the world He created.

The day on which I came to the end of my tether I was at the university, and the usual annual retreat for students was opening in the Honan Chapel, a pretty modern-Romanesque building whose Harry Clarke windows disperse Beardsleyan purples and scarlets over the gray limestone walls and the cool mosaics on the floor. The retreat was conducted by a visiting preacher, an ascetic-looking old man, rather like John Henry Newman in his oratory days, and in his opening sermon the cool mind he displayed greatly pleased me. He appeared to me to be such a reasonable and kindly man that when, after two days, I knew that I was not going to complete the retreat because my faith had now ebbed so low that unless I did something about it I would soon be left marooned on a sandbank in a sea of faithlessness, I decided to talk to him about my mother.

Now, this small decision of mine involves something that may not be apparent immediately to non-Catholics, especially to such as are unfamiliar with Irish life, and possibly even to Irish Catholics of a younger generation than mine: namely, that Catholic youths in my time did not normally talk to their priests about their problems; their priests talked to them. This relationship was based on the postulate that while the Catholic religion is intellectually impregnable, the gift of faith is too tender a flower to be submitted to the cold winds of private speculation. So, while our priests always treated sin with infinite kindness and pity, doubt was much more than likely either to be considered as a manifestation of intellectual vanity or to be traced to the reading of “bad books” or the keeping of “bad company.” Religion in Ireland has always tended thereby to flower as a mystical experience and to wilt as an intellectual possession. Buttressed by emotional appeal and social habit rather than by thought or reason, it has even tended to disappear completely when transferred to other climates, unless, as happened with the close-knit Irish communities of nineteenth-century America, it meets elsewhere a familiar soil wherein to transplant, or replant, itself as cosily as before. Even today it is notorious that Irish emigrants are barely landed in England when they cease, in droves, to practice their religion; and yet, when those same emigrants return to Ireland, they at once resume the ways they had so lightly discarded.

All this, it should go without saying, was still hidden from me at the time of my college retreat. I fear I must reveal myself as an imperceptive, slow-developing, and rather dreamy sort of fool when I admit that it did not really become plain to me until I was in my first forties. I find the date of this revelation in an old diary — January, 1944; the place, London; the location, the Etoile Restaurant in Charlotte Street, just north of Soho, where I was

caught that night by a prolonged air raid and found myself, by one of those friendly chances that often occurred in wartime London, conversing with an English Catholic bishop. I asked his opinion about these Irish immigrants who in such large numbers — he put it as high as 65 percent — stopped practicing their religion while in Britain, and something like the following interchange took place.

"Is it not true," he said, "that to miss Mass on Sunday is regarded in Ireland as a very grave sin?"

Having been brought up to believe that it can be a mortal sin, sufficient to damn a soul for all eternity. I could only reply wonderingly that it is indeed so regarded.

He paused. "I think," he said, "that you do not quite follow my trend. I mean, the missing of Mass is so regarded socially? A man who visibly did not go to Mass on Sunday would be considered by his community as a sinner, would he not?"

Still not seeing his trend I could only answer that if any man were known in his locality to be a regular Mass-misser, he would be regarded as unfit for any responsible position: for which reason, if for no other, he would be at considerable pains not only not to miss Sunday Mass visibly, but would be at considerable pains to attend Mass as visibly as possible. I ventured to add: "Some wit has said of us that on the Continent there are those who are both *croyants* and *pratiquants*, those who are *croyants* but not *pratiquants*, and those who are neither *croyants* nor *pratiquants*; but that in Ireland we have many who are not *croyants* but are very diligent *pratiquants* indeed for the reasons I have just adumbrated."

He passed the quip by. He went on: "So powerful a social stigma must cut deeply into the consciousness of your young people. An Irish worker comes here to England. Let us say he drinks too much one Saturday night and does not wake up in time for Mass. He breaks thereby both a divine injunction and the ancient customs of his people. He feels an outcast not only from his God but from his race. It is as if he had a double secret on his conscience. He is afraid and ashamed to confess so terrible a sin. Not so with, say, a young Belgian or Frenchman, who will rationalize what he has done, feel sorry but have no sense of fear. He knows he has not lost his religion. He feels quite calm about his lapse. He confesses and easily resumes where he has left off. I sometimes wonder which is the easier to lose, the faith that is more lightly accepted, or the faith which is too intensely felt."

IT MAY be understood, then, that I was doing something rather unusual for my earlier period and place, when I went one day, after the morning

sermon, into the confessional and fully exposed my mind to the old priest who was conducting the retreat. I told him that since I could not confess at all until I had cleared up my problem, I would like to meet him for a frank talk outside the confessional, and it was so arranged. I went to his rooms that afternoon, and over the teacups I let it all pour out of me. He listened silently to my outpourings and my questions. Why should people be so poor and hard-pressed? Why must their spirits be broken? My mother was a good woman, she worked hard, she was most devout, yet here she was without joy, without happiness, harassed day and night. I revealed the darkest of her secrets — that she was gradually being driven to take refuge in the brandy bottle. Why, I asked again and again, must such things be? How could God allow them to happen? His answer was to laugh.

"If I knew the old lady," he said, "perhaps I might be able to form some idea of her problem. But —"

"But it is not a question of *her* problem. The problem is mine. My question is why it has to happen at all."

And I once more poured out all my Karamazovian doubts and despairs. We exchanged a few questions and answers. Then: "You come here," he said at last in, as I now see, an understandably exasperated voice, "and calmly ask me to solve the insoluble problem of the existence of human evil! I ask *you*, Why do you think it must be so? I ask *you*, What do you propose to do about it?"

I have here to confess that I quailed. I suddenly felt the utterness of my folly in the justice of his question. I felt — perhaps he wished me to feel — a young ass. I began to retreat. I expressed my regrets. Seeing me become apparently contrite he softened, spoke of the mystery of evil, promised to pray for me, and that was the end of our interview.

As I walked away from his rooms across the empty quadrangle I could hear the sucking noise of the ebbing tide. As I wandered through the unseen streets I knew that I was not only a fool but a stranded fool. The next day I drove myself to try another, local priest, choosing a church as far away as possible from my own parish. I entered at random the first confessional I saw. I was a little more circumspect this time, speaking generally, tentatively, and humbly. The shadowed face behind the grille spoke of trials and crosses that we all must bear. I did not stress the burden and weary weight of the intolerable mystery and came away unappeased. That was the second stage of this brimming.

It took another decade before the pool finally overflowed. I was then applying for a teaching post in the university. An acquaintance came to me and said, "You won't get it, you know. Father X is against you."

"Father X? But I know no Father X. I never met him."

"Oh, yes, you did. You met him some years ago. At a retreat in the university."

My belly turned over with the pain of betrayal. And yet, he had not broken the seal of the confessional, for although I had first met him in the confessional it was in his rooms that I had opened my heart fully to him. He had the right to betray me.

But that is not the end of this story.

THAT brimming drowned me for years. It subsided only when at last I saw that my mother had had, for her purposes, far more intelligence than I ever had for mine. She had refused to keep out of debt not because she could not, but for the very simple reason that she did not want to. She wanted, for her children's sake, to press herself beyond her powers. She wanted to beat time, get her job done before it caught up with her, keep the breath of life in us, like the pelican, with her breast's blood until we were ready to leave the nest, and then let the sky fall. In her love for us she despised the mean idea of measurement. Besides, if she were to measure and look at her measurings, she would not only have to go through what she knew she had, in any case, to go through, but would have weakened herself by facing the magnitude of her ambitions and the certainty of her disaster. Does a soldier contemplate death when he faces it? If she had so few personal wishes, apart from her immense and obsessive master wish for her children, it was that she, too, was of fighting stock, like all peasants placed by fate against nature.

She expected no return. She did not even seem to expect as much love as she gave, and perhaps for not thinking about it she did not consciously love us at all, being content to serve us. For herself she desired nothing. She had a slightly pathetic, because unattainable, longing for elegance, a good deal of natural vanity, as much house pride as she could afford, but, apart from that never-achieved desire for pretty dresses, she had no real capacity or desire for pleasure. The greatest joy of her life, she often said when she was old, was the joy she got out of us, her three children, when we were young. After we grew up emptiness fell on her like the slow closing of a tomb.

She was in the classical sense a tragic figure, aiming too high, guilty of hubris, doomed to be broken. She was also something of a heroic figure, because though broken she was not defeated. She did make a priest of one son and give to the other the incomparable security of "a job under the crown." My career gave her no satisfaction, much worry, and some pain. I went completely outside

any pattern she could recognize or understand. I often wonder, closing my eyes at the very thought of it, what she must have suffered when my first book of stories was publicly banned in Ireland as being "indecent and obscene." Later I was "unbanned," but by then the harm was done.

It would be agreeable to sum her up in this way — a tragic and heroic woman, admired and loved. Alas, as happens with all men and women whose lives are ruled by a master wish, the terrifyingly obsessive one-sidedness of her life cut her off from everybody else's life. I was forcibly reminded of her when I came on Colette's observation on, of all people, professional courtesans: that any woman who devotes her life to love sacrifices all friendship. She had no time to be human, no time to be happy. She could not afford to let down her guard for so long. Her distrust of others was all-pervasive — though that may be another peasant weakness, their eyes always wandering fearfully up at the sky, their minds always reading the back of the other person's mind. She was more uncharitable than any other person I have ever met. If she had been a bird she would have been uttering warning cries all day long. Like all women who become slaves to their children, she not only exhausted her own emotions but ultimately killed the emotions of everybody around her. Ever since, I have had to struggle not to see all old women in her guise, self-worn as a seashell, drained at last of her life's devouring devotion, so indescribably disheartened and despondent at the end as to give me the impression that her spirit had already departed while her body was still waiting to die.

I used to feel this often in after years, between secret groans and secret grins, whenever I visited her to take her to a cinema or to a meal in town or to drive her out into the country to dine. She did, or so I sometimes made myself believe, enjoy these little excursions if only because she loved to eat; indeed, she generally overate — the last carnal pleasure left to the old. But no sooner would the excursion be over than she would belch a little and sigh, "Wisha, it would have been far better for me to have gone to the chapel and said my rosary." You may see why I have said, earlier, that my great love for her ended up as a hopeless pity. Yeats has written: "A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love." This is true, but not only in his sense. Pity is also a devouring worm coiled deep in the rose of love.

THAT first brimming began when I was fifteen, in a year from which I have another date to make a second brimming that was to affect my whole life. It was a wet night in January, 1915, and probably a

Monday, because that was the night on which I got free entry to the Opera House. I went there with no expectations above the ordinary. The name of the play was *Patriots*, which might easily have suggested my favorite theme of the proud patriotism of Empire, as illustrated by the stories of G. A. Henty, or even the French Revolution, rather than the more common English country-house comedy, opening with its classical exposition between butler and maid about master and mistress on the lines of:

Perkins! Do you realize that within five minutes, if the train to Maidstone is on time the master will come driving up that avenue on his return from his honeymoon in Nice with his new wife whom he met in Bombay, and that this very same evening his son by his first wife is expected from London accompanied by his fiancée, who is the daughter of the master's new wife by her first husband whom she met in Cawnpore? Isn't that a ree-markable coincidence Perkins? Most ree-markable!

I did not even notice the name of the author of the play that I was about to see. I had it would not have impressed me. It was as common as Jones or Smith. In fact, it was Robinson. The theater was half empty when the lights dimmed and the curtain rose — the old painted curtain showing the bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in scarlet spate, and the balustrade terrace in the foreground teeming with bougainvillaea. On the lighted stage I beheld, with an astonishment never before or since equaled for me by any theatrical spectacle, the parlor of a house in an Irish country town and my uncle Owen Boyhan. It will be gathered that I was seeing my first Abbey Theatre play.

I saw other familiars talking on the stage as naturally as if they were in my aunt's cottage in Rathkeale, or in old Bovanizer's parlor over his little provision shop in Main Street, or in any other such house there or in Newbridge that I had visited during my various summer holidays. This parlor on the stage — But why do I say stage? It was reality itself — was over a shop, all its antimacassarish details tenderly, delightfully, recognizably familiar: a geranium pot in the window, a chenille cloth covering the table, pictures of Robert Emmet and Pius X on the walls, the lace curtains old, padded furniture. As the talk went on, I gathered that, as in my imaginary English country-house comedy, a man was due to return to this house at any moment (though not from Nice) from several years in some English jail, and not with a new wife but back to his own wife, who had been saving herself to the bone to keep the business turning over while he was away. There was a lame girl in the house, his daughter, prematurely born on the terrible night of her father's arrest by policemen like my father. The returning husband was a Fenian rebel. Had not a certain Uncle Paudh of mine, from County Lim-

erick — it came back to me from some gossipings of my mother and Aunt Nan over the cottage fire — run off to Australia to escape arrest at the time of the Fenian uprising in '67? I had also read about the Fenians in some book, and I had heard my father utter harsh words about them.

Presently, I saw this actual Fenian, real and living, talking about Ireland's woes to young men not much more than six or seven years older than myself, and it was as when the lights of a passing motor-car show up at night a familiar face in a picture on the wall, never noticed before. The magnifying glass of the drama showed up my Uncle Paudh's face, though, confusingly, he — that is, the Fenian in the play — also looked like my Uncle John Haugh back in Loughill: the beard, the aquiline nose, the cutaway coat, the height; though instead of horselike strength, this man had an inner blazing power, unbroken by his backbreaking years in prison. It gradually transpired that he was still ready to lead the young men of Rathkeale in a fight for Ireland, and it also transpired that none of the young men wanted to fight for anything; they wanted only to go to that latest novelty, the moving pictures. Again, I had read of people fighting and dying for Ireland, but those had been people in cocked hats with gilt tassels and plumed feathers, waving swords like Lord Edward Fitzgerald or Robert Emmet, which in my view — or rather, in the view I had hitherto held — was the only proper and decent way for anybody to die for anything. The fantastic thought burst on me that in Rathkeale, even in Cork that night, there might be other real, living, exhaling-inhaling old men with these same noble, gallant, hopeless ideas. When I left the theater and walked out into the wet streets of Cork I will not say that I was changed, but I know that my eyes were dazzled and blinded.

IF I were now to rationalize what happened there and then to that boy of fifteen this is what I would say: Hitherto he had been led by the susceptibilities of his imaginative nature to form in his untutored mind idealized notions of everything. As far as the idealizing goes, this was natural, and I hold it to be good. Youth should idealize. And, damnit, so should old age. Certainly there are plenty of precedents for idealizing in art, from Phidias to Leonardo, Raphael, Velázquez, Courbet, Millet, Monet, the Fauves, Gauguin, Degas, Cézanne. Is there indeed any art even among the "realists," like Rembrandt, without some idealization? But I have said "idealized notions," and this is a very different matter. For a "notion" is a more or less general, vague, imperfect, deluding concept that could no more survive one touch of earth's experience than

a snowflake in May. I was the sort of boy who if given a chocolate-box picture of a girl would have said, "Aren't girls lovely!" unaware that I was looking not at an image of a real girl but at a bit of fancy shorthand, a hieroglyph, a pictograph of pipe-dream prettiness. At the same time, if I had been shown a painting of a real girl by one of the masters — Bronzino or Degas or Holbein — I might not have understood or liked it at all. These were men who had seen the inward beauty of real girlhood behind or through the outward appearance. They had seen actual life with heightened emotions. I had not. I had seen it only with the closed eyes of a dream. They had dreamed with their eyes wide open. They had dreamed on the stone pillow of hard fact. In one word, they had lived.

This boy I write of had not. He was warm-hearted, sensitive, tenderhearted, with longings for the noble, the beautiful, and the good, with many hopes of life, no fears, few suspicions, and no experience. Still, he *was* warmhearted and sensitive, with honorable longings and desires, as well, no doubt, as dishonorable longings and desires; and life, though in its blind cruelty it often does, by the million, crush such creatures, never wholly betrays them, other than in those cataclysms that make us either throw our fists up to heaven or whisper our last prayers to that X, that Somebody who, we still hope, on this side of near-despair, may know what He is doing. Life feeds such children, as one feeds motherless birds, with minute bits and scraps to begin with, and richer and perhaps tougher gobbets as their digestions grow in power. The boy had already seen touches of cruelty at school, poverty about him, wild street scenes, his father's shame in a moment of defeat, his mother's deep unhappiness, the hard lives of his forebears, heard their ancestral memories back to and behind the famine of the forties. These and many other such hints were stored in his pool of memory, though he could not yet see them as a man sees them. Before he could truly see anything of what we call the nature of life these hints of "real" life needed to be enlarged, enhanced, heightened. They needed to strike his imagination before they could pierce his intelligence, or his heart.

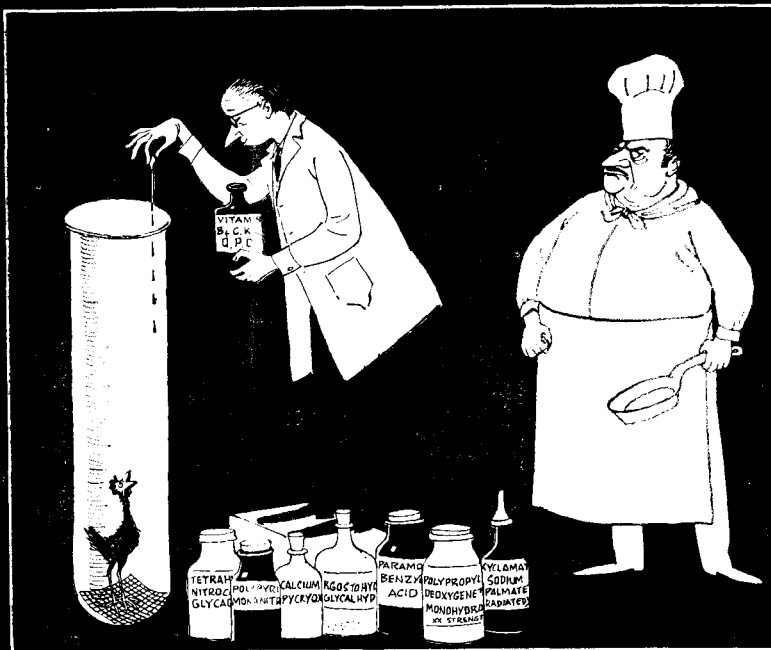
On that rainy night of Lennox Robinson's play, that was what happened to me. My double doors opened on these same scraps of real life enlarged now by the powerful glass of dramatic emotion, heightened by the hovering presence of truth, shaped by and for the intelligence. My doorways thereby became, for the first time, doorways to that emotionalized reality which is the father of the truly creative imagination — life-based, life-transform-

ing, what Berenson so often loved to call "life-enhancing."

Still, they were only doorways. My fountain brimmed, common water out of the skies and the earth. It astonished, excited, and delighted me, and I would dearly love to be able to say that it washed my eyes. Not yet. I may have always wanted to write, or may have wanted to write then, about the common life around me; I cannot tell which, because when I began actually to write about that life it seemed to me that this was something I had always wanted to do. When I did begin to write — which was very soon — I was still stuck with a wardrobeful of swords and cocked hats, plumed grenadiers, gesturing sansculottes, swearing pirates, lisping ladies, more pictographs or notions about men and women, and only that one crumpled cutaway country-town Fenian's coat hanging like a ghost of life among all the finery. That Fenian was still only a ghost to me, although real to Robinson. I needed my own scenes, subjects, and characters. But, at fifteen? Until life threw me, to sink or swim, into Life, I could only imitate other writers, as younger writers always imitate older writers, and as lesser, greater, and sometimes as even the greater, the lesser whom they think the greater.

A year cannot have passed before I saw myself in print for the first time. It was a short story, in a weekly paper called the *Cork Outlook*, and it must have been one of the most remarkable stories to appear either in that or any other periodical before or since. I borrowed the opening from G. A. Henty, wrote the middle, very brief, myself, and leaned heavily for the conclusion on R. M. Ballantyne. This remarkable piece of collaboration was about a gallant young British cavalry officer sent with an urgent dispatch on the field of battle across enemy fire. As he galloped he waved his sword and his plume danced in the wind, and it goes without saying that he was shot through the heart and died as nobly as only George Alfred Henty, Robert Michael Ballantyne, and John Francis Whelan could do it between them. If Prometheus ever bothers with such small-fry activities, I fear he must have sighed many times as he read that week's edition of the *Cork Outlook* and decided that it was really going to take an awful lot of experience to awaken this minute mortal to the facts of life.

The old Fenian's cutaway coat hung in my wardrobe for years and years. The finery gradually fed the fatted moth. Yet when I published my first novel, twenty years later, called *A Nest of Simple Folk*, there was the old Fenian, and my father and my mother, and all my uncles and aunts among the fields, skies, and streams of the plain of Limerick.



Living

THE INTERNATIONAL POULTRY TRAFFIC II

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Misgivings about an international plot to deflavor the foodstuffs of the world were expressed on this page two months ago, after the disclosure that American poultry was being shipped in large quantities to European markets. During the interval, corroboration has come to hand from two sources. The situation, it transpires, is worse than we had surmised and is still deteriorating.

The first source was the Executive Office of the President, which forwarded a copy of a letter. The Executive Office is nothing if not circumspect in this as in all matters, and it obviously feels that a gross breach of protocol, not to say regulations, would occur if the letter-writer's name and address were divulged. Investigations and resignations would follow, one gathers, and hopes of an honorable retirement on pension would be blasted. So, with regrets for the anonymity but admiration for the content, we append the letter without amendment:

DEAR SIR:

In reading the local paper I see you plan to force the American Ali-

ance of NATO states to except our sick chickens. Why not send them to the North Korean Communists, or to Hong Kong. They don't like us anyway. Our chicken farmers are giving us such poor chickens, we haven't dared to cook one for 6 months. I don't see why you want to make enemies of the NATO states by trying to force them to eat them. If you look at the joints of the bones you will see how full of arthritis the chicken is. Their circulation is so poor they cannot bleed right away when they are butchered. Our farmers must let their chickens get out and scratch for their food and gravel before they are fit to use.

P.S. What is our meat inspectors doing along this line. Soon our beef will have the same trouble if they allow too much feed lot feeding of beef. Chickens must wear off their toe nails to be good eating.

The other corroboration of our findings in the November *Atlantic* came in a New York *Times* interview by its correspondent Henry Kamm, in Saulieu, France, with François Minot, the new chef-manager of the Hotel de la Côte-d'Or, whose restaurant has long been regarded as one of the world's best.

"Mr. Minot believes firmly in using only the choicest ingredients," wrote Mr. Kamm. "Cuisine, he feels, must be regional and seasonal. Like Mr. Dumaine [his predecessor],

he counts on the growers, hunters and fishermen of the region to bring him their finest and freshest. He is saddened by a decline in quality of such staples as beef and poultry. 'Now we use only chickens from the Bresse district,' he said. 'But they, too, are now being mass-produced, and Mr. Dumaine and I agree that we may some day have to remove chickens from the menu.'"

The last *poulet de Bresse* I tried was in 1959, and it seemed to me much the same product one finds in the ordinary supermarket — plump and tasteless. Feedlot beef, today, is even less attractive than when J. Frank Dobie denounced it in these pages in September, 1960. This all brings me once again to lamb.

How long will lamb continue to preserve its good natural flavor? I believe it will do so indefinitely, and for a very simple reason: it's an animal that can scrounge and forage for its proper diet so economically, so cheaply, that not even the most energetic adulterator could make a profit by meddling with it. The feedlot shippers and battery chicken breeders would like to have us believe that we are losing our own sense of taste with the passing years. But the fact remains that a slice of lamb is still just as flavorsome to me as it was when I was ten years old.

The Last Resort

BY LILYN E. CARLTON

LILYN E. CARLTON is a free-lance writer living in Oakland, California, with her psychiatrist husband and two children. This is her first appearance in *Accent on Living*.

It seems to me that the average American housewife is altogether too quick to run to the telephone to call the repairman for every little quirk that develops in a household appliance. This is certainly not good management, especially if you consider the cost of repairs nowadays. Why, it's at least five dollars an hour for a common, ordinary, garden-variety repairman and much, much more for a specialist, like a plumber. Then there is the home-call fee — the charge for coming out, whether the man actually does anything or not.

Now, let's get one thing straight before I go on. I'm not being subversive or anything. I'm not trying to sabotage the small American businessman or the American way of life. All I want to do is give my fellow housewives some hints on how to save a few dollars.

What I want to emphasize is that the repairman should be called in only as a last resort, after everything else has been tried. What else? Well, I have a few suggestions, every one of which has been tested and found to work.

Number One: Wait. Do nothing. Once, as a result of a slight earthquake, our electric kitchen clock started to behave in a very peculiar manner. It made an ominous whirring noise and ran unusually slow. The second hand moved in its appointed course, but took about three minutes to make its sixty-second circuit. I was alone in the house at the time. I had vague thoughts of going to the basement and looking at the electric meter (though what I intended to do, I have no idea), but, other matters pressing at the moment, I did nothing. Well! An hour later that clock adjusted itself. The whirring noise stopped, the second hand was dashing around at its accustomed breakneck speed, and there it was — all fixed!

Number Two: Leave the house. This is actually one of the best devices I know, since when you use it you are killing two birds with one stone.

That is, whatever has gone awry may right itself while you are gone, and at the same time you can get an errand taken care of. I find Number Two works especially well with funny sounds. For instance:

"What's that noise?" I say.

"What noise?" says my husband, whose ears are not as keen as mine.

"Listen!" I say, holding up a finger.

We listen.

"I don't hear anything," says my husband. "It's all in your mind." (He is a psychiatrist, and that is his answer to everything.)

"No," I say. "It's a kind of eek-ump, eek-ump, eek-ump."

He meets this with either another "It's all in your mind" or, more likely, complete silence.

This is the time when I go out. And when I come back, the noise is practically always gone.

Number Two also works very well with funny odors.

Number Three: Turn the disturbing appliance upside down and shake or slap it. This procedure is obviously not feasible with refrigerators or built-in dishwashers (which we will come to later), but I have found it very successful with many smaller appliances.

I have, for example, an electric

coffee grinder. I have had it for about five years, and it gives me very nice service, but every now and then, instead of emptying the ground coffee in a ladylike manner into a little cup I have provided especially for that purpose, it makes a terrible grinding noise and scatters the partially ground coffee in big, hard chunks in a kind of explosion all over the kitchen table, the floor, and the windowsills. Then it gives a loud burp and just sits there. I didn't know how to handle this at first, but after some experimentation I found that picking it up, turning it upside down, shaking it hard, and administering a few slaps to its bottom with the palm of my hand does the trick.

Number Three is also quite effective with typewriters. Only two months ago I spent \$22.50 to have my typewriter completely overhauled — cleaned, oiled, polished, reintegrated, disinfected, subrogated, and whatever else they can do to a typewriter to bring the cost up to \$22.50. After a short time I began to have trouble with the space bar and the shift. I called the typewriter man.

"Look here," I said. "Only a few weeks ago (I exaggerated a little) I paid you \$22.50 —" and I told him

Remembrance of Things Past

BY R. P. LISTER

The other day Time spun about,
And when it settled down again
I found myself a Stone Age lout,
Hunting the aurochs in the rain.

My shallow brow was deeply lined;
There was an ulcer on my shin.
I had some mazy thoughts in mind,
But lacked the words to clothe them in.

I wore my only reindeer pants,
And these were holed beyond repair.
My wife had been devoured by ants,
My daughter eaten by a bear.

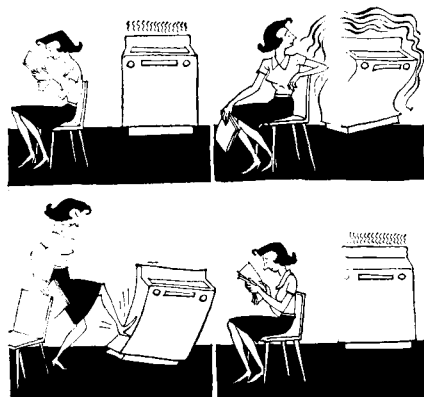
I had a most appalling squint,
And cataracts in both my eyes,
And one misshapen piece of flint
To kill a creature twice my size.

Time spun about, and here I stood.
I lunched off something from a can,
And did not shudder, as I should,
To be a twentieth-century man.

my troubles. And what do you think he said?

"You probably use the machine a lot," he said. "Better bring it in, and we'll see if we can find the trouble. Of course, we'll have to charge you for whatever we do."

"Maybe it's just some little thing," I said to him. "Maybe I can fix it myself."



He laughed. *Laughed!*

"Oh, no, lady. You couldn't fix it yourself. A layman couldn't fix it. Better bring it in."

I just said thank you and hung up and went back to the typewriter. Then I picked up the machine, turned it over, and gave it a few hearty shakes and a couple of slaps. Since then it's been working fine.

Number Three also works very well with electric juicers and table-model radios.

Number Four: Slap or kick the appliance. Number Four applies to those mechanisms which are too large for you to lift and turn upside down or appliances which are so firmly built into the wall that they cannot be dislodged no matter how hard you try. Under Number Four come such items as TV sets, hi-fi equipment, stoves, refrigerators, and built-in dishwashers.

The method is this: Start with the slap, and use the kick only if the slap doesn't do the job.

I remember the time our dishwasher wouldn't function. I had just loaded it with the accumulated dishes of three or four meals, set the top down, and turned the arrow to On. There was a queer little whirring noise, then a *ffffff!*, and then it just stopped.

I called my husband. "Dear," I said, "the dishwasher won't work."

"It's all in your mind," said Dear. But he got a screwdriver, took the cover off the dishwasher, and looked at the machinery underneath.

"Why won't it work?" asked my husband, in a tone which clearly implied I was responsible for the breakdown.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"I'll go get my tool kit," he said, and disappeared down the basement steps.

I decided to do a little experimenting.

First I gave the machine a few smacks, and it replied with a promising little *beep*. Next I tried a small kick. The machine responded with several encouraging noises, and thus egged on I backed up and let fly with a really good one. That did it. By the time my husband had found his tools, the dishwasher was purring away smoothly.

"Look," I said. "It's working fine now."

"I told you it was all in your mind," he said.

Number Five: Act as if you don't care whether the appliance works or not. I know it sounds ridiculous, but I harbor a suspicion that many so-called inanimate objects are not quite as inanimate as they pretend to be. Anyway, I know that my attitude toward the disturbed appliance has a good deal of influence on it. I notice this particularly with electric lights. Sometimes I turn the light on, but it doesn't go on. The thing to do is to act as if you don't care if the light goes on in that room or not. Sit down, pick up a book, and pretend to read. Or go into another room, hang around for a few minutes, and then come back. In either case, the light will come on by itself.

Number Six: Have others witness the malfunctioning appliance. (This, I know, is in some vague way connected with Number Five, though I haven't as yet pinpointed the precise relationship.) Call in another member of the household to show him that the appliance isn't working. This is one of the very best methods I know for getting things going again, and it can be applied to almost any kind of recalcitrant machinery, though it seems to work best with the TV set.

As soon as you call someone in to show him, the sink faucet stops making that funny noise, the toaster pops up with just-right toast, and the TV picture looks better than it has looked for months.

"It looks OK to me," says whoever you have called in. "What's the matter with it?"

"Wait a minute," you say. "Just stay here a minute. It was [whatever it was doing] just a minute ago."

So you both stand and wait. And it functions perfectly. But as soon as the other person is out of the room it starts acting up again.

Now, after you have gone through all six of the above suggestions and none has worked, you'll just have to call a repairman. But this, too, is a sort of device, and so perhaps I ought to label it.

Number Seven: Go ahead and call the repairman. Then take your stand at the front window and watch for him. He parks his truck in front of the house, and you watch as he gets out, goes around to the back, opens the rear doors of the truck, and begins to unload his equipment. He has a lot of equipment, hasn't he? Finally, after a good deal of difficulty, he gets it all unloaded on the front walk and proceeds to drag it up the steps.

Then you wait until he has all this paraphernalia on the front porch and is breathing rather heavily as he leans against your doorbell. Now is the moment. *Instead of answering the door, go back to the problem appliance.* Nine times out of ten it will start working beautifully right then and there.

Well, that's the list. I hope I have been of some help in saving you money and keeping those messy repairmen out of your nice clean house. On the other hand, if you happen to have a repairman who looks like Tony Curtis, forget all the above suggestions — call him. It was only after seeing a few of the characters who come to my house to repair things that I thought up all these ideas anyway.

The Culinary End

BY W. F. MIKSCH

W. F. MIKSCH is a free-lance writer living in Newtown, Connecticut. He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and attended Moravian College.

If, a century or two from now, archaeologists poking about in our kitchen midden turn up a yellowed copy of *Larousse Gastronomique* alongside a petrified package of ready-to-heat-and-serve manicotti, they will have stumbled upon the key to the

collapse of our civilization. And don't tell me we are not on the verge of collapse. No society that reads about café brûlot while drinking instant coffee can long endure.

We the consumers are caught on a battlefield between opposing lines of cookbook publishers and food packagers, and no matter which side finally prevails, the most we can look forward to is either indigestion or eyestrain.

That cookbook publishers have marshaled an imposing force for this battle is evident from a sampling of titles in any bookstore. There are cookbooks for bachelors (*The Bachelor's Cookbook*), for designing females (*How to Appeal to a Man's Appetites*), for the literati (*The Literary Gourmet*), for suburbanites (*What Cooks in Suburbia*), for winos (*The Winelover's Cookbook*), and for sleepyheads (*The Eating-in-Bed Cookbook*). There are cookbooks to match good moods (*Joy of Cooking*) and bad (*The I Hate to Cook Book*).

They have collected recipes for prospectors (*Authentic Sourdough Cookery*), for history buffs (*A Fifteenth Century Cookry Boke*), for reluctant hostesses (*Small Meals for Company*), and for those who would rather just drink their dinner (*The Compleat Imbiber*). For the culinary expatriate there is no end of books on global gourmandise, ranging from *The Art of Syrian Cookery* to *Swedish Baking at its Best*. There even is a Cook Book Guild ensuring members a steady flow of epicurean reading matter à la Book of the Month. Our preoccupation with typeset gastronomics is fast blossoming into a national mania, and although I have not yet heard of a cookbook titled *Lucrezia Borgia Entertains*, it should roll off the presses any day now.

With cookbook tonnage at its peak, we might be tempted to concede victory to the publishers — until, that is, we browse through the supermarket. Then it becomes evident that food packagers are matching book lists ton for ton. Shelves and freezers are stacked with frozen, desiccated, canned, ready-mixed, aerosoled, partly baked, quick, or instant, entrées, hors d'oeuvres, soups, desserts, beverages, sauces, and baked goods which require no reading of recipes beyond a glance at the directions on the label.

A recipe for bouillabaisse, which may take up three solid pages in the gourmand edition of *Cook Along with*



Aunt Sadie and call for such not readily obtainable ingredients as red snapper from the Blue Danube, is reduced to a simple "Pour contents into boiling water and serve" on the packet of Instant Kiln-Dried Bouillabaisse Soup Mix.

Packagers have stripped cookery of its complexities to such a degree that the only time-consuming thing about whipping up a beef stroganoff is the wait at the check-out aisle.

So now it would seem the packagers hold the advantage, for who will read Escoffier when one can buy his sauce? Who, indeed? The answer is a paradox: just about everyone, that's who. This was made clear to me last week when, sitting in our kitchen eating a thaw-and-heat pizza, I was suddenly dashed to the linoleum by the collapse of some shelves under the weight of my wife's cookbook library.

The same people who buy the cake mixes also buy the cookbooks!

Ask today's hostess how she made her cheese dip, and she probably will say, "Oh, I read this wonderful recipe in my *Amy Vanderbilt* and then I found the ready-mix at the A&P." Such symptoms of mass inconsistency could well trigger our end, and we may yet go down in an avalanche of mushroom sauté instead of up in a mushroom cloud, as anticipated.

Take the case of the husband who is foolish enough to ask his bride the once sensible question, "How come you can't make cinnamon buns like Mother used to make?" Does she simply phone her mother-in-law and ask for the recipe? Nothing of the sort. Instead, she will haunt the bookstalls, acquiring a collection of cookbooks which rivals the complete works of Dickens in shelf displacement, and then, after some weeks of avid reading, will slip down to the shopping center for a cylinder of half-baked doughballs that need only be popped into the oven.

Not only will her husband be led to believe that she created them, but she will come to believe it herself, and both will decide that those cookbooks are worth their weight in gold. It is a wonder that the ghost of Great-grandma (who had to mash her own unfrozen potatoes and struggle along with only a copy of *Fannie Farmer*, if she was lucky) doesn't come back and roll the pair of them in cracker crumbs.

Even a backyard cookout, which, at first glance, somewhat resembles the basic cuisine of a pre-cookbook, pre-supermarket era (what with all that smudge and lack of organization), turns out to be a mockery — a dismal testament to our eagerness to please the twin tyrannies of publishing and packaging right to the bitter end. For here we see a grown-up man, bristling with shiny skewers and steak thermometers, dressed up in a funny hat and apron, and loaded down with barbecue cookbooks, who can't even manage to set fire to the handy-pack of self-kindling charcoal.

He is well read in the recipe department, a discriminating gourmet at the food market, yet, like his wife, he has relied on the printed word and the clever package to the point where he is completely helpless and doomed to extinction without them. For when the recipe publishers and food packagers finally have killed each other off, he will be left to starve. And I don't think I shall like starving one bit.

I'D LIKE TO THROW YOU OUT

BY ERIC PFEIFFER

I'd like to throw you out,
you old man,
you old woman,
who live in me
and make trouble.

I'd like to tell you,
it is crowded in here
for one,
let alone two or three.
But you won't listen.

Do I have to get a court order
against you, my father,
against you, my mother,
who inhabit my body
against my will?



Why James Wong says he'll do anything to help sell U.S. Savings Bonds

A few years ago, in a village in central China, the local communist bosses held kangaroo court and found James Wong's father guilty of being a landlord. The penalty was death and confiscation of all belongings.

Among those belongings were \$850 worth of U.S. Savings Bonds that the senior Mr. Wong had purchased when he was a defense worker in this country during the second world war.

His son, James, of San Francisco, who was named beneficiary, explained the situation to the Treasury Department. After verifying the facts, they paid the full amount plus interest.

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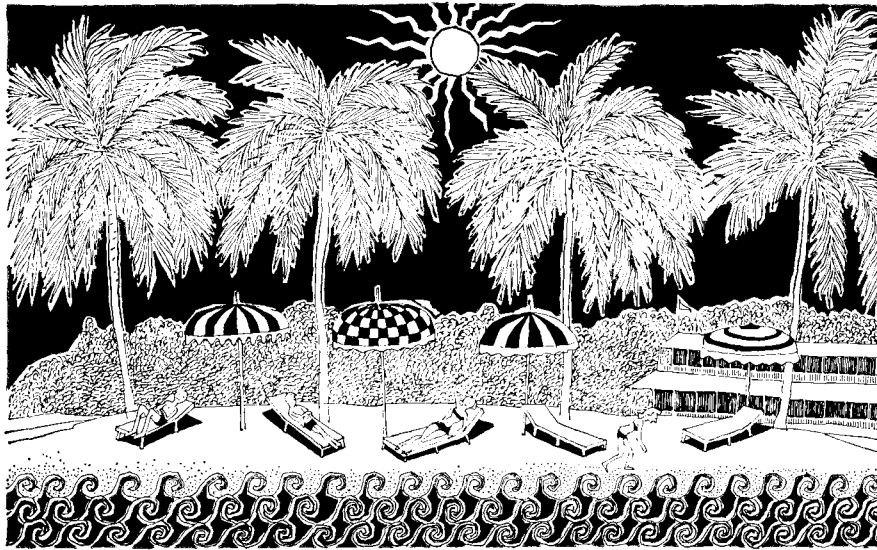


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pleasures and places



ST. MAARTEN: A Caribbean Find

BY JAMES EGAN

A few months ago I met a footloose friend who collects islands as some men collect contemporary art. He always knows the exact status of such islands as, let us say, Ischia, Hvar, Samsö, and Cozumel, rating them on a sliding scale as coming in, in, or impossible because everybody goes there.

"Pick me a Caribbean island," I said, "not so far 'in' that prices are like Florida's and female guests mince around in pink silk slacks, yet not so far out that the electricity goes off at midnight and I have to live on conch meat. If it is also easy and cheap to get to, so much the better."

Without hesitation he said, "Try Sint Maarten in the Netherlands Windwards. It's on the way in, but not overrun. And if you drive over to the French side of the island — that's Saint Martin — you'll even find a restaurant where you can get an excellent *omelette aux fines herbes*." With that, he took off for the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean, where the skin diving is superb.

My friend was right about St. Maarten, the name usually given this part-Dutch, part-French island at the upper end of the Lesser Antilles chain. Not to be confused with the larger Dutch ABC islands down off the coast of South America, St. Maarten is a thirty-seven-

square-mile dot only about a hundred miles from the Virgin Islands. Although it is undergoing a small boom, it is by no means as developed, or as expensive, as the Virgins. And since it can be reached handily by several airlines connecting with Puerto Rican thrift flights, it is something of a bargain in overseas air travel. Add free-port shopping, a handsome populace, verdant hills fringed with wide, white beaches, and you have some of the reasons St. Maarten attracts island connoisseurs.

It was high noon on a hot, blue, Caribbean-winter day when I landed at St. Maarten's Juliana Airport on the Dutch side, where most of the tourist facilities have been developed. A dozen importunate taxi drivers crowded against the fence, waving slips of paper. I spotted my name scrawled on a slip, and after being whisked through immigration, was pre-empted by my driver. He was a soft-voiced middle-aged Negro from Marigot, capital of the French side, and was English-speaking, like most of the islanders, even though the official languages are Dutch and French. "Excuse me a little," he said, using the polite island locution I was to hear so often. "I got your name from the guesthouse." He handed me the slip of paper. "It stops arguments." It

also gave me a pleasant sense of being expected.

As we drove toward Philipsburg, the Dutch capital, I learned that travel between the two sides of the island is unrestricted; there are no guards at the borders, and because both sides are free ports, there is no customs inspection. The driver slowed the car as we passed through a fishing village on the shore. "Simpson Bay," he said, pointing at a row of fishermen's huts, each with its boat hauled up to the back door. "A long time ago the people settled here from Sweden." And, indeed, many of the sun-browned children in the village were blond.

St. Maarten, during the march of mercantile imperialism, was fought over and occupied many times by various European powers. Columbus is said to have discovered the island on his second voyage, in 1493. More than a century later the Dutch moved in with the rise of the West India Company. The British declared possession several times, and assorted bands of adventurers and privateers also landed on the island. But since 1648 St. Maarten has been shared more or less consistently by the Dutch and the French. The legend goes that two independent parties of Dutch and French settlers arrived on opposite sides of the island and sensibly decided that they would rather divide it up than fight. A Dutchman and a Frenchman stood back to back, then started walking around the shore in opposite directions. Where they met again, a line was drawn across the island to mark the boundary. The story does not explain why the French got some twenty-one square miles and the Dutch only sixteen, although there is a rumor that the Frenchman trained on wine and the Dutchman on Holland gin.

We approached Philipsburg on the south shore, skirting a great salt pond at the foot of a mountain. The town itself stretches along a curving mile-long ribbon of beach between the salt pond and the sea, flanked at either end by two high green peninsulas which form the harbor, Great Bay. Philipsburg is only two streets wide, and they are named, logically, Front Street and Back Street. The flavor is unmistakably Dutch: small, red-roofed houses in neat rows, freshly painted, for the most part, in white or pinkish-buff. Old-fashioned gingerbread fretwork deco-

Photographed, en route to Europe, aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



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rates window frames and porch railings, and every doorstep has its pots of ferns or geraniums. Opposite the town dock the wooden Town Hall stands square and solid, flying both the Netherlands and the Netherlands Antilles flags. The buildings looked scrubbed, the streets were swept clean, unlike those of most Caribbean towns.

At the far end of Front Street we drew up before a sprawling bungalow set in a tropical garden along the beach. A discreet sign above the gate read "Pasanggrahan," which means "guesthouse" in Indonesian. Inside, on the wall of the rattan-furnished living room, portraits of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard smiled benignly. I walked through to a vine-covered drinking-and-dining veranda at the rear and looked out over a grove of sea grape and fat-leaved almond trees to Great Bay glittering just beyond. Then, trailing my taxi driver, who doubled as an informal bellhop, I followed a garden path to a separate wing, where my room gave directly on a stone terrace and the beach. It was in this guesthouse — so much more appealing to me than the glass and chromium palaces currently springing up around the West Indies — that I made my island headquarters.

Pasanggrahan's manager is a casual young American, Bud Vass, who, having had his fill of organized activity when he was a cruise director, introduces his guests once, then leaves them alone. He is an imaginative menu maker. The first night's dinner was a promising sample: crab soup garnished with slices of lime, a shrimp and rock-lobster dish in cheese and wine sauce, tiny French peas, banana fritters, and good strong Dutch coffee. The wine, included with the dinner, was an *ordinaire* from the French side of the island. And, of course, there was plenty of cold Dutch beer to be had. The rates for Pasanggrahan's dozen rooms are moderate as Caribbean resorts go: \$12 to \$14 a person for a double room and bath with meals, from December 15 to April 15; \$10 to \$12 a person for the rest of the year. Drinks are a flat fifty cents, except for an elaborate rum punch which is sixty cents.

Swimming and snorkeling are fine all around the island, and discovering new beaches is the major competitive sport for visitors. I

lacked time to explore all the beaches, but I was told they number more than forty. There are small hidden coves like Cupecoy Bay on the south shore, sheltered from the northeast trades and boxed in by cliffs of coral, or the breeze-swept Baie des Cailles on the north shore, where, in a wall of rock at one end, the waves roar through a curious blowhole called the Trou de David. The latter beach is excellent for shell collectors: turkey wings and queen conchs are as common as clamshells on Cape Cod, and one visitor said she picked up a rare lion's paw as big as the palm of her hand. Then there are the big beaches, like Orient at the Atlantic Ocean side of the island, a bone-white beach, treeless and burning, on an emerald and sapphire lagoon ringed by coral reefs; or Galisbay Beach, below a ruined fort at Marigot: a long, straight strand bordered with sea grape and twisted manchineel trees, whose sap is caustic. For an expedition about the island, one can rent a small European car for \$11 a day, or a Jeep for \$10.

Traveling around St. Maarten, I was frequently struck by the islanders' good looks. The young women have delicate heads, small features, enormous black eyes, and braided hair smoothly wound and piled high. They dress in bright full skirts, gathered blouses, and wear sandals or no shoes at all. They are as elegant as the attenuated women of Modigliani.

The men, too, are good-looking. One afternoon, on an isolated shore of the French Quarter called Cocoonut Beach, I met an incredibly handsome coffee-colored farmer, a giant of some six and a half feet, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and a shirt of brilliant orange. Accompanied by a wizened, mahogany-skinned old man riding a donkey, he emerged from beneath the cocoanut palms carrying a cutlass. They were father and son. The younger man courteously asked if he could direct me — I was, in fact, trespassing — and we fell into conversation. The cocoanut grove proved to be his own — a gathering place for church picnics and cockfights. He spread his arms in a wide gesture that embraced the beach and encircling mountains. "All this is we land," he said. Many of the native families have vast holdings, which they seldom sell. Since land is inherited

jointly by all the children, some of whom drift to other islands, it may take years to clear the title to a tract. "Besides," my informant told me, "if you sell the land, the money gets spent. If you keep the land, you have something to leave the children."

There has been some land development on St. Maarten, the demand for island retreats usually being greater than the supply. In a region of wild scrub called the Lowlands, on the French side beyond the airport, a number of Americans have bought and started to build. They are now trying to get together enough money to put in a road to replace the present bulldozed track. At Point Blanche near Philipsburg, a Dutch government land-development project will offer eighty lots of a half-acre minimum. The government already has more than two hundred applications for the land and proposes to choose the lucky buyers by lottery.

Aside from beach life, the chief daytime activity for visitors to St. Maarten is bargain shopping. In



Philipsburg, a row of shops lines Front Street — local Ma-and-Pa general stores and branches of big Dutch shops in Curaçao 600 miles away. Here are the usual free-port assortments of Swiss watches, German and Japanese cameras, English woollens and china, French perfumes, liquor, and other tourist lures, at tax-free prices said to be the lowest in the Caribbean. One shop, the Windward Islanders, offers straw from Hong Kong, silk sweaters from Italy, rugs from Haiti, and such. They will run up a muumuu in any of four or five styles, in madras or Mexican cottons, for \$15 and up. They also have men's handwoven madras shirts at \$5 and shorts at \$9, ready-cut or made to order.

During the winter tourist season, when a cruise ship anchors at the entrance to Great Bay, bands of visitors disembark in lighters for a few hours of fevered buying, and Philipsburg comes to life. The single traffic policeman in front of Town Hall, splendid in a topee, flails his arms in unaccustomed activity. When the day-trippers leave he slips over to the shade for a beer, and the town goes back to its ordered repose.

In contrast to Philipsburg's Dutch propriety, the French town of Marigot, just across the island, sprawls in happy West Indian squalor. Its back streets are a maze of unpainted shacks on stilts. Calico curtains flap over open doorways. The town clock buzzes with women in bright corsets and gaudy headgear — straw hats, plaid caps, kerchiefs — haggling for fish with boatmen just in with their catch. An open-air food market spreads out under a tree just off the dock. Tourist shops offer much the same tax-free wares as those in Philipsburg, at prices just a little lower, probably because cruise ships do not stop here. But for the present there is no place to stay in Marigot except an extremely modest four-room hotel, hopefully called the Beau Séjour, where the French proprietor produced for me one noon an excellent omelet, coarse, gray homemade bread, a bottle of Heineken's, and a tattered copy of *France-Dimanche*.

Even on the Dutch side, accommodations offering tourist amenities are still limited in number, so reservations are necessary. In addition to Pasanggrahan in Philipsburg, there are two other pleasant guesthouses outside the town. Mary's Fancy, a converted sugar plantation, lies in a pastoral inland valley facing rolling green hills. As one bemused guest put it, the setting is a little bit of old Vermont in the West Indies, complete with lowing cattle and the smell of new-mown hay. The fourteen rooms are comfortable and cool — a breeze always sweeps down the valley — and there is even a freshwater swimming pool. It has all been done with great style and color by Kit Osborn, who also owns the Windward Islanders shop. She sets out a lavish *rijstafel* every other Thursday in season; the night I was there it comprised fourteen dishes, from Javanese egg rolls to sauté, pork tenderloin marinated in lime juice, onion, and pepper, and served

up on a stick. Rates at Mary's Fancy in season are \$16 a person for a double room and bath with meals; out of season, \$12.

The other guesthouse sits on a hill overlooking the Atlantic, around the eastern point from Philipsburg. Designed as a modern inn and run by a former advertising man from New York, it is called Hunter House. Each of its eight rooms has a private bath and a patio facing the water. This small inn is celebrated for two institutions which I cannot believe were inspired by the serious business of advertising: one is a champagne brunch every Sunday morning; the other is known as the Happy Hour, with unlimited drinks from 6:00 to 8:15 — for guests who stay a week or more. Hunter House rates are the same the year round: \$16 a person for a double room and bath with meals.

At night St. Maarten's guesthouses leave it pretty much to the guests to supply their own entertainment, although Pasanggrahan imports a local steel band once a week for outdoor dancing. Those who prefer a round of planned amusements had better go to Little Bay Hotel, the island's nearest approach to conventional resort accommodations. About a mile and a half from Philipsburg, on its own beach, Little Bay has forty rooms and baths in pink and green stucco bungalows. The hotel provides dancing and movies several nights a week and even has a small gambling casino, where I watched a dozen mesmerized guests play roulette and baccarat one evening. Rates are \$20 to \$22 a person for a double room and bath with meals in season; \$13.50 to \$15 out of season.

Now being built and scheduled to open in the spring or summer of 1964 is a new hotel, the Bon Bini, perched above Great Bay on the western peninsula. It will start out with a dozen double units, some with house-keeping facilities and all with private balconies. Eventually it will accommodate a hundred guests. And still another ambitious luxury hotel of 250 rooms is planned at Mahou Bay near the airport. So the island grows.

In a few years, I dare say, my island-collecting friend will have to revise his rating of St. Maarten from "coming in" to "everybody goes there." Then, if you'll excuse me a little, I'll start looking for another island.

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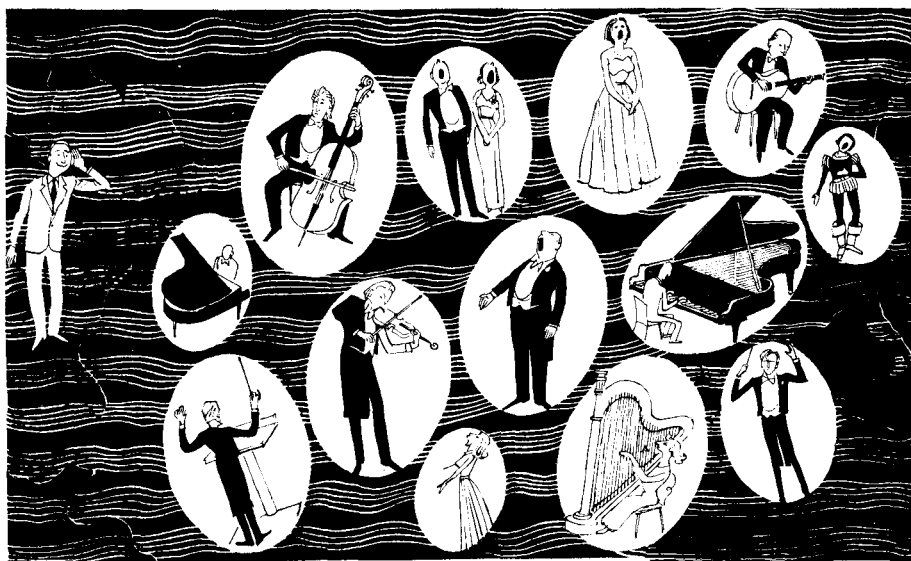
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RARITIES FROM OVERSEAS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Few industries are as internationally minded as the record business. American singers travel to Rome to record Italian operas with German conductors. Touring Russian pianists and violinists haunt the studios of Paris, Berlin, and New York. The Boston Symphony and Philadelphia Orchestra find phonographic audiences in Tokyo and Buenos Aires. Recordings by orchestras in London and Vienna fill the shelves of American shops. Not only the major American companies but the minor ones, too, have overseas affiliates whose products occupy a large share of their catalogues.

But despite this virtual common market, hundreds of long-playing records of estimable quality are produced every year in Europe and never become accessible to the American public. Sometimes they are by artists of less than international renown; sometimes they are of repertory with limited or local appeal; sometimes they are of interest only to one country or language group; sometimes they have been outdated by subsequent releases. Among them are recordings of considerable artistic merit and high repute among collectors. They are not issued in the United States simply because the domestic record companies believe they would not

sell in sufficient quantities to make their release worthwhile.

Of course, it has always been possible to obtain such records through shops dealing in imports, or by special order, or by the direct if rather drastic expedient of journeying to Europe. But Capitol Records, which already releases the Angel line in the United States, has now virtually demolished the import barrier by setting up a distribution system that will make foreign-produced recordings almost as readily available as the American-made product. Some one thousand titles hitherto completely unobtainable, or available only with difficulty, are already on hand, and others are on their way by sea to a storage warehouse just off Canal Street in New York. All of them are titles issued in Europe by subsidiaries of Electric and Musical Industries, Ltd., the giant British combine which also owns Capitol.

The recordings include performances not in current domestic catalogues by Toscanini, Beecham, and Bruno Walter among conductors; Gigli, Toti dal Monte, Georges Thill, Flagstad, de los Angeles, and Fischer-Dieskau among singers; Kreisler, Hubermann, Menuhin, and Ginette Neveu among violinists; Schnabel, Elly Ney, Arturo Bene-

detti Michelangeli, and John Ogdon, co-winner of the 1962 Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow, among pianists.

For the most part, these records will be marketed here on the Odeon label, although originally most of them appeared under such trademarks as HMV, Parlophone, Electrola, English Columbia, and others. Nipper, the terrier who sits with his ear cocked toward a loudspeaker, may appear legally in the United States only on RCA Victor products; hence, Odeon labels have been pasted over the His Master's Voice, La Voix de son Maître, and La Voce del Padrone records which will appear here.

In charge of Capitol's import program is Robert Reid, whose experience with foreign discs dates back to the old Gramophone Shop, New York City's best-known pre-war purveyor of imported records. Reid explains the economics of the new program this way: "We regard the records we're bringing over as connoisseur material. If we tried to manufacture records here from these European tapes, as we do with Angel records, the cost would be too high. It's cheaper to buy the finished product in Europe, in units of twenty-five or fifty or a hundred, and then sell them here. If we bring in a hundred copies of a record and it doesn't sell well, it's not a terrible loss. We can take the risk; we don't have to move them in the quantities a domestic pressing requires to break even. Actually, though, the response to some of our first offerings has been so good that we've had to reorder on some titles."

A sampling of a few of Capitol's imports demonstrates the vitality as well as the variety of the line. It also raises one or two perplexing questions about the thought processes of American record makers. For example, one of the most desirable recordings in the import series is Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*, conducted by Karl Forster, with Elisabeth Grümmer, soprano; Josef Traxel, tenor; Gottlob Frick, bass; the choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral; and the Berlin Symphony Orchestra (Odeon ASD 409/11, stereo; ALP 1834/36, monaural; three records). By every standard — beauty of singing, masterliness of conducting, richness of sound — this is the noblest of all recorded *Creations*, revealing to the full the imaginativeness, fresh-

ness, and even the humor that Haydn lavished on his music. Nevertheless, Capitol has not seen fit to release it on its domestic Angel label, a puzzling omission in view of the inferior editions that already exist. Perhaps one should be grateful that this recording has at least — and at last — become available as an import.

Similarly, it is only as an import that collectors in this country will be able to listen to the young American cellist Leslie Parnas, winner of the Pablo Casals Grand Prix in 1957. Parnas' recordings of sonatas by Porpora, Debussy, and Shostakovich are included on a Pathé record (ASTX 123, stereo; DTX 309, monaural). He is a cellist of considerable power if not complete polish, and merits recording in his own country.

The Pathé label is strongly represented among the imports, including an attractive variety of French operettas from Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène* to Christiné's *Phi-Phi*, and a substantial selection of complete plays by the Comédie Française, among them brilliant stereo releases of Molière's *Tartuffe* (ASTX 132/34: three records) and *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (ASTX 130/31: two records). French singers, both operatic and popular, are well represented, and there is a ten-inch children's record on which Pierre Fresnay relates the story of Babar, in French of course, to a piano accompaniment by Francis Poulenc (Les Discophiles Françaises 525125).

The imports will offer a number of historic recordings omitted in the American releases of Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series. Among them are Felix Weingartner's great 1935 recording of Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies (Odeon COLC 27/28: two records); Fritz Kreisler's complete Beethoven's Violin Sonatas (Odeon 6/10: five records); Beethoven's *Kreutzer* Sonata by Jacques Thibaud and Alfred Cortot (Odeon COH 92); and a recording of Brahms's Horn Trio in E-flat, Opus 40, by Adolf Busch, violinist, Rudolf Serkin, pianist, and Aubrey Brain, horn, that sounds as lovely today as it did a generation ago (Odeon COLH 40). Of similar merit, though not officially part of the "Great Recordings" series, are Toscanini's 1957 performance of Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony with the BBC Symphony

Orchestra (Odeon ALP 1664) and Wanda Landowska's 1939 performances of twenty harpsichord sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, issued in Italy on the Voce del Padrone label but imported under the Odeon mark (QJLP 108).

Recordings of German origin range from Bach cantatas to drinking and hunting songs. Pre-war collectors who remember the fine recordings of the baritone Gerhard Hüsch will rejoice to find him well represented, particularly with reissues of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* (Pathé DTX 20006) and *Winterreise* (Odeon E80679/80: two records). These were among the first complete song cycles ever recorded, and they retain their warm, if occasionally sentimental, beauty. More up-to-date sound, but not more affecting singing, is provided in a *Winterreise* recording by a rising young German baritone of today, Hermann Prey (Odeon ST 91181/82, stereo). From England come such specialties as a set of Italian and French operatic duets sung in English translation by Joan Hammond and Charles Craig (Odeon ASD 384, stereo; ALP 1805, monaural) and recorded excerpts from the BBC "Goon Shows," the satirical radio program that first made Peter Sellers famous (Odeon PMC 1108).

Capitol promises that its import activities, which started six months ago, are neither experimental nor temporary, and says it plans to extend them to records produced in such countries as Spain, Portugal, Greece, and even India. With list prices set at an average of \$1 above comparable domestic records, Capitol officials and their EMI counterparts abroad believe that sales will be brisk enough to assure a steady stream of imports.

Although Capitol's project is the most elaborate introduced into the field so far, other American companies are making some of the products of their European affiliates available here. Probably no handsomer set of record albums exists anywhere in the world than RCA Italiana's *Storia della Musica Italiana* ("History of Italian Music"), which is being handled in the United States by RCA Victor. The first three of a projected four volumes are already out; the final set will appear later this year. Each album contains ten records, is bound in tooled Florentine leather, and is accompanied by a brochure

illustrated in color with fine prints and photographs. The price is similarly luxurious — \$85 a volume.

The musical selections and performances are in every way worthy of their surroundings. The editor of the series, Cesare Valabrega, has brought to light and to life works of striking originality, power, and freshness. Volume I (RCA Italiana ML-40000) moves from Gregorian chant to the oratorios of Carissimi; Volume II (ML-40001) from the early Florentine operas to the instrumental music of Corelli; Volume III (ML-40002) from Alessandro Scarlatti to Vivaldi; Volume IV will carry the story toward the present.

It would be possible to write almost endlessly of the delights and revelations of these albums: a jolly fishermen's chorus by one Loreto Vittori (1588–1670); a beautiful setting by Monteverdi of the verse "I am black but comely" from the biblical Song of Solomon; the serene five-voiced *Miserere* by Allegri, which Mozart copied from memory on a famous occasion in St. Peter's; a brilliant trumpet showpiece by Stradella; a duet by an early seventeenth-century composer named Leonardo Vinci, which is likened, not without reason, to "certain future pages of *Don Giovanni*" in structure, breadth, and expressiveness.

The great lack in the project is textual rather than musical, for the explanatory notes in the brochures are translated badly and the words of the songs and arias are not translated at all. Nevertheless, the musical panorama of these albums is vast and rewarding, so much so that it seems unjust to confine it to the limited circulation of the leather-bindings market.

Record Reviews

Berlioz: Harold in Italy

Colin Davis conducting Philharmonia Orchestra, with Yehudi Menuhin, viola; Angel S-36123 (stereo) and 36123

Since Paganini himself used to double on the viola and Mozart regarded the instrument as his favorite while playing string quartets, it may be no surprise to find a violinist as renowned as Yehudi Menuhin temporarily turning violist. Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, which is Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in music, is

a symphony with a viola obbligato — the viola binds it together but does not dominate it. Menuhin's darkly gleaming tones weave beautifully into the symphonic fabric; whether by reason of his playing or of Colin Davis' skilled and decisive conducting, the recording sets forth the work in all its romantic grandeur and nobility.

Borodin: String Quartet No. 2 in D

Shostakovich: String Quartet No. 8, Opus 110

The Borodin Quartet (Rostislav Dubinsky and Jaroslav Alexandrov, violins; Dmitry Shebalin, viola; Valentin Berlinsky, cello); London CS-6338 (stereo) and CM-9338

Although this Russian quartet bears the name of a famous Russian nineteenth-century composer, it seems most at home in the taut and driving Quartet No. 8 of Dimitri Shostakovich. This music, written in 1960, avowedly reflects World War II, echoing not only its emotions and its tensions but even its sounds, as witness the drone of airplanes and explosions of gunfire. It is a compact, powerful, and moving work, and is presented with brilliant virtuosity. Borodin's melodic and romantic quartet, with its famous *Notturmo* third movement, gets a genial and lush-sounding performance. This is one way to play it, certainly; but another, and even more effective, way is with more refinement and less vibrato.

Gottschalk: Symphony "A Night in the Tropics"; Grand Tarantelle for Piano and Orchestra (arr. Kay)

Gould: Latin-American Symphonette

Maurice Abravanel conducting Utah Symphony Orchestra, with Reid Nibley, pianist; Vanguard VSD-2141 (stereo) and VRS-1103

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was an American composer who was born in New Orleans in 1829 and died while on a tour of Brazil in 1869. In his short lifetime he established a name as a concert pianist, especially in Europe, and also as a composer with a flair for colorful melody. His "Night in the Tropics," composed in Guadeloupe in 1859, is a rambling set of dances and folk tunes rather than a "symphony," and the form in which it is heard here is a free reconstruction of a lost original. However, the music is lively and diverting, as is another Gottschalk piece, the Grand Tarantelle for Piano and

Orchestra. Reid Nibley, the piano soloist, is a bit on the dull side; one imagines that Gottschalk himself brought the work off with more of a flourish. Morton Gould's Latin-American Symphonette is in keeping with the festive mood of the rest of the record.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 48 in C, "Maria Theresia," and No. 4 in D; Overture to "L'Infedelta delusa"

Max Goberman conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Library of Recorded Masterpieces HS-10 (stereo or monaural)

The loss to music of the late Max Goberman is made to seem doubly keen by a record like this one. Goberman was not only the organizer and guiding hand of the Library of Recorded Music's project of recording the complete Haydn symphonies, but its musical conductor as well. And he approached a Haydn score with a briskness and bounce that made his performances delightful to the ear and exhilarating to the mind. The *Maria Theresia* symphony, one of Haydn's most festive and exciting works, is vivid evidence of Goberman's musical exuberance, taste, and intelligence. One hopes that efforts will be made to carry on with Goberman's important project, but conductors of similar skill, vigor, and purposefulness are hard to come by.

Stravinsky: Oedipus Rex

Igor Stravinsky conducting Chorus and Orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington, with Shirley Verrett, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; John Westbrook, narrator; and others; Columbia MS-6472 (stereo) and ML-5872

For this brilliant recording of his opera-oratorio, with a text by Jean Cocteau based on Sophocles, Igor Stravinsky serves not only as conductor but also as program-note annotator. In fact, he even takes a turn at criticism, announcing that, after thirty-five years, he detests "the speaker device, that disturbing series of interruptions." As if to justify this remark, the narrator in the recording delivers his speeches in a particularly stiff and pompous fashion, quite out of keeping with the strong but supple rhythms and terse, powerful melodies of Stravinsky's score. *Oedipus Rex* may not be especially Sophoclean, and it seems a long way from Cocteau, whose original French

was recast into Latin, but it is unmistakably Stravinsky, and it bursts forth with almost barbaric splendor in this surging performance. The musical text is presented in Latin, the spoken narration, unfortunately, in English.

Italy's Immortal Tito Schipa

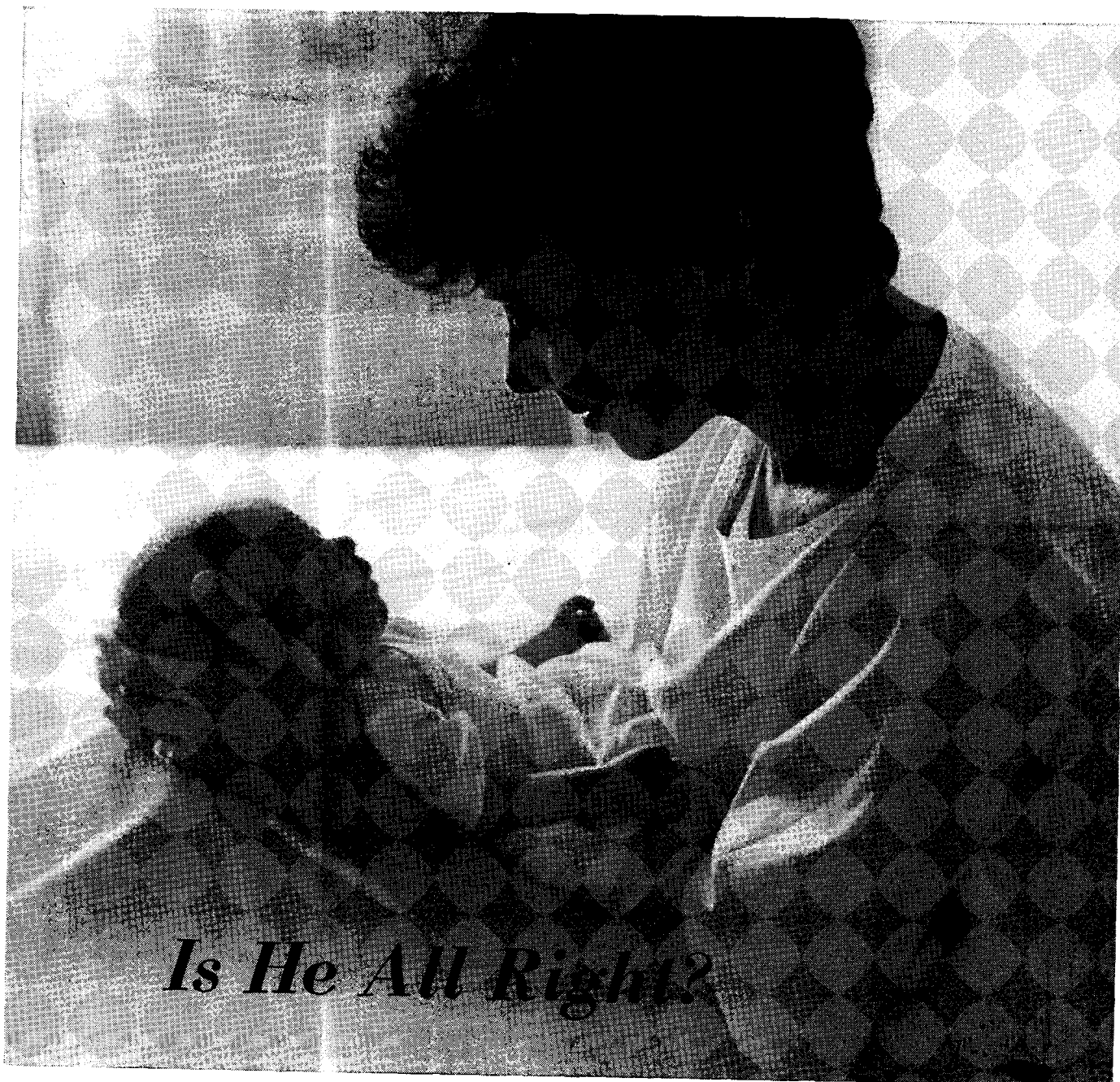
Tito Schipa, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Dino Olivieri; Capitol T-10337 (monaural only)

Although the title might suggest otherwise, Tito Schipa is still alive; indeed, at the age of seventy-four he still sings in public occasionally. These Italian popular songs, however, were recorded some years back (apparently in Milan during World War II) and have never been released here previously. Their musical value is scant, the more substantial numbers including such items as "*Luna marinara*," "*Serenata a Surriento*," and "*Addio mia bella Napoli*." But Schipa probably never sang a song badly in his life, however trite it may have been. To his enormous musical skills — supple phrasing, floating tone production, faultless diction — he added a Mediterranean warmth and sensuousness lacking in most of today's tenors. This record is slight and sentimental, but it also contains singing that is extraordinarily beautiful.

The Popular Music of Leonard Bernstein

Roberta Peters, soprano, and Alfred Drake, baritone, with the Ray Charles Singers and Enoch Light and his Orchestra; Command RS 855SD (stereo) and RS 33-855

Leonard Bernstein the Philharmonic conductor and Leonard Bernstein the Broadway show composer have in common individuality, musical flair, and the power to compel attention. This record sets forth some of Bernstein's best songs from *West Side Story*, *On the Town*, *Wonderful Town*, and *Candide* in stereo arrangements that are sumptuous yet tasteful. Thanks to Miss Peters, a Metropolitan Opera star, and Mr. Drake, one of Broadway's better singers, the vocal quality is far higher than that of the ordinary show-tune album. Listening to Miss Peters' enchanting account of the lilting "I Feel Pretty" from *West Side Story*, one is reminded that popular composers, no less than symphonic conductors, are very much in the hands of their performers.



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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, Dr. Thomas Barbour, six foot six and broad in proportion, with his great head of silver curls, was crossing the Harvard Yard in the company of President Lowell. "The place has gone to hell," said Dr. Barbour. "Lost all its characters. Shaler is gone and Albert Bushnell Hart and Irving Babbitt and —" "Tom," interrupted the President, "when did you last look at yourself in the mirror?"

Harvard has always had its characters, some as ruddy as Tom Barbour, others shedding their light as resplendently as Kittredge, Whitehead, or William James, and still others of a quieter mien. Taken together they have composed a faculty second to none in American education.

The sovereignty of the various departments rises and falls: Philosophy when it numbered James, Royce, Palmer, Munsterberg, Santayana, and young Ralph Barton Perry was pre-eminent. English in the 1920s when it numbered Kittredge, Dean Briggs, Bliss Perry, John Livingston Lowes, Copeland, and Robinson provided a galaxy that outshone any other in the English-speaking world. When the great oaks in a department go down, there can be no swift replacement, but it has been Harvard's good fortune — and good management — that its leadership, especially in the humanities, has passed from field to field.

In this magazine in 1935, Edwin R. Embree, then head of the Rosenwald Fund, made an appraisal of American universities, department by department; and of the twenty-four departments he enumerated, Harvard was ranked first-rate in twenty-two. He went on to rate the eminence of other universities in this order: Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, California, Yale, Michigan, Cornell, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Wisconsin, Minnesota. Were such a ranking attempted today, Harvard would still lead, but by a narrower margin. The second choice would be the University of California at Berkeley because of its pre-

eminence in the sciences, and the third place would be a toss-up between Yale, Princeton, and Michigan. Stanford would almost certainly rate in the first ten, and one would question what to do with specialists like Cal Tech and M.I.T.

In 1869 President Eliot began the transformation of our oldest college into America's first university; Harvard has retained that primacy ever since, and in the long run the country has come to look upon it as an institution to be proud of, and as one to criticize at the slightest provocation. I remember the howl that went up when, in President Lowell's administration, the rumor was reported at the Boston Statehouse that there was a quota for Jewish students in Cambridge. I remember when I was an overseer under President Conant the resentment of conservative alumni at the extent to which Keynesian economics was being taught in Harvard classrooms, and again the headlines during the McCarthy era with which the *Chicago Tribune* charged that the Harvard faculty was a hotbed of Communism. Time restores the balance in such things.

Last fall there were two uproars reaching far beyond the Yard. The first was provoked by a couple of young faculty members who months ago, engaged ostensibly in research, began testing the effect of hallucination drugs on their students. The administration, wary of infringing on academic freedom, warned that the experiments must be confined to graduate students. When it was proved that undergraduates were also being dosed, the researchers were fired. The second uproar was over the sexual behavior of the undergraduates, a matter of deep concern on every campus in the country. Harvard has no social center, and girls are permitted to visit in the dormitories or houses in the afternoons and on Saturdays. The bedrooms are inevitably used for entertaining, and the question is to what degree for intercourse; a dean and a psychiatrist say to an alarming extent; the housemasters and undergraduates say

the reports are exaggerated. Since the incidence of those having premarital relations between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two is rising the country over, it would be curious if Harvard were exempt. Ruling the bedrooms out of bounds would have little effect on the compulsive, who have usually found a way; it would help to protect the inexperienced and the unsure. Supervision at this age is difficult enough when the girl lives at home; when she is mature enough for college she must be trusted to set her own standards.

THE GENTLE BEGGAR

Harvard because of its eminence will be blamed almost as often as it is praised, and not least by its alumni. The relations between the alumni and the college office, if uncultivated, can quickly degenerate into a battle of letters: letters from the university on the one hand, asking for funds, and from irate or heartbroken fathers on the other, demanding to know why their sons were not admitted. In these and other sensitive issues Harvard has had for the past thirty-five years a rare and skillful conciliator in the person of **DAVID McCORD**. Dave, who graduated in 1921, is a poet and essayist with an ear for the gleaming quotation and a veneration for all that Harvard stands for. Since 1926, at the rate of a million words a year, he has been writing to the members of the alumni who have been contributing to the Harvard Fund, of which he was the director. His gift for friendship, his wit and kindness have informed his prose and made him one of the most affectionately known men in the university's history. It is quite impossible to estimate how many millions of dollars he coaxed into the treasury by his gentle, individual pressure. But by his example and in his "language of request," he established a new relationship in alumni affairs.

The cream, the witticisms, and solid substance of David's writing about Harvard have been handsomely bound up in his new book, **IN SIGHT OF SEVER** (Harvard University Press, \$5.95). The book opens with a series of thumbnail portraits, and the best of them, so appreciative of man to man, are of Copey at Walpole, of Bliss Perry, and of Robert Frost as he sat for his portrait. The profile of President Lowell is the fairest, saltiest summing-up I have ever read, and the eulogy to David Little, a Harvard housemaster, has in it a quotation from George Herbert Palmer which applies equally to McCord: "Why should Harvard University pay me for doing what I would gladly pay to be allowed to do?" There are longer chronicles of the Harvard Tercentenary and of Radcliffe College, and vignettes of Cambridge after dark, of which "Celestial" is the beauty. The

best are the short essays which he addressed to the alumni at the conclusion of his career, essays which hold the warmth of his rooms in Wadsworth House, his reminders of what a great university must be, his reaching out across time and space to those who treasure the humanities as he does and wish to keep them fortified.

CIRCUS IN SPAIN

It is rare to find a circus novel which sounds as if it had been written by one of the troupe. **LOVE, LET ME NOT HUNGER** (Doubleday, \$4.75) by **PAUL GALLICO** is such a one, the highly professional, engrossing story of a little British traveling circus which attempts a tour in Spain where there is no television, and goes on the rocks.

Sam Marvel, the owner, in a tattersall waistcoat and a brown bowler hat, takes the gamble after watching his receipts decline season after season, and after hearing that there has been no British circus on the Continent for over forty years: He will cut his troupe down to those who can double in brass. And as he does so we are drawn to the principals: Marvel himself, who is as tough as rawhide; Toby Walters, the equestrian star, with his gleaming black hair and superb body; Jackdaw Williams, the biggest of the clowns, with his tame crow, and Rose, the redheaded waif who shares his caravan; Janos, the Hungarian dwarf; and old Mr. Albert, who cares for the animals and whose special love is Judy, the lone elephant.

All goes well until they play the little town of Zalano in the furnace heat of July. Midway in the performance the tent boss and his Spanish helpers are alarmed by the ominous electric storm that is building up, and word is passed to Marvel to cut the acts. The audience gets out in time, but what the wind, hailstones, and lightning do to the big top is appalling. The tour is canceled, a skeleton crew is left to care for the animals and caravans, and Marvel takes his troupe back to England to collect the insurance.

There are scenes in this story Goya might have painted: the blazing, sweating frenzy of the circus as Mr. Albert tumbles into the clowns' act just before the storm hits; more tender, the picture of Mr. Albert being protected by the crouching elephant when the hailstones hit; more dramatic, Mr. Albert's appeal to the grotesque Marquesa de Pozoblanco to save them all from starving.

THE BREAST-BEATER

In 1947 **EDNA FERBER** and George Kaufman, who had collaborated in the writing of many successful plays, were discussing her proposal to do a new one about some refugees in New York

City. "Terrible," George said. "Why terrible?" "You're always breast-beating about something." And with surgical accuracy her friend put his finger on that characteristic which is at once the strength and weakness of Miss Ferber's second volume of reminiscence, *A KIND OF MAGIC* (Doubleday, \$5.75). This is the sequel to *A Peculiar Treasure*, her first venture into autobiography, which was published in 1939 and on the proceeds of which she built her fieldstone dream house not far from Westport. Hers is a story notably American, and she tells it with a fierce, sensitive intensity.

Her valiant mother, Julia Ferber, wore the pants of the family after the ineffectual father lost his eyesight; she kept shop in Appleton, Wisconsin, and gave her two daughters their chance. Edna's marks in high school were low, but she had the gift of words, and four years as a reporter on the Appleton *Crescent* and then the Milwaukee *Journal* and the pressure of "a lively liberal tough newspaper city room" taught her more than college could have about human nature. For the fifty plus years thereafter she has supported herself as a writer — one of the two hundred and fifty professionals in the United States who are able to do so, as she reminds us — and her big characters (Cap'n Andy, Magnolia, Gaylord Ravenal, and Julie in *Show Boat*; Selina Peake and Dirk in *So Big*; Clio and Clint in *Saratoga Trunk*, and Yancey Cravat and Sabra in *Cimarron*) stand right up there with Scarlet in *Gone With the Wind*. Her pride in her work is disarming because she acknowledges as all honest writers do that her books are not as good as what she saw in her mind.

What I have most enjoyed in *A Kind of Magic* are the many pages given to the building and settlement on Treasure Hill; the portraits of her mother, George Kaufman, and Louis Bromfield; her evaluation of the four men in her life she most esteemed — Theodore Roosevelt, FDR, Robert La Follette, and William Allen White; the poignant little sketch of Gunther Hollander; her love for the theater, and her self-analysis before squaring away on a new job. But the lady doth protest too much when she speaks, repeatedly, about the discipline and ordeal of her writing; she is vulnerable in her private civil war with Texas, and her criticism of contemporary women is more accurate than that of "the gilded youth." This is some of the breast-beating, and I must add the further cavil that the book has been inadequately proofread. In a space of five pages there are two howlers. It was not Hitler, but a French general who made the remark which Churchill picked up in Ottawa that England would have her neck wrung like a chicken's; and Miss Ferber's statement that "North Americans do a lot of shooting in the movie Westerns but not much

otherwise as a sport" is plain silly. In her native state of Michigan alone there were four hundred thousand deer hunters last fall, and they bagged something over one hundred thousand deer. Finally, since so much in the book is quotable, it is inexcusable not to have had an index.

A SCOT ON MADISON AVENUE

Speaking at Williamsburg two years ago, Arnold Toynbee remarked that "the destiny of our Western civilization turns on the issue of our struggle with all that Madison Avenue stands for." To some of us that seemed a surprisingly heavy indictment, and I am glad that DAVID OGILVY, head of New York's most audacious advertising agency, rose to the challenge in his forthright *CONFESSIONS OF AN ADVERTISING MAN* (Atheneum, \$4.95). Ogilvy is a Scot who, on coming down from Oxford, began his career as a chef in the Hotel Majestic, then sold kitchen stoves in London and Scotland, and then gravitated to Princeton to become a junior pollster under George Gallup. In 1948 when he set up his own agency on a shoestring, he listed the five clients he wanted most: General Foods, Bristol-Myers, Campbell's Soup, Lever Brothers, and Shell. He has them all today, and others, to a total billing of fifty-five million dollars a year, and the eye-patched Man in the Hathaway Shirt, the Nest Egg, and Commander Whitehead of Schweppes are three of his many, canny campaigns. When he took over the "Come to Britain" advertising, the United States tourist expenditures in Britain tripled.

It is refreshing that a man so exhilarated with success should be so candid. He has the Scot's impudence in making his presentations attractive and a pithy way of saying things. The early chapters about his cooking in Paris and his capture of the first accounts in New York are great fun for all, and even later, when he lays down the law for executives, his humor and insight speak to the general reader, too. Here are some samples I have picked at random:

The consumer isn't a moron; she is your wife.

If you don't think the product is good, you have no business to be advertising it.

I will not allow my staff to be bullied by tyrants, and I will not run a campaign dictated by a client unless I believe in its basic soundness.

I am angered to the point of violence by the commercial interruption of programs. Are the men who own the television stations so greedy that they cannot resist such intrusive affronts?

I have a vested interest in the survival of Madison Avenue, and I doubt whether it can survive without drastic reform.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARETT

Pollsters and sociologists continue to run us through their computers like so much limp laundry through a washing machine. The spots may not wash off, but we don't seem to mind the going over, for we keep on lavishing money and encouragement upon our behavioral scientists. **THE MCLANDRESS DIMENSION** by MARK EPERNAY (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) is not only an engaging spoof on this national addiction for reducing personality to an IBM card, but a satire of some prominent people and institutions that, because it names names, may draw a few drops of blood in high places.

Dr. Herschel McLandress is a fictitious professor at the Harvard Medical School whose chief claim to fame is the invention of "the McLandress Coefficient" (abbreviated McL-C and pronounced *mack-e-see*), which measures the average time an individual can keep his thoughts on any object other than himself. The measurement thus provides an index of the individual's absorption in his own personality. The various McLandress ratings of current celebrities are going to raise eyebrows and questions. Forty-five seconds for Governor Rockefeller, even his political foes might admit, would seem to be unnecessarily harsh, especially in comparison with the three minutes allotted Elizabeth Taylor, which would seem to be overgenerous in any case. Of course, the ratings sometimes have to be weighted by non-numerical factors. General de Gaulle, for example, when first tested achieved a mighty span of seven and a half hours; however, when it was pointed out that every time he spoke of France he was really thinking of Charles de Gaulle,

this rating dropped to only a minute and a half.

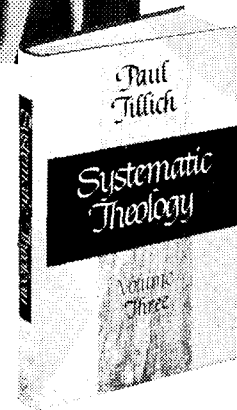
Perhaps Dr. McLandress' greatest triumph was that bold stroke of common sense by which he produced the fully automated State Department. Foreign policy is devised by coordinating different points of view, and special officials have to be assigned the job of coordination; but then the coordinators themselves have to be coordinated, so that the bureaucratic pileup mounts and mounts. Dr. McLandress cut the Gordian knot by simply feeding all the points of view to a computer, which turned out a foreign policy just as good — that is, just as balanced, self-canceling, and vacuously moderate — as it was under the old system, but at a tremendous saving in personnel.

Mark Epernay is a pseudonym, and rumor has it that the real author is John Kenneth Galbraith. But the McLandress ratings do not follow a pattern strictly consistent with Mr. Galbraith's own tastes in politics or public personalities. Indeed, Dr. McLandress slates Mr. Galbraith with a rating of one minute, fifteen seconds — far short of Elizabeth Taylor's three minutes, and abysmally below the impressive three hours and twenty-five minutes of Senator Everett Dirksen (who has not been exactly an idol of New Frontier politicians). Or are these few wanton ratings merely camouflage to throw the reader off the scent of the real author?

DIVIDED FAMILIES

As the great splash made by Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* begins to subside we catch a glimpse of other writers who have participated with him in the current resurgence of German letters. **HEINRICH BÖLL'S BILLIARDS AT HALF-PAST NINE** was published here in 1962 and got good critical notices, but it never reached the wider public it deserved. A reissue (McGraw-Hill, \$2.65) of this suspenseful and powerful remembrance of life under the Nazis provides an opportunity for those of us who missed it to make the acquaintance of a truly impressive talent.

Unlike Grass, who experienced Nazism only as a child and boy, Böll was old enough to serve in World War II, in which he was captured and wounded. His com-



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A year or so ago, a first novel called "Learner's Permit" was published and received quite unusual acclaim. Most of the country's leading reviewers hailed the author, Laurence Lafore, for his remarkable combination of humor and storytelling ability.

All too often a first novel is followed by a disappointing second, perhaps a dismal third, and then sometimes silence. This is not, I am happy to report, the case with Laurence Lafore, whose brilliant second novel, "The Devil's Chapel," is just published.

The qualities that made Lafore's first book so good are present in this one, too. There is the same quietly deceptive story-telling—at first tranquil and faintly humorous, accelerating to a climax that is both funny and horrid, a difficult trick for any writer.

Unfortunately, it's impossible to give any plot synopsis of "The Devil's Chapel" without giving away the secret—one that is virtually guaranteed to stand the reader on his ear. All I can say without breaking the rules is that this novel's engaging hero is surrounded by the most fantastic collection of supporting characters I have ever encountered in fiction, and that includes "Alice in Wonderland."

In the world of books, where thousands of new titles are published each year, a worthy but slow writer can be too easily forgotten, which is one reason I'm happy that Laurence Lafore has written a new novel so soon. The primary reason for joy, though, is "The Devil's Chapel" itself.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Some acute readers may be familiar with this column, which has appeared in *Another Magazine* for some years. It will continue to run in that magazine, and will also appear each month in this space. It is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, Inc., publishers of "The Devil's Chapel" (\$4.50), by Laurence Lafore.

prehension of the Hitler years, less fantastically imaginative than Grass's, is more profound and adult. Much of his own personal experience seems to have gone into his enigmatic and tormented hero, Robert Faehmel, who, though a resolute anti-Nazi, could not escape being drafted into the Army during the war and being assigned as captain of a demolition squad.

An architect trained to build, Faehmel was taught by the war to destroy. This destruction acquired a baleful and nihilistic fascination for him, for, at least, it provided a violent outlet for all the frustration and despair he felt under Hitler. Following the scorched-earth policy of the German retreat, Robert blew up an abbey, the architectural masterpiece built years before by his father. Destruction of the abbey served no military purpose, and even now Robert cannot tell why he did it, except perhaps as a violent gesture of farewell to all the past, both good and bad. Into the new life he seeks to create for himself he tries to bring order by means of a rigorous schedule that includes a game of billiards every day at half past nine.

But the past returns in the person of an old schoolmaster and former Nazi. Bit by bit the curtain is rolled back on the sufferings of the Faehmel family: Robert's brother, Otto, had become a Nazi and virtually held his own kin in captivity; the mother had been driven into a sanatorium; the father turned into a garrulous old man rambling on about the good old times before the Nazis came. Böll tells his story both forward and backward, disclosing just enough at each step to maintain a heavy and oppressive suspense. With Otto killed on the Russian front, the shattered remnants of the Faehmel family draw together hopefully at the end toward some redemption of the tragic past. And this novel itself, both for its literary power and the depth of its humanity, is one of the most hopeful things that has come out of Germany since the war.

The family dissension in **CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU** by **SUMNER LOCKE ELLIOTT** (Harper & Row, \$4.95) is no more than a squabble of aunts over the guardianship of an orphaned nephew, yet it too provides a deep and touching picture of the

intricate hostilities of those who ought to be, but are not, nearest and dearest. For a first novel (Mr. Elliott has previously written plays) the grasp of the fictional medium is astonishing. The style is graceful and supple; Mr. Elliott's ear for dialogue is impeccable, and he skillfully shifts perspectives from character to character without the least hitch or strain to the smooth pace of his narrative.

The orphan has been nicknamed "P.S." because he seems a postscript to the brief marriage of his carefree and bohemian mother, who died shortly after his birth. He is happy in the custody of kindly and provincial Aunt Lila in Australia. But suddenly Aunt Vanessa, svelte and beautiful but also calculating and imperious, arrives from England with her "Pommy" (British) accent and schemes to get possession of the boy. After some lengthy and dramatic legal maneuvers she triumphs; but it is P.S., who wants to stay with dowdy old Aunt Lila, who finally defeats her. Remaining politely distant and elusive, imperceptively taunting, he wears down even her ironclad willfulness, and in the end she lets him go.

The characterization throughout is rich and sure, as the story moves back and forth from the devious imagination of the child to the troubled or self-deceived minds of the adults. Some of the aunts, like Vere and Agnes, are charming grotesques, but all are thoroughly human. Mr. Elliott writes with compassion for all of them, even the cold Vanessa, so that once we are sure she is not going to have the boy, we find her more to be pitied than hated.

The Land family in **HARVEY SWADOS' THE WILL** (World, \$4.95) is a bleak bit of American Gothic, eccentric before the world and seething with violence beneath the surface. The style of the novel, vigorous and stark, is a match for its subject, and Mr. Swados is unrelenting as he flails away at his story like a boxer crowding an opponent. The suspense is tight and well managed, dissolved at last only by a surprising ending, which is not at all a trick—the characters all happened to be looking the other way and never imagined the obvious possibility that would dash all their hopes.

When father Land dies, the youngest of his sons, Ray, has already be-

come an odd recluse who never leaves the old house. The oldest son, Mel, has disappeared into parts unknown, having served time in many jails. The second son, Ralph, the supposedly normal one living an ordinary life in the world, flies home from New York to take charge of affairs. But if Ralph is normal, at least as the world views normality, his nature is sullen, cold, and ambitious, and in some respects he is more evil than his brothers. The inheritance the three are struggling over is a fortune in slum real estate. It is dirty money and brings out all the dirt in the brothers' characters. Even Ray, the would-be saint who has retired from the world in order to purify himself of its evils and who at first renounces his inheritance, turns out to have motives that are most suspect. The jailbird brother is, in fact, the most honest of the three in frankly avowing his motives of revenge.

With its tangle of motives and counter-motives the story has enough impetus of its own without the over-rhetorical bits of sex and violence with which Mr. Swados whips it on. In straining after intensity he often substitutes melodrama for insight, and his characters, though complex, become rather inhuman puppets of passion.

MASTER OF THE AIR

Good animal stories which can delight both old and young readers are rarely come by. It is difficult for an author to describe how the world looks to a nonhuman eye; too often the animal hero becomes subtly humanized, and is made, like a toy bear, cute and sentimentalized. **ROBERT MURPHY'S THE PEREGRINE FALCON** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) naptily escapes such pitfalls. This story of the first year in the life of a golden hawk is told with such simple and austere fidelity to nature that it manages to be poetical without being gushing and carries the reader irresistibly along with the beautiful wild creature it celebrates.

The adventures of Varda the hawk might not seem to be much by human standards of plot. She learns to leave the nest, to fly, to hunt, and she threads her long and arduous passage from the Barren Fields of Canada through the Adirondacks to Maryland, and finally on to an island off the Florida Keys. There is only one

dramatic encounter with man, when she is caught and tamed by a falconer. Though the methods of falconry are fascinating, Mr. Murphy deliberately subordinates them to the hawk's destiny as a free creature, lord of the air. Presently Varda escapes, and we see her at last ready to resume her flight north as spring returns, once more enclosed in the cycle of natural life to which she belongs.

As an experienced falconer, Mr. Murphy seems to be of two minds about his ancient and beloved sport. Perhaps he can reconcile them because, as he says, the falcon is never really tamed, and the deepest thrill of falconry is the companionship of a truly wild thing. Still, if he had to choose, he seems to prefer the state of nature to domestication, for he leaves us greatly relieved that Varda has escaped the ways of man. We are sorry to see her go, but glad she has got back home.

PASSION TO POSSESS

A painting in a private apartment, surrounded by harmonious and beautiful furnishings, has a charm and intimacy that are lacking in the gaunt corridors of a museum. For this charm, **GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTIONS**, edited by Douglas Cooper and with an introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark (Macmillan, \$25.00), stands out from all the other art books that adorned the bookstore shelves at Christmas. Beautifully printed and engraved, it not only provides a feast for the eyes but it also gratifies our lurking social snobbery by giving us the run of the salons and sitting rooms of the rich and wellborn. Museums we can visit whenever we choose; but to be invited, even vicariously, to Baron Rothschild's home in Paris to see his Gainsborough hung above a Louis XIV cabinet at the foot of which stretches a Savonnerie rug is a treat that we are not likely to come by every day.

The great collectors are a curious breed of mortal, and their motives for collecting have been many and varied. Sometimes the relationship between the collector and his *objets* has had almost the passion of sexual intimacy. Old Gulbenkian, the Armenian connoisseur, when asked to show his collection used to reply, "Would I admit a stranger to my harem?" A few collectors have ex-

pressed the wish that, as in the case of Sardanapalus and his wives, their collections be burned at their deaths. Often collectors have been animated by a genuine sporting instinct — the desire to outwit their competitors and beat them to the spot where some precious object has been hidden for centuries.

Whatever the motives that led to them, the great collections take on a personal coloration from the collector; and one of the delights of this book is that the reader can play social spy and make comparisons. Why has Governor Rockefeller, for example, collected primitive and twentieth-century art, two fields that would seem to be worlds apart? Well, the primitive art includes many pre-Columbian objects, which reflect the interest in Latin America that launched him on a political career; and the moderns include American abstract expressionists, a fitting interest for a liberal politician who would keep abreast of the latest currents in his own country.

In Baron Rothschild's collection it seems natural that so many of his *objets d'art* should come from royal houses since his own family had long and intimate dealings with the European monarchs. However, when the collection of California billionaire J. Paul Getty shows a similar provenance, it merely looks like ostentatious wealth doing a bit of social climbing. And Mr. Getty himself seems suspiciously sensitive on the issue, protesting that in all instances he wanted the objects first, and only afterward did he find out that they had once been the possession of some royal house.

Though collectors may seem selfish in jealously guarding their masterpieces to themselves, the public stands in their debt for setting standards of taste and refinement that keep the art dealers and museum directors on their toes. Moreover, most collections eventually find their way into museums. The art of the whole world is now everywhere accessible to scholars; there are no hidden masterpieces in any private collection that would reverse our estimate of an old master or alter our understanding of any period in the history of art. As sumptuously varied and surprising as many of the objects here represented are, they only reinforce the enthusiasms and tastes we already bring with us from the museums.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

Dull biographies can have all sorts of obscure scholarly merits, but good biographies always have the same merits — an able author and an interesting subject. HESKETH PEARSON'S HENRY OF NAVARRE (Harper & Row, \$4.95) has both. Mr. Pearson has no really new information about Navarre; he draws no modern political parallels; he does no psychiatric burrowing, and his estimate of the merits of the religious wars that disrupted sixteenth-century France can be gauged from one sentence. Henry, he reports, was bothered by "a series of papal Bulls, anathemas and whatnot." Mr. Pearson is like the man who collars a friend on the street, shouting, "I've found the most extraordinary fellow, come and meet him at once." In this case, he is determined to introduce one of the most likable rulers in history, a civilized monarch holding his own among what his biographer considers a gaggle of savages.

Henry's courtiers were, indeed, no better than people today and sometimes worse. One nobleman, detected in a regicidal plot, blamed it all on a person who "showed me a waxen figure which had spoken and announced the King's death." The nature of Henry's associates does not prevent Mr. Pearson from writing of them with the same terse, sparkling directness that he lavishes on Navarre, who needs it less. The last Valois Mr. Pearson describes as "too fond of boys to beget any."

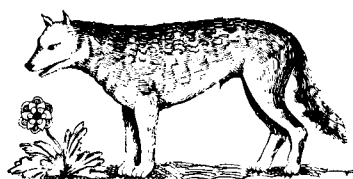
Mr. Pearson's sly, rapier-sharp jabs at human folly are a good deal more effective than the outright satire undertaken by PIERRE BOULLE in PLANETS OF THE APES (Vanguard, \$4.50). This novel is respectably descended from Swift on one side and Verne on the other, and describes a future space voyage to a planet on which chimpanzees, orangutans, and gorillas operate a civilization much like our own, while humans are mere brainless wild animals. There are any number of ethical and political inferences to be drawn from this situation, and Mr. Boulle, in his anxiety to leave every line of thought open to the reader, has refrained from following any particular line

himself. As a result, the book is clever but never dramatic.

BERNARD TAPER'S biography of BALANCHINE (Harper & Row, \$8.95) is so comprehensive and so thickly illustrated that it becomes a sound history of ballet from 1914 to the present, as well as a study of a great choreographer.

BOOK OF THE HOPI (Viking, \$10.00) is a curious medley of Indian myth and modern fact, assembled by Frank Waters with the help of Oswald White Bear Fredericks. It is clear that Mr. Fredericks persuaded older members of the Hopi group to tell their religious beliefs, their legends, and their version of Hopi history, which is highly (and rightly) unflattering to the United States government. What is not always clear in this process is where the Hopis begin and end in the sections devoted to recent and real events. Mr. Waters has become so immersed in Hopi culture and so attracted by gentle, peaceful Hopi religion that he is inclined to agree with the Indians that a world converted to their faith would be a great improvement. Given Mr. Waters' enthusiasm, it is not always certain whether he is quoting Hopi opinion or reporting what he has actually observed. This is a strange, fascinating, touching portrait of a people whose moral courage, once its principles of operation are understood, is deeply impressive. The Hopi drawings are particularly striking.

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER is thoroughly at home in French literature, and he has a fine story to tell in the life of APOLLINAIRE (Farrar, Straus, \$6.50), who was Guglielmo de Kostrowitsky, father unknown. The Italian-born son of a Polish adventuress, Guglielmo turned himself into Guillaume Apollinaire, became a poet, art critic, friend of Picasso's, lover of Marie Laurencin, and a power in the experimental, iconoclastic, exciting literary world of Paris before the First World War. When the fighting started, he became an energetically belligerent French soldier and citizen until influenza killed him at the age of thirty-eight, a few days before the armistice. He left a few beautiful poems, a lot of art criticism distinguished for enthusiasm rather than perception, the word "surrealism," and a stimulus to the wit and imagination of his contemporaries that has not yet spent itself.

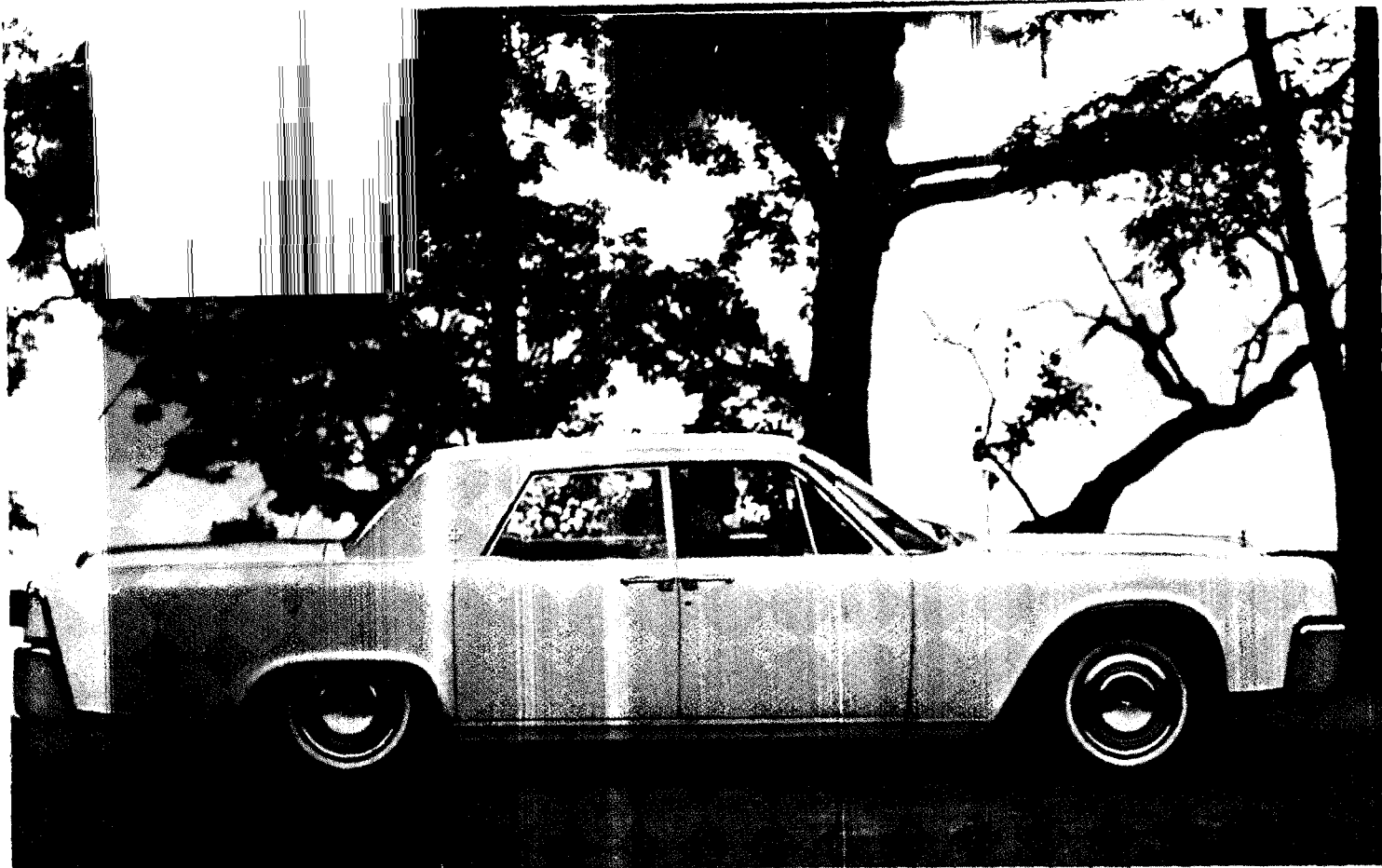


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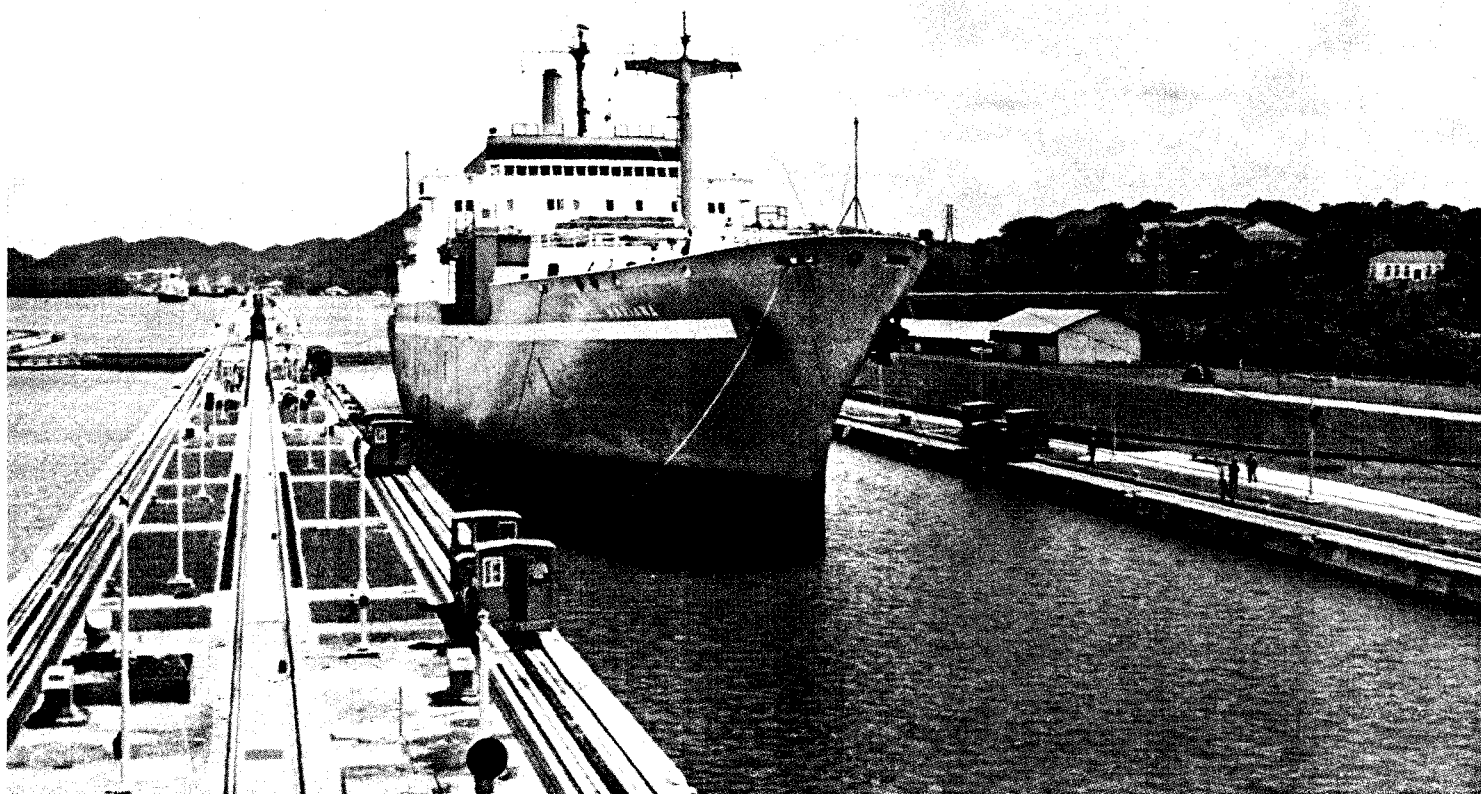
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